

FOREWORD

Continued

tion. In the dialogues which Plato puts into the mouths of Socrates and his disciples, a sober and earnest search after ultimate truth underlies even the most flippant conversations and the most trivial subjects. So THE FORUM has not invented, but only revived, the Socratic dialogue, making at the same time a plea for the lost art of American conversation.

THE SUBJECT CHOSEN for our first FORUM dialogue was phrased — “Does Bridge Develop the Mind?” We dined early at the Editor’s home and talked about other matters. Then we went upstairs to the study where some of us drank coffee and lit cigars. Mr. Lenz, the bridge wizard, sat on one side of the fireplace and Professor Pitkin, his chief opponent, on the other. The rest of us lounged about the room, and the stenotypist sat at her desk. There were no rules or skeleton of argument. We were all allowed to interrupt the distinguished guests whenever we liked, and we did. It soon became apparent that Mr. Lenz and Mr. Pitkin did not even agree on their definition of “mind,” and that Professor James Harvey Robinson, who a few years ago wrote *The Mind in the Making*, had now abandoned belief in the existence of mind altogether. It soon became apparent also that Mr. Pitkin, although he is an editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, knows next to nothing about bridge. The dialogue was a free-for-all, as spontaneous as a folk ballad. But do not let a sense of the casual in this friendly argument about bridge deceive us into thinking it trivial or futile. The persons of the dialogue are wrestling with one of the stubborn problems of psychology: Can capacities trained in one set of intellectual exercises be transferred to another? Does bridge help men on the Stock Exchange? Does algebra help the child in his French lessons?

THE BUSINESS OF EDUCATION,” says Mr. Edman in his introduction to Plato, “is to turn the eye of the soul from the seduction and illusions of sense to those divine patterns bound together in the ‘empire of the gods’ by the Idea of the Good, which transcends all thought and all being, and is the goal of both.” It is a far cry from this Greek ideal of education to the American utilitarian programme of the late President Eliot, attacked in our leading article by Professor Babbitt of Harvard. The Editor believes that Mr. Babbitt’s devastating essay will bring some muddling experimenters to their senses and offer as refreshing a tonic to education as the same author’s attack on the school of Mencken in the last February FORUM administered to literary criticism in America. Happily, we shall hear from Irving Babbitt again.

F O R U M

Next Month

SHOULD AMERICA DISARM?

Kirby Page vs. Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske

A debate between a pacifist and a militarist who want the same thing — peace — but seek it in opposite directions.

TAMING THE GREAT BULL

John T. Flynn

As this is written, the Great Bull of Wall Street has jumped clean over the moon and is cavorting in the interstellar spaces. Mr. Flynn looks into the causes of its misbehavior and the possibility of keeping it under control.

SHALL WE LIVE FOREVER?

Clarence True Wilson

A Christian replies to Clarence Darrow’s attack on the soul.

DOUBLE BIRTHDAY

Willa Cather

An extraordinary short story and character study by the author of *Death Comes for the Archbishop*.

THE SKEPTIC AS A CRITIC

G. K. Chesterton

England’s most belligerent critic of life and letters heaves a brick at America’s most belligerent critic — Mr. H. L. Mencken.

A NEW LATIN-AMERICAN POLICY

Raymond Leslie Buell

Mr. Hoover’s tour of South America has focused attention upon our forgotten neighbors. The close approach of Hoover’s administration calls for a new definition of Latin-American policy, and Mr. Buell of the Foreign Policy Association states it tersely as a challenge to our State Department to abandon its bungling methods of the past.

ANGLO-AMERICAN JOADISM

I. A. R. Wylie

An Englishwoman answers Mr. C. E. M. Joad, who said in the November FORUM that our British cousins hate us.

THE SCHOOL OF WOMEN

André Gide

The second installment of a new novel by the author of *The Counterfeiters*, who is now recognized as the most brilliant fiction writer of post-war France.

YOUR CHILD AND HIS MUSIC

Dr. Frank H. Richardson

A physician believes children can be taught music without making them hate it for life, and proposes a painless method.

If you enjoyed reading MICROBE
HUNTERS, here's the book for you—

HUNGER FIGHTERS

By PAUL DE KRUIF

"He writes, when his blood is up, like a house afire, and what he writes makes gorgeous reading. He has made a good job of his book." — H. L. MENCKEN.
Illustrated, \$3.00

FIRE DOWN BELOW

By Margaret Irwin

"A very apt portrait of a man who feels the middle years of life hard upon him and who seeks to avert them by evoking the passions of youth." — *Boston Transcript*.
\$2.50



Worth Waiting for Seven Years!

ELIZABETH and ESSEX

By LYTTON STRACHEY

"Mr. Strachey remains the most eminent biographer of our day. 'Elizabeth and Essex' is an exquisite work of art in its every paragraph. Mr. Strachey, in brief, has added another classic to the language." — HENRY HAZLITT in the *N. Y. Sun*.
Illustrated, \$3.75



Have you read CARL SAND-
BURG'S GOOD
MORNING,
AMERICA, which
Mark Van Doren
calls "one of the
most charming vol-
umes of verse, free
or otherwise, pro-
duced for a long
time in America."
\$3.00

CONQUEST

By John Carter

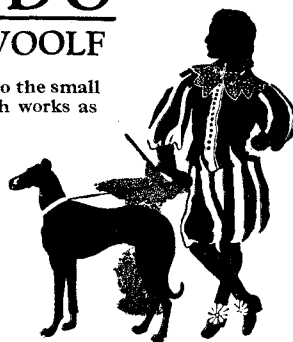
"The book is an eloquent argu-
ment for concrete realities,
making out a good case for an
America which (while acquiring
the lion's share) gives the world
so large a stake in the main-
tenance of its prosperity that its
downfall would be as calamitous
to its foes as to its friends." —
N. Y. Sun.
\$2.50

EVERYONE is now reading
VIRGINIA WOOLF!

ORLANDO

By VIRGINIA WOOLF

"If it belongs to any tradition it is to the small
secret tradition which harbors such works as
Gulliver's Travels and *Tristram
Shandy* and *Candide*, among
which works it may finally
stand, to the almost certain
amusement of Orlando's biog-
rapher, a masterpiece." — *The
New Republic*.
Illus., \$3.00



ANDRÉ SIEG-
FRIED'S AMER-
ICA COMES OF
AGE bids fair to
become a classic.
Two years after
publication it is
still being inter-
nationally recom-
mended as the
best book of late
years about Amer-
ica.
\$3.00

RECENT GAINS IN AMERICAN CIVILIZATION

Edited by Kirby Page

"After an overdose of debunking
and self-criticism it is pleasant to
come across an intelligent evalua-
tion of the advances we have made
since the World War — reported by
such distinguished critics as Charles
A. Beard, Stuart Chase, Oswald
Garrison Villard, Dallas Lore
Sharp, and Mary Austin." — *The
Forum*.
\$3.00

ROADS TO THE NORTH

By Charles S. Brooks



"A most engaging
and skillful blend of
humor and beauty,
fancy and gazetteer-
ing, caricature and
travel talk." — *Cleve-
land Plain Dealer*.
Illustrated, \$3.00

The new novel by the author of
WILLIAM—

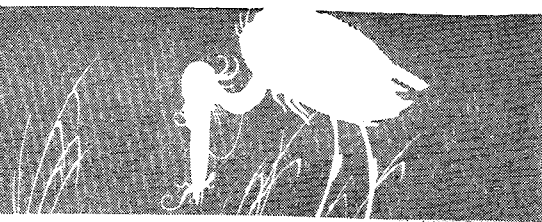
THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER

By E. H. YOUNG

\$2.50

Harcourt, Brace and Company
383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT



January Reading

by **DONALD F. ROSE**

SELF-PORTRAITURE

BENITO MUSSOLINI has written his *AUTOBIOGRAPHY* (Scribner's, \$3.50), and has done so with the vigor, assurance, and air of finality characteristic of most of his public performances. If Mussolini desires that a thing be done right, Mussolini does it himself, and this excuse must serve to discount the apparent arrogance with which this man of forty-five declares himself a man of the ages. Undoubtedly he so estimates himself, and undoubtedly he feels that no one is more competent than himself to prove it, since no one else is so close to his subject. For which reason the book is constructed around the perpendicular pronoun, and is frequently amusing, if not irritating, in its whole-hearted approval and admiration for its principal character.

Successful autobiography is rare indeed, and a manuscript dictated in the intervals between matters more pressing and important is not likely to triumph over the probabilities, even though its author be in the habit of working miracles. He tells us much which we already knew and reveals much which was easily suspected, but beyond this there is little that is illuminating either concerning the man or the state he is re-creating. From what we know of Mussolini from other sources, we have no right to expect any such illumination. He is typically the man of action, the dynamic executive, the man who takes events as they come and bends or breaks them to his will. Nor is he a slave to consistency or much trammelled by the convictions born of reflection. Such men do not write good books. Mussolini has already been proved one of the world's worst novelists, and his autobiography will scarcely rescue his literary reputation. But some day he will find a competent biographer, his antithesis in all respects, who will evaluate him and his work with painful precision, and who will doubtless find the present book far more revealing than its author intended it to be.

Three essays which take autobiography for their subject are entitled *ADEPTS IN SELF-PORTRAITURE*, by Stefan Zweig (Viking, \$3.00). The three victims are Casanova, Stendhal, and Tolstoy — at

first thought a queerly contrasted trinity. It is the autobiographical impulse that brings them under related observation. Casanova told everything, with far more candor than good taste, comforting the chill of his old age by recalling in voluminous detail the hot sins of his youth. Stendhal anticipated the analytical psychology of our own day and might have been an enlightened Freudian or behaviorist had he waited until such terms were minted. Tolstoy — particularly in the twilight of his days — went still deeper in his self-revelation, laying bare his spirit and conscience in passionate zeal for intellectual and emotional honesty.

These three studies are alike in their thoroughness, their grace of style, and their balanced judgment, but they also reflect the wide variance of their subjects. The essay on Casanova is a brilliant biography in brief, more readable and interesting than nine-tenths of the lurid confessions of its subject. The study of Stendhal is excellent literary criticism. The discussion of Tolstoy will serve admirably as an essential preface to the varied works of the Russian master.

BIG FROGS AND OTHERS

WITH ONE OR TWO exceptions, *BIG FROGS*, by Henry F. Pringle (Macy-Masius, \$3.00), deals with figures in current history who are unwilling to wait on the verdict of posterity and are making their mark on the times through publicity and the press agent. In other words, these big frogs are not so Gargantuan as they sometimes seem to be or would like to be. Measured by their columnar mileage in the newspapers, they loom large, but Mr. Pringle gently pricks their bubbles and they deflate with no more than a faint pop. Among the casualties are the Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, Judge Landis, Bernarr Macfadden, Will Hays, and Secretary Wilbur, and by such sharp shooting we are all so much to the good. There is also a special joy in what happens to Ivy Lee, the mouthpiece of big business, whose job it is to tell us what is good for us to know and who has written his own book to glorify the American press agent. Mr. Lee is a finished artist in publicity — and

Mr. Pringle does what he can to finish him further. These dozen or more biographical notes are entertaining, mildly impudent in the fashion of a graduate journalist, and a distinct contribution to the national sense of proportion.

An ingratiating biography is that of *MARY ANNE DISRAELI*, by James Sykes (Appleton, \$2.50), which does due justice to one of the remarkable women of the Victorian era. Its new material deals principally with the refutation of mild slanders directed at her first marriage and accusing the motives of her second, while by a thorough presentation of intimate evidence it shows Disraeli as happy and fortunate in long devotion to a wife of singular character, ability, and charm. Some of these eminent Victorians, it is clear, managed to make of marriage a working partnership without much help from formulas of feminine emancipation.

An unusual biography is *JOHN CAMERON'S ODYSSEY*, as transcribed by Andrew Farrell (Macmillan, \$4.50). Captain Cameron of Scotland sailed the seven seas for thirty years, and tells here of shipwrecks, slave-trading, gun-running, gales, strong drink, and numerous adventures in tropic seas and islands. The captain died in advance of the "discovery" of Trader Horn or one might suspect him of challenging the Trader's wild fancy with a sober record of what can happen to one adventurous man. It is a salty narrative, seemingly well authenticated, and told sturdily in the fashion of a good Scotch Presbyterian of hard hands and head and a soft heart. Those who love the sea and her ships and have a proper sentiment for the days of the "chanteyns" should enjoy some pleasant hours with the captain.

THE AMAZING LIFE OF JOHN LAW, by Georges Oudard (Payson & Clarke, \$3.50), reveals a pioneer in promotion and founder of a form of the "racket" which is still well regarded along the byways of high finance. The "Mississippi Bubble" was his historic achievement, but this book discloses other matters to his discredit and at the same time acknowledges that to his genius we owe such familiar practices as the use of paper currency, the modern system of credits, and the public sale of company shares. He is also credited with the

New MACMILLAN Books

New Biographies

JUBILEE JIM

The Life of Col. James Fisk, Jr.
By Robert H. Fuller

JIM FISK, partner of Jay Gould and play-boy of the Gilded Age, wrote his own amusing story in tinsel letters a foot high on America's flashiest era. Harry Hansen says: "The facts are woven into a glittering chronicle of a tempestuous time." \$3.50

JOHN CAMERON'S ODYSSEY

Transcribed by Andrew Farrell

A sailor's pulsing life story of which the *New York Times* says: "Whoever likes adventure ... will like *John Cameron's Odyssey*." \$4.50

THE EARLY LIFE of THOMAS HARDY

by Florence Emily Hardy

Thomas Hardy, the man in the making, created from his own words and papers by Mrs. Hardy. \$5.00

SCHUMANN-HEINK

The Last of the Titans

By Mary Lawton

The life story of the great singer told with engaging gusto. \$5.00

Poetry and Music

Edwin Arlington Robinson

SONNETS (1889-1927)

All of Mr. Robinson's sonnets collected in one volume for the first time. \$1.75

John Masefield's New Poems

MIDSUMMER NIGHT and Other Tales In Verse

"A beautiful and convincing replica of a medieval tapestry."—*N.Y. Times*. \$2.00

Thomas Hardy's Last Poems

WINTER WORDS In Various Moods and Metres

Thomas Hardy's last literary legacy. \$2.00

THE DILEMMA OF AMERICAN MUSIC

By Daniel Gregory Mason

One of our foremost critics considers some of the aspects of our musical development. \$2.50

"Mr. Fay must be read"

THE ORIGINS OF THE WORLD WAR

By Sidney B. Fay

"The guilt clause of the Treaty of Versailles is now pulverized" by this new book of world-wide importance. "Whoever else is read, Mr. Fay must be read," says Charles A. Beard in the *New York Herald Tribune*. "The examination plays havoc with the legends and those who fostered them."—*New York Times*. 2 vols. \$9.00

MASKS IN A PAGEANT

By William Allen White

"Extraordinarily fine portraits" of the chief political figures and all the Presidents since Harrison. "Very like a consecutive story of the political life of the country in the last half century."—*Claude G. Bowers*. \$5.00

EUROPE: A History of Ten Years

By Raymond Leslie Buell

With the Aid of the Staff of the Foreign Policy Association

A clear chart of what has happened in Europe since the armistice, written by competent observers. \$2.50

LENIN: Thirty Years of Russia

By Valeriu Marcu

"A gorgeous book. More than any other volume I have read, it gives the color and thrill of Lenin's stupendous career."—*John Haynes Holmes*. \$5.00

THE RISE AND FALL OF NEW FRANCE

By George M. Wrong

The story of France in America, written from the vast amount of new material gathered since Parkman's classical account was published fifty years ago. \$10.50

The New World We Live In

THE NATURE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD

By A. S. Eddington

Science has smashed the world of classical physics and is remoulding it in bewildering new patterns. What is the nature of the physical world which science is rebuilding for you to live in? A great scientist gives you an understandable picture of it in this new book. \$3.75

THE NEW MORALITY

By Durant Drake

The scientific, experimental attitude toward moral questions is presented in this arresting new book. \$2.50

RELIGION Coming of Age

By Roy Wood Sellars

Along what road is present-day religious thought traveling? Here is a thoughtful, invigorating discussion. \$2.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY • 60 Fifth Avenue • New York

THE URGE

irresistible— the URGE to write

HAVE you ever asked yourself why you feel that persistent urge to write—why you can't escape it? Is it desire for glory? Or money? Or is it fundamentally something else. . . .

Have you ever thought that it might be an instinctive yearning to find a sympathetic audience—an understanding brother with whom you may share your inmost thoughts? Too often the men and women with whom you are thrown into closest contact fail to give you this sympathetic comprehension—they are busy with their own concerns and ambitions. And you find yourself longing to turn from their indifference to a warmer, friendlier world.

Whatever you do, don't try to stifle this urge. Don't let a discouraging sense of inferiority hold you back. You don't know—and no one else knows—what your possibilities are until you have given them a fair chance to express themselves. *You owe it to yourself to make a real effort.* If you do not, you will go through life feeling frustrated—disappointed—embittered.

Edgar Williams, 111 Abbott St., Plains, Pa., is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. He writes:



"I want to let you know that I am acting as Plains correspondent for the Evening News of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. This affords me the opportunity of writing brief news items daily and occasionally a real news story."

Perhaps this is what you have been looking for

Hundreds of men and women who feel that they have something to say have come to the Newspaper Institute of America to learn how to say it.

"The feature of N.I.A. instruction that has been of the greatest value to me," one student writes, "is the discipline. I needed to have my vague literary ambitions focused on a definite objective. I needed one outside influence which would make me stick at it—which would keep my interest at the boiling point. Your specific assignments mailed to me each week solved both those difficulties. I enjoyed covering those assignments—they made me feel as if I were the star reporter on an important newspaper. Finally, the knowledge that every word I wrote was going to come under the critical eyes of the editors at your copy desk made me exert myself to the utmost. After one month of writing under their supervision, I felt that I had learned more than in an entire year of Advanced English Composition at College."

This test will help you make up your mind

It is a Writing Aptitude Test—cleverly framed to separate people with natural talent that can be developed from those who will not get anywhere no matter how hard they try. This test will tell you much about yourself—and about us. It is yours for the asking. Just mail the coupon. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

James McAlpin Pyle, Pres.
Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on writing for profit, as promised in Forum—January

Mr. {
Mrs. {
Miss {

Address.....
(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you.) 64A299

rescue of France from bankruptcy by the establishment of the National Bank of France.

The story is told with more consideration for its dramatic possibilities than for detail and proof, and does not burden our attention by analysis of Law's judgment in economics or even of his ethics. He had a gay and daring life, a fabulous rise to fame and prosperity, and a final fall and

The Book Market

Fiction

Point Counter Point, Aldous Huxley—Clever, sardonic, entirely too revealing of man in his unguarded moments. Impregnated with the philosophy of Huxley (Junior)—such as it is.

The Children, Edith Wharton—The story of the price the next generation pays for the easy divorce habits of this one.

The Devil, Alfred Neumann—Historical black magic. Thrilling, terrifying, no book for children.

All Kneeling, Anne Parrish—A woman's satiric picture of a lovely, designing female at whose feet all men are fools. Perfectly cattish.

Orlando, Virginia Woolf—Fanciful biography which plays havoc with time and space.

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg, Louis Bromfield—Religion and love involve half a dozen people in a stew of tragedy and comedy.

The Jealous Gods, Gertrude Atherton—Reviewed in this issue.

The Coming of the Lord, Sarah Gertrude Millin—South Africa and its racial and religious antipathies, with their tragic consequences.

As a Thief in the Night, R. Austin Freeman—This month's suggestion for your indulgence in crime.

Biography

Abraham Lincoln, Albert J. Beveridge—Sound and authoritative. Scholarship replaces modern iconoclasm.

François Villon, D. B. Wyndham Lewis—The last and best word on the vagabond poet.

Adepts In Self-Portraiture, Stefan Zweig—Reviewed in this issue.

Science and Demi-Science

The Doctor Looks at Marriage and Medicine, Dr. Joseph Collins—Reviewed in this issue.

Hunger Fighters, Paul de Kruif—A romance of research. Uproariously written and as entertaining as *Microbe Hunters*.

Sceptical Essays, Bertrand Russell—Cynicism concerning the high hopes of science.

Other Matters

Conquest, John Carter—Reviewed in this issue.

John Brown's Body, Stephen Vincent Benét—The Civil War as a poet sees it. Probably our nearest approach to the American epic.

The Buck in the Snow, Edna St. Vincent Millay—The latest book by one of America's best and most civilized lyric poets.

ruin which showed all the earmarks of an ironic commentary on his conduct and character. His story is evidence that the appetite for gold bricks is not confined to us moderns. Even two centuries ago there were plenty of purchasers if the salesman had enough personality, skill, and impudence.

A substantial book is **THE LIFE AND DEATH OF AN IDEAL**, by Albert Leon

Guerard (Scribner's, \$4.50), which undertakes to trace the Classical Ideal as the mainspring of French civilization through three centuries. The Renaissance took on a typically French flavor and was ultimately resolved into the "Age of Reason," in which France became a nation under the more or less benevolent shadow of a definite though abstract philosophy. The ideal blew up at last in the Revolution, principally because the people wearied of a code and manner which was so much more at home in satin than homespun. It lived its last gloriously in Napoleon, who is thus estimated as the apex of a past era rather than the creator of a new. This, it seems, is as pleasant and painless an approach to a working understanding of French history as has lately been given us.

Of entirely different sort and subject is **PARIS SALONS, CAFÉS, AND STUDIOS**, by Sisley Huddleston (Lippincott, \$5.00). Mr. Huddleston defines the present Paris as belonging to the "cocktail era" and does so with some sadness for the Paris that has passed, but he also finds the present scene consistently amusing. The book is packed full of anecdote and estimate of the French moderns and also of our own "ex-patriates." To all these the observer is equally kind and gentle, and discloses himself faithful to the tradition of Bohemia—that Mutual Admiration Society in which good-humored backscratching is the first article of the moral code.

NOVELS OF SORTS

THOSE WHO WERE brought up on Henty and have not learned to blush for it are blessed this month with at least three books to their liking. First choice is **A LITTLE LESS THAN GODS**, by Ford Madox Ford (Viking, \$2.50). Despite a slow start, this turns out to be a genuine picture of a fascinating period—that of Napoleon's return and downfall—and its people are credible and full-charactered. The heroic young donkey whose romantic impulses get him early into trouble and keep him there is no great figure of a man, but his adventures are good excuse for acquaintance with Napoleon, Marshall Ney, and the strange Englishman, Mr. Assheton Smith, who juggles the affairs of Europe in a gold-lined palm. These are the young hero's gods—he has also his goddesses—but Mr. Ford proves them somewhat less than that and thereby infinitely more human than their pictures in the history books.

This is a romance, yet one not in the least outmoded, and Mr. Ford can construct a story that has head and tail and all intermediate essentials and make us like it. By his sound sense of what a novel should be and his equally sound feeling for people, he answers effectively the literary mountebanks who challenge attention by turning handsprings.

Somewhere in the same neighborhood belongs **YET DO NOT GRIEVE**, by Conal

→ A Few Leaves to Turn Over in the New Year →

The Complete Plays of James M. Barrie

Beginning with the beloved "Peter Pan" and ending with the sinister "Shall We Join the Ladies?" here are all the Barrie dramas, twenty of them, including two never before published. *In one volume.* \$5.00

The Story of France by Paul van Dyke

"An entertaining volume, written by an authority but with a narrative style that makes it a pleasure to the general reader."—*Springfield Union.* \$3.50

Mother of Kings by Norval Richardson

The story of Letizia Bonaparte, mother of Napoleon. "A brilliant book, brilliantly told. There is not a dull line in it."—*Boston Transcript.* Illustrated. \$5.00

The Life and Death of an Ideal

by Albert Léon Guérard

A clear, vital, and dramatic interpretation of France in the Classical Age—from Louis XI to Napoleon I. The struggle of a whole nation to realize a spiritual concept is vividly recorded. \$4.50

There is no other autobiography by me.

Benito Mussolini

Roma 9 maggio 1928 - Anno VI

My Autobiography by BENITO MUSSOLINI

"The greatest piece of he-man writing I have read in months. Only one other man could have written it . . . and he is dead. His name was Napoleon Bonaparte."—HARRY HANSEN in the *New York World.*

Illustrated. \$3.50



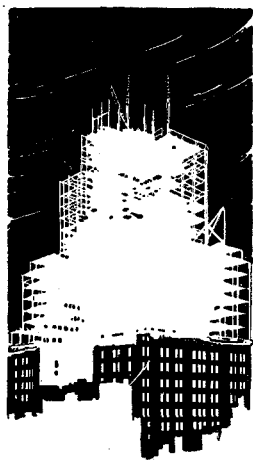
Swan Song by John Galsworthy

"One cannot find words to express one's admiration for the firmness and beauty with which the story is told. 'Swan Song' is a fitting conclusion to the Saga . . . showing no falling off of power, humor, or poetry."—R. M. GAY in *The Atlantic Monthly.* \$2.50

An Avatar in Vishnu Land by Stanley Warburton

"We do not know where to go for such another tale of adventure as this. Mr. Warburton is real, alive, modern and yet exotic, honest in his narration, gripping in his mastery of situation."

—*Louisville Herald-Post.* \$3.00



Skyscrapers And the Men Who Build Them by Col. W. A. Starrett

A vividly written, fascinating, and instructive book about "the most distinctively American thing in the world" by an author whose name is illustrious in the annals of American building. An amazing drama, expertly unfolded. *Profusely illustrated.* \$3.50

Plays by John Galsworthy

The many thousands who have enjoyed "Escape," "Loyalties," "Old English," and other famous Galsworthy plays will find new pleasure in this volume. *Uniform with "Caravan" and "The Forsyte Saga."* \$2.50

Emotion as the Basis of Civilization

by J. H. Denison

A penetrating and unusual book based on the unique theory that civilization is not based upon mental concepts, or upon reason, but upon human emotions. \$5.00

The Colvins and Their Friends by E. V. Lucas

"Mr. Lucas has brought the larger public into a warm intimacy with some of the great figures who have adorned the world of letters in the past sixty years."

—*Times Book Review (London).* Illustrated. \$5.00

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 597 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



Speechless

...When A Few Words Would Have Made Me

**But Now I Can Face the Largest Audience
Without A Trace of Stage Fright!**

THE annual banquet of our Association — the biggest men in the industry present and without warning the Chairman called on me to speak — and my mind went blank!

I half rose, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me to-day," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless — when a few words would have made me! If I could have made a simple little speech — giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

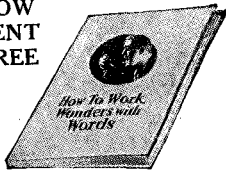
And then a week later like magic I discovered how to overcome my stage fright — and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new home study method I rapidly developed this gift until, in a ridiculously short time, I was able to face giant audiences — without a trace of stage fright. This remarkable training has made me a self-confident aggressive talker — almost overnight.

There is no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker — a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing, and success. Now, through an amazing new home study training you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding influential speaker able to dominate one man or five thousand.

Send For This Amazing FREE Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. Thousands have sent for this booklet and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack" — the natural gift within you. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

**NOW
SENT
FREE**



NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE

3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1161, Chicago, Illinois

North American Institute

3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1161, Chicago

Send me FREE and without obligation my copy of your inspiring booklet, *How To Work Wonders With Words*, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

Name

Address

City State

O'Riordan (Scribner's, \$2.50), which is also a romantic tale of the Napoleonic period. The young hero is here again, though fate plays him a dirty trick and he loses his nose and thereby his lady at the Battle of Waterloo. The tale is told with ease, imagination, and an excellent sense of historical realism, and the chapters descriptive of the battle are so full of blood and gunpowder as to be almost melodramatic. If you don't care for this sort of thing, your blood pressure isn't what it should be.

And there is also William McFee's new story, *PILGRIMS OF ADVERSITY* (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50), which takes us down to the sea in ships and there entrances us in a rich and busy yarn. It is extraordinarily refreshing to read a book in which men and women are too busy adventuring in life to be worrying continuously over a too sensitive psyche. Intrigue and conspiracy, men and women who know what they want and go after it, adventure never more than fifteen feet away, and the savor of far places brought to the fireside — this is entertainment, and there isn't a headache in a carload of it.

THE JEALOUS GODS, by Gertrude Atherton (Liveright, \$2.50), goes back to old Greece for its story and finds a hero in Alcibiades, a prize product of the Golden Age in Athens, and the delight and despair of all her lovely ladies. After a youth of indiscretion, the story of which Miss Atherton has expurgated without recourse to asterisks, he turns to adventure in politics and war, tastes of triumph and glory, and dies at last in defeat, disgrace, and exile. He makes two serious mistakes. First, he caricatures the Eleusinian mysteries and invites the vengeance of the gods. Then he allows an Egyptian lady to break the continuity of his conquests and assume rights of partnership in his ambitions. And from the first entrance of Tiy, the hard-hearted Hannah from Egypt, the reader is aware that she brings trouble in her train, while the outrage of the sacred mysteries guarantees that he will fall victim to ironic retribution before the book is done.

This is all tolerably entertaining and almost intoleraably instructive. The book is packed full of Greek history, and ancient Athens is brought to life as a perfectly inhabitable city. In fact, it is more of a historical sketch than a romantic novel, though it tries hard to be both.

A strange tale is told in *REUBENI*, by Max Brod (Knopf, \$2.50), a story of sixteenth century Europe and a young Jew with a Messianic complex. There is historical fact at the heart of this novel, but its appeal lies in a sympathetic presentation of the tragedy of the Jews in the century when they were tolerated for their genius but despised for their faith and hated for their racial endurance. The opening chapters are a study in adolescence and the shattering of its illusions at the shock of experience, and for this alone the book is worth reading.

JUDGMENT DAY, by Norman Davey (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50), is more of a novelty than a novel. For reasons beyond mortal comprehension, high heaven decrees that the final judgment shall be given in the English village of Quaire at ten o'clock precisely of a certain evening, and that those whose names come first in alphabetical succession shall be called to settle their account with eternity. So we follow a score of men and women up to the critical moment when they hear the last trump, and again we listen in while they are cross-examined by the Almighty and convicted or cleared of sin out of their own confessions. Those who pass with sufficient credits are admitted to heaven; the rest are dismissed back to earth to finish their degradation. Later we see them doing it.

These interwoven sketches resolve themselves more or less into a series of sermonettes on the deadly sins and saving virtues. They are occasionally amusing in their irony and consistently colored with sentiment, and their conception of vice and virtue is no more subtle or penetrating than it should be. The human types presented are familiar, but the voice of God is that of no true deity. It seems to belong to some being compounded of Dr. Arnold of Rugby and a chaplain of the Y. M. C. A.

A stranger book is *HOW THE OLD WOMAN GOT HOME*, by M. P. Shiel (Macy-Masius, \$2.50). This is a melodramatic mystery concerning a missing mother, and to tell its story would reveal the fact that it won't bear examination. Yet despite this and despite a manner of writing which outrages all known laws and precepts, it is tremendously engrossing. By process of elimination we are compelled to the conclusion that the secret lies in this very style. But this is practically indescribable. All that can be said is that it is passionately prodigal of words, wildly extravagant in metaphor, overwhelming the reader in a cascade of vocabulary. Every sentence is loose-jointed and many of them are interminable; the effect is literally to hammer the reader into the mood of the author. No idea or image depends on a single word or phrase, but is twisted and turned inside out and upside down, tossed hither and yon, mauled and maltreated until it is squeezed dry of all its possible connotations. And yet the story moves on with a sort of remorseless insistence and survives over-long interruptions in which the hero is more concerned for his philosophy than his mother. Add to these eccentricities that the book contains all the commas in the world and most of the quotation marks and is peppered all over with italics, and you will gather that this is indeed a literary curiosity.

Yet there are also palpable virtues. There is conversation that is unmistakably genuine, colloquial, entirely individual. There are characters as real as any in current fiction. There is a sort of philosophy at large in the book — a semi-mystical exaltation of pure science which

YOURS Without Extra Charge 1929 ATLAS WEBSTER'S New International Dictionary

Given to the readers of *Forum* who take advantage of this special offer now made in connection with

The Universal Question Answerer

To solve Question Games, Cross-Word Puzzles, whatever your question, you will find the answer in the NEW INTERNATIONAL. It is accepted as the highest authority everywhere.

Words of Recent Interest

Hooverize, broadcast, audio-frequency, baby bond, eugenism, hokum, Freud, helicopter, vitamin, Binet test, Stalin, petit point. These are but a few from the thousands of late words all clearly defined in this great work.



The Merriam Webster—

A complete Reference Library in Dictionary Form — with 3,000 pages and type matter equivalent to a 15-Volume Encyclopedia, all in a single volume. India-Paper Edition in Rich, Full Red Leather or Government Test Tan Buckram Binding, also Regular Edition in strong Red Fabrikoid, can now be secured by readers of *The Forum* on the following remarkable easy terms.

THE ENTIRE WORK (WITH 1929 ATLAS)

Delivered for \$1.00

with easy monthly payments thereafter

(on approved orders in United States and Canada)

on SUPERIOR INDIA PAPER

Reduced about ONE-HALF

in Thickness and Weight as compared with the Regular Paper Edition

India-Paper Edition

Printed on thin, opaque, strong, superior India Paper. It has an excellent printing surface, resulting in remarkably clear impressions of type and illustrations. What a satisfaction to own the new Merriam Webster in a form so light and so convenient to use. This edition is only about one-half the thickness and weight of the regular edition. Size 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. x 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. x 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Weight 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

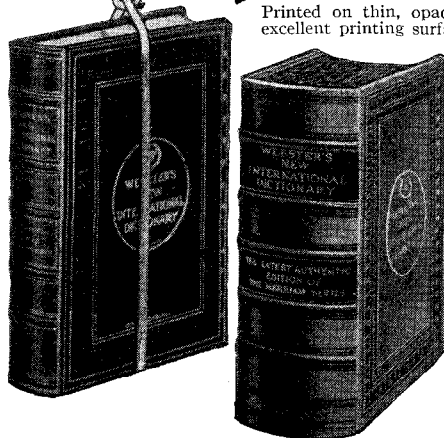
Regular Paper Edition

Printed on strong book paper of the highest quality. Size 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. x 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Weight 17 lbs.

Both editions are printed from the same plates and indexed.

Over 408,000 Vocabulary Terms and, in addition, 12,000 Biographical Names, nearly 32,000 Geographical Subjects, besides thousands of other References, 3,000 Pages. Over 6,000 Illustrations.

Constantly improved and kept up to date.



"To have this work in the home is like sending the whole family to college"

The only dictionary with the New Divided Page, characterized as "A Stroke of Genius."

The Atlas

Is the 1929 "New Reference Atlas of the World," containing 180 pages. Maps are beautifully printed in colors, and include recent changes in boundaries, airway maps, and latest Census figures, etc., all handsomely bound in red cloth, size 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches x 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

TO THOSE WHO MAIL THIS COUPON AT ONCE
G. & C. MERRIAM CO. Home Office
Department S Springfield, Mass.

(Publishers of Genuine Webster Dictionaries for over 82 years)

Please send me free of all obligation or expense complete information including "125 Interesting Questions" with references to their answers; striking "Fac-simile Color-Plate" of the new bindings; with terms of your Special Atlas offer on WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY to readers of *The Forum*.

(1-29)

Name.....
Address.....

THE FIRST HARVEST

A LONG NARRATIVE POEM BY
MARY LEIGHTON

Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden—the deathless love story of the human family.

"A work of beauty throughout," says JOHN CLAIR MINOT in the *Boston Herald*. . . . "A fascinating, original, and noteworthy piece of work," says Professor SOPHIE C. HART of Wellesley College. . . . "I find THE FIRST HARVEST charming, its verses beautiful in melody and imagery," says Professor E. H. GRIGGS.

Illustrated, by courtesy of the Boston Public Library, with reproductions of paintings by John Singer Sargent.

Large format. At all booksellers, \$3.

THE FOUR SEAS COMPANY
BOSTON

470 STUART STREET

A Distinguished Catalog: Conrad Aiken, Lord Dunsany, Leon Gordon, Maxim Gorky, Olga Petrova, Gertrude Capen Whitney. Write for a copy

Read RARE BOOKS

You may now *read without buying*, at moderate cost, both the quaint old books and the extraordinary new ones.

Limited editions, privately printed items, unexpurgated translations and exceptional reprints may be had through this entirely unique service.

Members throughout the United States have access to a collection of rare, scarce, unusual, out-of-print and curious books chosen largely by themselves.

Please state occupation or profession when writing for information and lists.

Esoterika Bibliography Society, Inc.

Dept. L-5

45 West 45th Street New York City

Favorite Gift Books

The Turn of the Century

OUR TIMES
BY MARK SULLIVAN

America Finding Herself

Two volumes, boxed, \$10.00
per volume, \$5.00 **SCRIBNERS**

recalls the very ancient philosophers who blended poetry and science with no sense of misalliance. There is sharp suspense, a vivid touch of horror, a keen sense of tragedy. And yet, withal, this is melodrama, essentially preposterous and outrageous.

CROSSROADS

WHATEVER THE MERITS of debate and rebuttal in the recent election, it astonished careful observers by revealing anew the American interest in religion and government, which, according to Oliver Wendell Holmes, are "the two subjects which should belong to the common talk of people who enjoy the blessings of freedom." The hangoover from the November crisis of controversy promises to be a long one. The nation is once more conscious of destiny at the door and there will be much debating concerning our national conscience and conduct. As food for such thought we recommend CONQUEST, by John Carter (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). This is principally a study of America's "painless imperialism," by which we have been favored with the dangerous responsibilities of world leadership—not the spiritual and moral leadership which we claimed with rather bad taste during the war, but an inevitable burden which follows our economic expansion. We have a finger in all the big pies of the world.

Just how we got that way Mr. Carter explains with good sense and clarity, and in doing so gives us a liberal education in practical politics, economics, and numerous related sciences. Also he hangs out the red flag of warning that this hegemony over the business corporations which run the civilized world, even though we have won it largely by minding our own business, is not likely to make us overwhelmingly popular, nor will our strength deliver us from danger. Somehow Mr. Carter is able to take the moss from our traditional policies and make them presentable, and even with the deadly but necessary statistics which belong to his theme, he does parlor tricks that are positively interesting.

The preëlection fury concerning Prohibition ended in a stalemate phrase to the general effect that it would be impossible for Hoover to enforce the law or for Smith to repeal it. In the sobriety of the morning after there is need for calm consideration as to what has really happened to us and what can be done about it. PROHIBITION, LEGAL AND ILLEGAL, by Howard Lee McBain (Macmillan, \$2.00), fills the bill. It concedes that Prohibition is immovably imbedded in the Constitution, and thereupon considers in turn all practicable means of making it of no effect. There are also chapters on "Search and Seizure," "Forfeiture," "Double Jeopardy," and other matters in which the law must take a hand, and a further discussion of the new crop of crimes which has sprung from the grave of John Barleycorn. It is a sensible

and useful book, and if it gets the reading it deserves, it should definitely diminish our national habit of talking through our hats on Prohibition.

SCIENCE AND GOOD BEHAVIOR, by H. M. Parshley (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.50), offers a new creed for those who can no longer live comfortably with the old ones. It assumes—somewhat gratuitously—that religion is an outworn mode for the regulation of human behavior and that the discrediting of old dogmas has left a vacuum which science must fill. The old order has been toppled to the satisfaction of all modern iconoclasts, and there must now be plans and programmes for a synthetic morality which is to work a great deal better than its philosophic predecessors.

A considerable share of the book is devoted to demonstrating that science is indeed competent to re-create man to any likeness suggested and approved by the proper authorities. The obvious weakness of the argument is that it fails to indicate any definite ideal which will win united approval, except in so far as it appropriates the moral values of the very religious sense which it affects to despise. This is a frank and honest book, but its net message is that science equips man to lift himself by his boot straps while it is still pretty much at sea as to where he shall direct his autonomous elevation. It would be supremely ironic if it should turn out that the new machinery of progress must at last go back to the Ten Commandments for practical guidance.

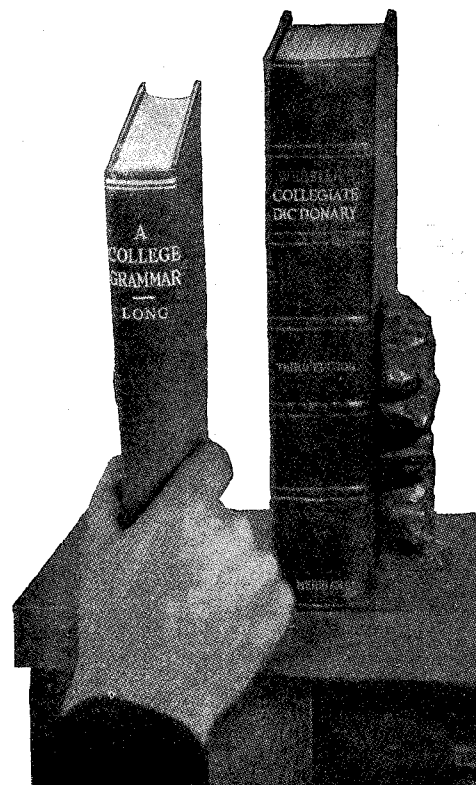
On the other hand there is THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT MARRIAGE AND MEDICINE, by Dr. Joseph Collins (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.00). Here is the testimony of a man thoroughly at home with modern facts and fads, who has also kept himself well ballasted with common sense. The doctor confesses that in the battle between test tubes and guinea pigs on the one side, and human experience, faith, and perception on the other, he is on the side of the angels. He still believes in sundry simple doctrines for no better reason than that they are true, whether demonstrable or not.

This is a book which reaches home, while many others of similar purpose do no more than nibble at the edges of our conscience and convictions. It is practical, inspiring, and full of comfort for those who have assumed the major responsibilities of life and are really working at them. Its consideration of marriage is better stuff for youngsters than nine-tenths of the sex-science books published for their hypothetical benefit. Amid the confusing temptations of all sorts of scientific excuses for misbehavior, it insists that men and women be honest with themselves—honest both in facing the facts and in following the internal dictates of a perceptive conscience. And the book has power, since its author is equipped with the knowledge of a modern practitioner and the honesty of an old-fashioned country doctor—a rare combination indeed.

You'll Want to Keep This New Book Beside Your Dictionary

YOUR DICTIONARY tells you what words mean and how to spell them, but it gives you little or no help on the constant problem of how to use and arrange words correctly and most effectively—that is not its purpose. If you have an adequate grammar alongside your dictionary you can make sure that you are correct.

Here for the first time is such a grammar. Not the child's elementary collection of dry rules of our school days but a new kind of grammar that meets adult needs both in business and social life—a book for today.



A College Grammar

by MASON LONG, Associate Professor of English Literature, Pennsylvania State College

WE all want to talk clearly, logically, forcefully. We want to avoid those mistakes which are so easy to make but which give the impression of either carelessness or ignorance. In writing, particularly, all of us properly feel embarrassed when our errors in grammar are pointed out to us.

A Grammar Such As You Have Never Before Seen

This practical volume will help you to understand and apply the principles that govern modern correct use of our language according to the latest accepted standards. Much of the material has never before appeared in a volume of this nature and many important principles are given in a new and more easily comprehended form. You will find authoritative information on the many new usages which have grown up in recent years and are now accepted as correct.

Every point in *A College Grammar* is illustrated by specific examples. These examples are more numerous, more varied, and more helpful by far than in any other books of this kind—

new or old. You will find them of immense help in properly phrasing your sentences and in making those nice choices of diction which lend character to your writing and everyday speech.

The publication of this new type of grammar has been received with a remarkable response. Thousands of copies are already in use although it is only a few months since the book was first announced. Business firms are buying copies for their office staffs. Men and women of affairs are buying it for their personal use. Already some of the outstanding writers of our day are using it—because it is—

Packed With Helpful Hints

PARTIAL CONTENTS: How to use nouns for clarity and emphasis. Various kinds of nouns defined and explained. *Correct usage.* Methods of designating sex through nouns: by prefixes, suffixes, and word-change. *Alumni, alumnae; Duke, duchess.* Plural forms and their exceptions: *Veto, vetoes; eskimo, eskimos; embryo, embryos; cargo, cargos or cargoes; belief, beliefs; chimney, chimneys; Court-martial, Courts-martial; looker-on, lookers-on; four-per-cent, four-per-cents; Knight Templar, Knights Templars; Notary Public, Notaries Public.* Nouns used in the plural only and Nouns with two plurals. *Burns, Burns's; daughter-in-*

law, daughter-in-law's, and other ways in which possessives are formed. *Special types of nouns, etc., etc.*

The eleven kinds of pronouns. Correct uses of I, me, we, us, etc. It, that, which, whose, what, whom, etc. None, no one, nobody, not any, etc. Ours, thine, hers, theirs, etc. Own, own selves, myself, etc. How to use who and whom correctly.

Use of adjectives to qualify nouns to obtain more exact shades of meaning. Big, bigger, biggest; good, better, best; southern, more southern, southern-most; former, first; and other comparisons. When to use the and a before nouns. Elder, eldest; foremost, first; less, fewer; and other special types of adjectives. Position of adjectives as a means of increasing clarity and forcefulness.

Verbs as the motive power of the sentence. Strong and weak verbs. Verbs with and without objects. Be, was, been; burst, burst, burst; lay, laid, laid; get, got, got; lie, lay, lain; swim, swam, swum; choose, chose, chosen; etc. Lists of regular, irregular, and auxiliary verbs, with illustrations of their correct use. Shall, will, may, might, should or would, etc. Correct use of tense. How to avoid the weak passive voice. What determines the use of singular or plural verb.

The same kind of usable explanations for adverbs, prepositions, conjunctions, interjections, phrases, clauses, and sentences. Clear and simple treatment of punctuation, spelling, and sentence structure, together with a graphic chart showing relationship of all sentence elements.

Examine It Without Advance Payment

IF you will fill in the form at the right and mail it to us, a copy of this 323-page book will be sent you postpaid for examination. Within five days after getting it, you may either remit \$3.25 (\$3.00 plus 25 cents to cover shipping), or return the book.

Sent for 5 days' examination—fill in and mail ➡

Order on This Coupon

The Ronald Press Company, Dept. M 71,
15 East 26th Street, New York, N. Y.

You may send me postpaid *A COLLEGE GRAMMAR*, by Long. Within five days after receiving it, I will either return the book to you or remit \$3.25.

Name.....
(Please print)

Address.....

City..... State.....

Signature.....
Outside continental U. S. and Canada, cash with order.



They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—KEATS

Howdy, General!

MEET GENERAL GRANT, by W. E. Woodward; Liveright, \$5.00.
Reviewed by JOHN MACY.

TWO YEARS AGO Mr. Woodward appeared in *George Washington: The Image and the Man* as an aggressive "debunker" of history, bent on stripping off masks, exploding myths, and revealing the living human facts. This vigorous book put him at once among the newer biographers and historians who are impatient with encrusted tradition and the mendacities of hero-worship, honest in the examination and criticism of documents, and who at the same time have little use for history which is only documents, dry and devitalized, with no individual interpretation, no animation of style. Mr. Woodward's only fault in his *Washington* was his manner, which sometimes became a little cocky and journalistic. The same fault appears in this book on Grant, in the title to begin with, which is cheap and — awful word! — vulgar. Some of his phrasing has a kind of Broadway smartness which is not peculiar to New York but gives a false brilliancy to much contemporaneous American writing. That is the only fault I have to find and I shall not press it. For the most part he is dignified, intensely serious, and his vivacity is far above flippancy.

The story of Grant is fascinating material, however treated, and Mr. Woodward has handled it with skill, enthusiasm, wisdom. He has got to the heart of Grant's character, to the man behind the strangely reticent and impersonal *Memoirs*, which is one of the accidental masterpieces of autobiography. At a score of places Mr. Woodward discloses with fine insight Grant's apparently simple but really complex and baffling nature. Whether Mr. Woodward is always right or not, his hero is portrayed with acute understanding. At least so it seems to an amateur reader of history who has "met" General Grant in the conventional company of historians, biographers, and writers of reminiscences, but has not before had the pleasure of intimate acquaintance. One

remarkable effect Mr. Woodward achieves: in the midst of war and other high events, and especially in the years before high events brought Grant to distinction, the biographer so draws his man that you feel for him not only the admiration that the great inspire, but sympathy, even affection. You like his weaknesses, blunders, failures; there is something touching, but without sentimentality — which Mr. Woodward abhors — in the spectacle of this man who became a commanding person in the world, obstinate, dominant, triumphant, as at heart lonely and sensitive.

This mighty warrior hated war; this butcher of men revolted at the thought of shooting a game bird. He fought because that was his job, throwing thousands of men to death without a visible quiver or qualm of conscience, but he never liked it. And he was not happy as President, for that position involved work which he did not understand, qualities which he did not have.

The story of Grant is the history of the period and includes the personalities of his contemporaries, Lincoln and the civil officers and the other generals. Mr. Woodward's characterizations of men are often striking and revelatory, if at times too clever, assertive, and in the dubious lingo of modern psychology. John Brown is "hysteroid," "neurotic," a "sadist." Jefferson Davis and Charles Sumner are curiously alike — bookish, scholarly, cultivated, visionary and both "incurable neurotics, moody and irritable." Lincoln was an "indecisive, vacillating half-mystic" who had become a shrewd politician, in the first years of his Presidency "hesitating and evasive," not a born leader of men but a "sensitive reflector of public opinion," so glorified by historians and surrounded by reverence, erected to sainthood by his tragic death, that he has become more of a legend than Washington. If that be treason make the most of it! This book is perfectly respectful, but it is refreshing for its refusal to accept standardized opinions of the good and the great.

Giants of the Press

THE JAMES GORDON BENNETTS, FATHER AND SON, by Don C. Seitz; Bobbs-Merrill, \$5.00.

Reviewed by HENRY F. PRINGLE.

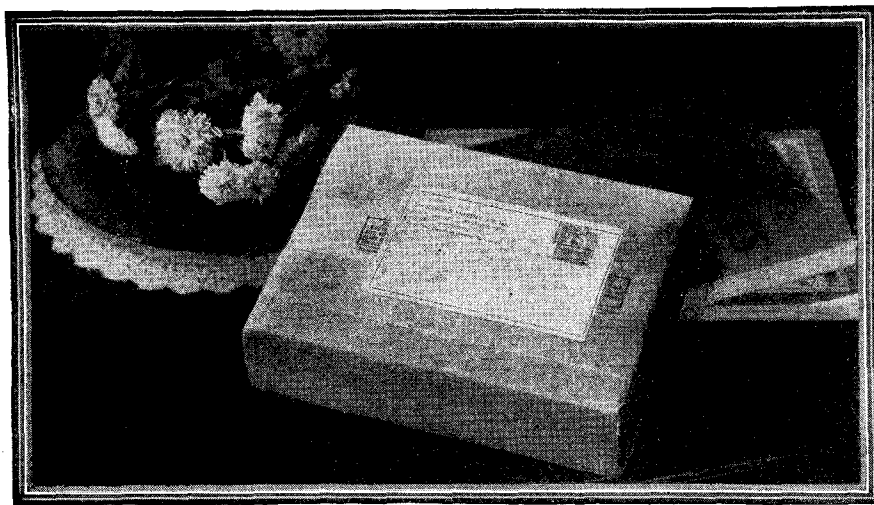
JAMES GORDON BENNETT the First, Mr. Seitz points out, must be "considered a recorder rather than a guide or commentator." In other words, he was the first reporter in American journalism. He made it his business to get the news, so that the *New York Herald*, which he founded in 1835, became a flourishing newspaper property. Journalism had been a personal business. Editors had contented themselves with what they conceived to be powerful leaders viewing with alarm or endorsing with immoderate praise. There was little space in the average journal for those things which did not come into the personal life of the editor. But the elder Bennett changed all this, and his son, a man whose virtues were obscured by his vices, carried it on for a time. Between them they published the *Herald* for eighty-three years.

Since Mr. Seitz had already written the lives of Joseph Pulitzer and Horace Greeley, of the *World* and the *Tribune*, he was peculiarly qualified to serve as the biographer of the Bennetts. The result is, I think, a volume which will appeal to newspaper men even more than the other two. The Bennett who began publishing the *Herald*, at a time when he was forty years old and had made a failure of everything else he had attempted, was a glamorous figure. He was, for all his glaring faults and for all his inability to distinguish good taste from bad, a man with estimable qualities. Hated by the snobbish New York aristocracy of his day (as Philip Hone makes clear in his diaries), Bennett went serenely about his business of gathering the news. He sought popular approval, and he did not take sides in a political argument when it could be avoided.

He built up the first great news machine seen on the American continent and so great was the loyalty of his readers that when, on one occasion, he was forced to pay \$500 in a libel suit, his subscribers returned the sum by taking up a collection! He was bombastic, often vulgar, sometimes sensational. He did not hesitate to air his private affairs in the *Herald*. His paper, inevitably, was bombastic and vulgar and sensational, too. But it was never dull and it made money from the start.

On the whole, Mr. Seitz writes with detachment and his method is a happy compromise between the "debunking" school and the older biography of adoration. His book is what it purports to be — the story of the Bennetts.

I cannot avoid the conclusion that Mr. Seitz hurried, just a little, through the second half of his book. He tells, of course, the usual stories about the younger Bennett's drunken revelries and relates all the eccentricities which made "The



Have the best new books come to your home by mail

Get only those you want, and pay only for those you keep...
Find out how the Book-of-the-Month Club prevents over
90,000 people from missing the new books they want to read.

A GAIN and again you miss outstanding books you want to read. Through oversight or because you are too busy, you just "never get around to it." Take the Book-of-the-Month Club service—it does not cost you a cent!—*and this need never happen again!* How is it prevented?

The plan is simplicity itself. The publishers of the country submit their books to us in advance of publication. Every month a distinguished group of five critics chooses the most readable and most important ones—fiction and non-fiction. They also choose what they consider the "outstanding" book every month. This we call the "book-of-the-month."

Before you get the book-of-the-month, you receive a full report about it, a month before it is published. If you judge, from this report, that you want it, you let it come to you. You receive it by mail, on or shortly after the publication date, *so that you can't miss it.*

If one of the other books reported upon appeals to you more strongly, you specify that that one be sent. And if none of them appeal to you in any month, you take none at all!

Moreover, whenever you take a book on the

recommendation of our selecting committee, *you are guaranteed against dissatisfaction.* If you don't like it, you may exchange it for some other book you prefer.

Over 90,000 of the most notable people in this country—in every line of endeavor—now guard themselves, by means of this service, against missing the new books they want to read. Why don't you try it? You can join this organization, and obtain the many benefits of its service, *and yet take as few as four books a year.* You may take more if you please, but you don't have to.

Moreover, the cost is—nothing! There are no fees, no dues, no extra charges of any kind. *You pay only for the books you keep,* and for them you pay the same price as if you got them from the publisher himself by mail!

Surely, among the 150 or more books our judges will report upon in 1929, there will be at least four you will be very anxious not to miss. Find out how this service will absolutely prevent you from missing them. Mail the coupon below for complete information. Your request will involve you in no obligation.



Henry Seidel Canby
Chairman



Heywood Brown



Dorothy Canfield



Christopher Morley



William Allen White

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC. ¹⁵⁻¹
386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

2X

A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H
I
J
K
L
M
N
O
P
Q



"Reflects the standards of present-day America"

SCHOOL "JUST as Samuel Johnson's dictionary in 1755 was greatly in advance of preceding dictionaries, and Noah Webster's American dictionary met better the conditions of 1828, so this dictionary reflects the standards of present-day America."

The Charlotte, North Carolina, Observer.

The WINSTON SIMPLIFIED DICTIONARY ENCYCLOPEDIC EDITION

Edited by

WILLIAM DODGE LEWIS Formerly Dept. Supt. of Instruction, Penna.
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY Yale University
THOMAS KITE BROWN, Jr. Formerly of Haverford College

MODERN in vocabulary, definitions and typography. New throughout from A to ZYTHUM. Defines every word so its use and meaning can be instantly understood. Up-to-date spellings and pronunciations.

AUTHORITATIVE Scholarly specialists from every field, working under the supervision of an editorial board of unquestioned ability, have produced a work which has been highly endorsed by leading colleges and universities, and by such eminent writers as Booth Tarkington, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Gamaliel Bradford, Zona Gale, Christopher Morley and others.

COMPLETE Defines over 100,000 words and phrases, including the many new words not found in other dictionaries. Contains 3,000 original drawings, 8 color plates, a 32-page Atlas of the World, and historical, Biblical, biographical and scientific data.

JUDGE IT FOR YOURSELF

Examine this up-to-date, easy-to-use dictionary at any modern bookstore or stationer's — or send the coupon. Use it in your home or office for 5 days. If you cannot find and understand needed definitions, pronunciations, spellings, etymologies and syllabifications more easily than with any other dictionary, simply return it within 5 days at our expense.

THIN PAPER EDITION

with patent thumb index. 1500 pages, size 6 1/4 x 8 1/2 inches, round corners, weight 3 1/4 lbs. Bound in Art Kraft, \$5.00 net. Persian Morocco, gold edges, \$7.50 net. Red Turkey Morocco, gold edges, \$10 net.

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
102 WINSTON BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.,
102 Winston Building, Phila., Pa.

Please send all charges prepaid, the new Encyclopedic Edition — the Winston Simplified Dictionary (thin paper, patent thumb index), style checked below. I will return it in 5 days at your expense or remit price.

- ☐ Art Kraft Edition, \$5.00;
☐ Persian Morocco Edition, \$7.50;
☐ Red Turkey Morocco Ed., \$10
Check above the style desired.

**AN
IDEAL
GIFT**

Name

Address

Commodore" the subject of heated discourses in every newspaper office in the United States. He gives, too, the famous "Wild Animal Hoax" and the rescue of Livingstone by Stanley. The story of the younger Bennett is told, however, with only a few passing references to the age in which he lived. Even the man himself emerges less clearly from the pages. The son, like the father, had very real talents as a newspaper proprietor and one is puzzled as to the reasons for his failure.

As history, the book may be a shade superficial, but it is vastly entertaining.

Hero-Worship

THINGS TO COME, by J. Middleton Murry;
Macmillan, \$2.50.

Reviewed by EDITH H. WALTON.

WHEN A THOROUGHLY civilized person, who is neither scientist nor priest, grapples seriously with the enigmas of existence and attempts to evolve some acceptable modern philosophy, the results are likely to be fruitful. There is a rather general dissatisfaction, in this generation, with the solutions offered by both science and religion. Each is a special pleader and each assumes much that is contrary to the experience of modern man, that fails to satisfy both intelligence and spirit. J. Middleton Murry, the English critic, feels this inadequacy keenly, and in his latest book of essays he develops once more the highly personal creed to which he has gradually attained.

Mr. Murry is a professed hero-worshiper — though it is doubtful whether Thomas Carlyle would recognize his claim. Our problem, he believes, is to become individuals, capable of resisting the elemental pull of the crowd, and we can best do this by studying the experience of the great spiritual heroes of the race. These men, he feels, achieved the possession of a soul, though only after long and bitter travail. They are the "highest wisdom we know," and the promise of what humanity may become. Each of them — Shakespeare, Dante, Plato, Newman, Keats — passed through the same struggles and endured the same experiences in their fight for self-realization. Men as a whole must be prepared to travel the same road in order to attain their souls, since the soul is created and is not the common possession of all.

As may be easily inferred, Mr. Murry is completely unorthodox in the matter of religion. He rejects the dogmas of the church — its miracles and its supernatural manifestations — but he declares in no uncertain terms, "I am a great believer in Heroes, and the greatest of my heroes is Jesus." He rejects, quite naturally, the whole theory of the resurrection. Jesus, he says, failed to prove the existence of God the Father, and died knowing it. "But what he had proved was this: that mankind had at last produced a man with such infinite love in his heart that he could not

Tremendous

THAT IS THE UNIVERSAL VERDICT ON THE NEW RELIGIOUS NOVEL

Tremendous — it dares to tell conditions in the Church — at the expense of Church life.

Amazing — it dares to make a hero of the Preacher ready to fight for a clean community.

Overwhelming — it exposes hypocrisy on Official Boards and has a right-hand wallop in every active chapter.

"LAVA" graphically grapples with a great problem, a real story of love, hate, fights, fires, and bombings, with an intricate plot which makes you weep, laugh aloud, and clench your fists in emotion.

The foreword by James Oliver Curwood and the comments by other eminent authors and Church leaders who have read the book have resulted in these enthusiastic words of approval:

Your copy is at the news stand, or send for it at the publishers, \$2.50

CHAPPLE PUBLISHING CO., 952 Dorchester Avenue, Boston, Mass.

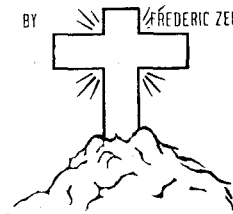
Special proposition is made to Ministers, Preachers, Laymen's Associations, and Aid Societies. Write for particulars.

Amazing

LAVA

THE STORY OF A FIGHTING PASTOR

BY FREDERIC ZEIGEN



Overwhelming

"'Lava' will make better Church members."

"The story is vivid and wonderfully written."

"Every church goer should read 'Lava.'"

"'Lava' looks to the betterment of Church life."

"Every church member discovers something to take to heart."

"Every real American should read 'Lava.'"

"Don't fail to read this amazing story."

"God in the Pulpit and Hell in the Church Basement."

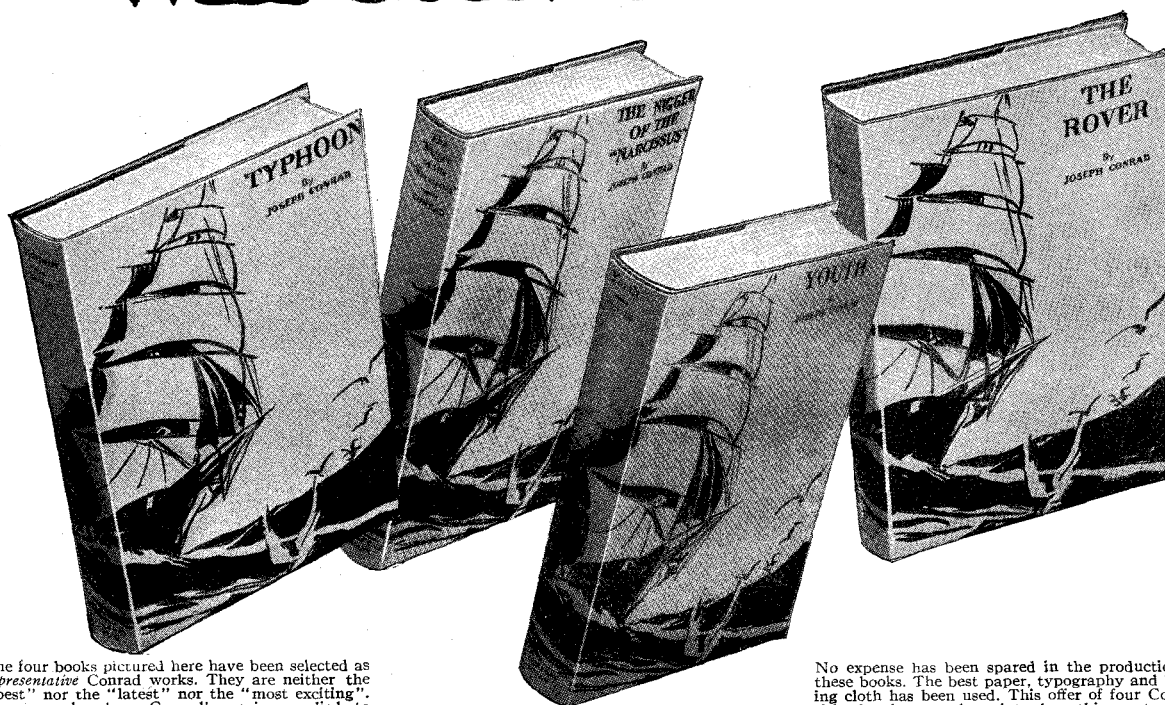
"'Lava' is written from the heart."

"'Lava' does not dodge the rocks."

"In 'Lava' the reader's own experience looms up."

"A tender love story with a timely theme."

These Four CONRAD Books Will Convince You!



The four books pictured here have been selected as representative Conrad works. They are neither the "best" nor the "latest" nor the "most exciting". They merely show Conrad's genius applied to different characters, different plots, different sets of circumstances, with the same invariable result — concentrated entertainment for the reader.

No expense has been spared in the production of these books. The best paper, typography and binding cloth has been used. This offer of four Conrad titles has been made to introduce this great writer to the large number of readers who have not read him before.

You May Have Them On Approval

TO INTRODUCE Joseph Conrad to you who read only for the entertainment and experiences that good books bring you, we have selected four of his masterpieces of the sea to be mailed on approval. That is the only way this great writer can be fully appreciated. You must live with him on ship board, make friends with his flesh-and-blood characters, eat and drink with him in strange ports and uncharted seas to fully understand his tremendous power.

Joseph Conrad died before his books had brought him the fame he deserved. He was not known. His books circulated in a very small but enthusiastic circle of critics and literary friends. Slowly his reputation grew. As book after book came from the richness of experience that had been his, all England and America rose to honor him. Now no man can claim to be well read without some knowledge of those gripping tales.

It is impossible to say which of all his books is the *best*. Each one has its own appeal. Each one will seem better than the last as you read them. Each critic, asked for an opinion, has his own favorite. *You* will have your own when you have read him.

Four representative works, *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *Youth*, *Typhoon* and his last book, published almost at the moment of his death, *The Rover* have been chosen for this introductory offer.

Now Only \$5.00

For a limited time you can examine these four books in your own home, you can read them at your leisure and *then* decide if you want them. The books are the regular, standard edition, usually sold for \$2.00 each. You receive all four of them for \$5.00 and *you do not pay for them until you are sure you want them*.

Mail the coupon at once. Test Conrad by your own standards of reading pleasure. If he does not charm you as he has thousands of others return the books at our expense and the transaction has cost you nothing.

DOUBLEDAY-DORAN & CO., Dep't CF-601
Garden City, N. Y.

DOUBLEDAY-DORAN & Co., Dep't CF-601
Garden City, N. Y.

I will examine the four volumes of Joseph Conrad and either return them or remit \$5.00 in full payment within a week.

Name

Address

City State

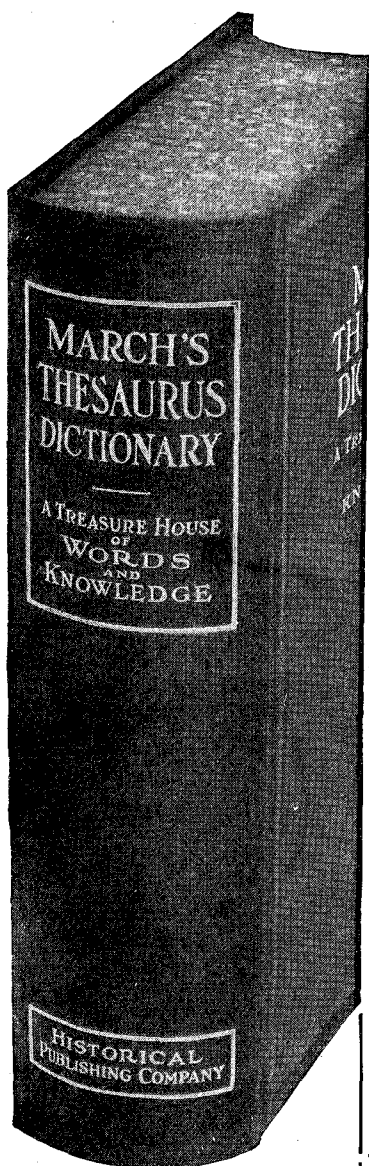
XVII

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED
Springfield, Missouri

At Your Fingertips

Instantly Available



the *Exact Word* for Every Purpose

How often, desiring to express some particular thought, we are at a loss for the word. Even the best educated occasionally halt and stumble in speaking or writing because they cannot call to mind the word needed — and have no means of finding it.

But there is an "Open Sesame," a book which makes available for your immediate use every word in the living English language —

MARCH'S THESAURUS DICTIONARY

By means of its unique, patented arrangement it instantly finds for you the word for every thought or shade of meaning — and defines it — establishing a clear picture of it in your mind.

This new Amplified Edition also contains thousands of facts on history, geography and literature, chapters on Grammar, Punctuation, Wrong Uses of Words, Biblical Facts, the important words of the leading arts and sciences — all material of immeasurable value in speaking, writing and reading.

"— a real Treasure Chest of 'English Undefined'. We commend it unreservedly," says *Review of Reviews*.

Take advantage NOW of this opportunity to

Examine It in Your Own Home—At Our Risk

Judge it by actual use for 10 days — see for yourself what complete mastery of the language its 1462 pages give you.

It is bound in handsome Buckram — a worthy addition to any library — $7\frac{1}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ " and surprisingly handy because of the lightweight, opaque paper used.

Just send the coupon. You take no risk, since if you are not satisfied you have but to return the book, and it has not cost you a cent.

HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO.

Dept. F-1, 1334 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me (postpaid in U. S. and Canada) a copy of the new Amplified Edition of March's Thesaurus Dictionary. I will pay the postman \$3.00, plus 12¢ C. O. D. fee, and if I decide to keep the book will pay you \$2.00 per month for 3 months. Canada, duty extra; foreign, \$10.00 cash with order.

If for any reason I do not wish to keep it, I will return it in good condition within 10 days and you are to refund my \$3.12.

Name.....

Address.....

1462 pages, each $7\frac{1}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{4}$ ", yet only $2\frac{3}{4}$ " thick because of special thin opaque paper. Bound in Buckram with Gold Stamped Title.

"— Cannot be too highly praised." — *Forum*.

"— will be of constant use on the writing desk." — *American Mercury*.

"Valued by those who wish to use their mother tongue with accuracy and effectiveness." — *N. Y. Times*.

Book on Law Free



Write today for this new book. It tells you how a law training will shorten your road to success. It also carries a vital and inspiring message to every ambitious man. Find out about the opportunities that await the law trained man. Find out how you can learn law right in your own home. No obligations. The book is absolutely FREE.

Write Today — now — while low tuition fee is in force.
American Correspondence School of Law
3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 1161 Chicago, Ill.

REAL HARRIS TWEED

The aristocrat of tweed for golf and outdoor wear, direct from makers. Samples free. Suit lengths by mail. Carriage paid.

NEWALL, 442 Stornoway, Scotland

Learn Advertising at HOME

Send your name and address for free booklet giving interesting information and vital facts about Advertising. Find out how we prepare you at home, in your spare time, for the opportunities open in this fascinating business. Practical work. No text books. Old established school. Successful graduates everywhere. Just the plan you have always wanted. Write today. No obligation.

PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL OF ADVERTISING
Dept. 1161, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

Learn Photography at HOME

Make money taking pictures. Prepare quickly during spare time. Also earn while you learn. No experience necessary. New easy method. Nothing else like it. Send at once for free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*, and full particulars.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. 1161, 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

conceive God save as a loving and living Father to all men, and rather than give up this amazing and transcendent faith, he went to a shameful and atrocious death. To have proved that was to have proved a more wonderful thing than even Jesus sought to prove. For what man has been, he may, he will be again."

Briefly then, Mr. Murry believes in "humanity in its priest manifestations." And it is his conviction that in recent centuries the highest examples of humanity have been found without, not within, the church. Great literature, with its necessary emphasis on the potential nobility and generosity of the human soul, has come into existence in England, he says, "to satisfy the profound need of the human soul which had been once satisfied by the Christian religion." To state the idea in its simplest terms, one can derive more spiritual profit from Shakespeare or Keats than from the teachings of the orthodox church.

Mr. Murry has a subtle and complicated mind. He is also very much of a mystic. To summarize his conclusions in so bald a fashion is to do him an injustice. But it is not unfair to say that his philosophy is so individual and so colored by his own complex emotional experiences that it can be of value only to a limited number of persons. He contradicts himself at every turn — about the soul, about God — but to himself there is evidently no contradiction involved. His book is important, not for its philosophical content, but for its revelation of a cultured and entirely modern intelligence willing to probe honestly into the more baffling mysteries of life. He writes beautifully and without sophistry, and he brings to his subject a rare blend of reasoned thought and passionate conviction.

The Catholic Spirit

CATHOLICISM AND THE MODERN MIND, by Michael Williams; Dial Press, \$3.50.

Reviewed by FATHER JOHN AUGUSTINE RYAN.

BECAUSE of many concurring causes, the Catholic Church to-day is a stumbling block to millions of good Americans, while the many millions of Catholics who are also good Americans, . . . are face to face with an uprising of mingled forces of hostility and strange, almost fantastic misunderstandings and vague, yet violent apprehensions." These words from the Prelude describe the condition and the problem which occupy a great part, if not the greater part, of Mr. Williams' attention throughout this book. He endeavors to set forth the agreements and the disagreements between the Catholic Church and the modern mind and to suggest ways of reconciliation and harmony. The volume is not a consecutive systematic treatise. As he tells us in the Prelude, it is a series of essays written at various times for various occasions and

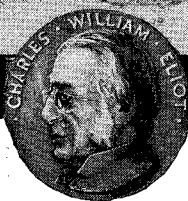
A Procession of Endless Delight

Extending from the Dawn of Literature to Our Own Times

"Procession of the Sacred Bull, Apis-Osiris" by F. A. Bridgman.



Illustration from the Harvard Classics, courtesy of the Corcoran Gallery of Art.



Dr. Charles W. Eliot, 40 years President of Harvard University; Editor of the famous Harvard Classics.

OPEN any volume of the Harvard Classics at random and read. Immediately you are caught in the gripping enchantment that only the greatest writings can bring to you.

You may find yourself a bystander at the glorious pageant of Egypt's colorful history. You may be with Sindibad, trapped in a valley of glittering diamonds guarded by venomous serpents, or thrust into the thick of the fight of Bunker Hill with a man who actually witnessed the battle. You may meet the amusing characters in a Sheridan comedy and laugh at the immortal humor of this great playwright.

Perhaps you will wander into brilliant Carthage when it was the Monte Carlo of its time or stroll through the almost magic kingdoms of Ancient Syria.

Every page is a new wonderland of delight. You become immediately intimate with the greatest minds, the most interesting characters, the most thrilling episodes of all time.

You may ship with Darwin on his marvelous cruise of the Beagle and sail through uncharted seas revelling in the myriad marvels of nature.

From an intimate encounter with the sharp wit of Ben Franklin to following a Greek hero in adventure without equal; from the stirring chronicles of Carlyle to the riotous pranks of Don Quixote; the Harvard Classics offer the most broadening, the most delightful reading of any group of books in the world. For they contain a procession of

DR. ELIOT'S Five-Foot Shelf of Books

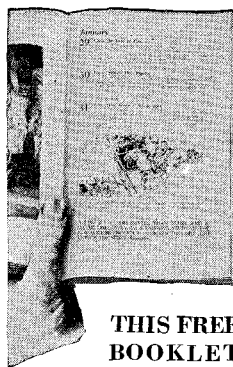
(The Harvard Classics)

thought which begins at the dawn of literature and extends in majestic array right down to our own times. These are the books that live forever, and are forever fresh, invigorating and entertaining.

When Emerson said, "Any book that does not bear rereading does not deserve to be read at all," he didn't offer to name the worth-while books. That was the priceless work of Dr. Charles W. Eliot, for forty years President of Harvard University, America's foremost educator, a man qualified above all others to select the really great writings from the mass of literature the ages have produced.

**All in One
Convenient
Set**

Now over a quarter of a million homes own and cherish the result of his labor, the Harvard Classics, and the list of owners becomes considerably larger every week. In this one convenient set Dr.



**THIS FREE
BOOKLET**

contains specimen pages from the Daily Reading Guide, and gives in detail the scope and contents of the Harvard Classics.

Eliot has assembled all the writings which deserve to be read, and reread, the books that make men think straight and talk intelligently, the books that stimulate,

inspire, and advise — but above all, the books that bring endless delight.

It is almost unbelievable that so much could be incorporated in a single set of books. The Harvard Classics contain the works of 302 immortal authors.

Available to All

By the famous Collier plan, which enables you to pay for these books while you read and enjoy them, the Harvard Classics are within reach of the most modest family budget. Do not put off finding out more about these wonderful books. The Free Booklet, telling about the scope and content of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf, will be sent you without obligation.

MAIL THE COUPON NOW

**P. F. Collier & Son Company,
250 Park Avenue, New York City**

By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot, also specimen pages of the Daily Reading Guide. And please advise how I may secure the books by small monthly payments.



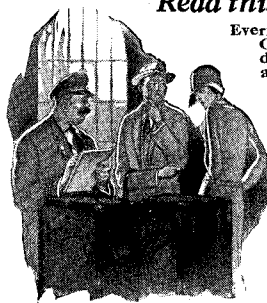
Name { Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____

Address _____

The publishers cannot undertake to send this booklet free to children. 7005-HCP-L

If you have wanted to learn FRENCH—SPANISH— GERMAN—ITALIAN

Read this Agreement:



Every Pelman Language Course is taught under the absolute agreement that if after completing it, you are not entirely satisfied with your ability to read, speak and understand the language, your tuition will be refunded instantly on demand.

(Signed)
B. C. McCulloch
Pres. The Pelman Language Institute, New York City.

WHEN you open the first lesson of the Pelman method, you will be surprised to see not a single word of explanation in English. But you soon realize that no English is necessary. You find that you already know enough foreign words to start—and you can easily discover the meaning of the unfamiliar words by the way they “fit in” with the ones you recognize at sight. Within eight to twelve weeks you will find yourself able to speak a foreign language.

Send for Free Book. This book actually shows you that you can read, at sight, a page of the language you decide to learn. It shows why it is possible to agree that you will learn either French, Spanish, German or Italian within a few months, to your satisfaction, or it will cost you nothing. Mail the coupon at once. THE PELMAN LANGUAGE INSTITUTE, 71 West 45th St., Suite L-1301, New York.

THE PELMAN LANGUAGE INSTITUTE
Suite L-1301, 71 West 45th St., New York City

Please send me full information about the Pelman System of Language Instruction. I am interested in

☐ French ☐ Spanish ☐ German ☐ Italian

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

Short Story Writing

A practical forty-lesson course in the writing and marketing of the Short Story, taught by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein, famous critic and teacher; Editor of The Writer's Monthly.

One pupil has earned over \$5,000 writing in his spare time—hundreds are selling constantly to the leading publishers.

DR. ESENWEIN
150 page catalog free. Please address
The Home Correspondence School
Established 1897
Dept. 17 Springfield, Mass.

DEVELOP POWER

AT HOME

to *initiate, persevere, achieve;*
carry on through life your education;
earn credit toward a Bachelor degree,
by using the 450 courses

The University of Chicago
Gives by Correspondence

Inquire, or check the advertisement to
show desire and mail to **339 Ellis Hall,**
University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois.

“put together” to make a book. One of them has the same title as the volume itself, and this one probably deals more comprehensively with the subject than any of the others. Some of the chapters discuss the topic formulated in the title of the book with considerable explicitness, while others present particular aspects or implications. No less than four chapters have to do with Gethsemane Abbey, the Trappist Monastery in Kentucky. While this institution, and its connotations, might seem at first sight to have no important bearing on the relation between the Catholic Church and the modern mind, Mr. Williams shows quite successfully and quite eloquently that it embodies a fundamental element of the Catholic Church and one that has great importance for the modern mind, or for any other mind that is interested in the profounder realities of life.

The author stresses the fact that within the last five years the relation of the Catholic Church to American institutions has received a great deal of attention in American periodicals and, indeed, in an occasional book. He points out that the Catholic Church has an attitude toward, and a doctrine concerning, every important phase of contemporary life, but he finds that the Church's attitude and doctrine are grievously and widely misunderstood and misrepresented, that owing to ignorance and bigotry and other unlovely factors, the contribution which the Church might make to the solution of American social and other problems is very much smaller than it would be if her message were able to get an intelligent and sympathetic hearing. The main cause of this ignorance and misunderstanding and bigotry he rightly identifies as the false historical tradition which began with the Centuriators of Magdeburg and has continued substantially unmodified through all the succeeding generations, and still flourishes, not only in the cultural backwoods but in the minds of otherwise educated men such as Mr. John Jay Chapman. Nevertheless, Mr. Williams thinks that the great obstacle to the beneficent functioning of the Catholic Church in American life is not Protestantism but those “intensely active and formidable forces that may be grouped under the name of the New Paganism.”

In the last three pages of the book we find descriptions of the Catholic Church and of the modern mind. The latter, he says, is identical with science—that is, science conceived as denying religion, God, the supernatural, the soul, eternity, and personal immortality. If this is a correct description of the modern mind, it obviously provides no basis of reconciliation with the Catholic Church. That such a conception of science exists is certain, but the propriety of identifying it with the modern mind may fairly be questioned. In any case, Mr. Williams has “put together,” to use his own phrase, a very useful and very readable book. The

apology which he makes for it as “journalistic” is entirely superfluous. One could wish that other books in this field which would scorn that epithet possessed the capacity to hold attention and to furnish the enlightenment which characterize Mr. Williams' volume.

The Genius of Bolshevism

LENIN, by Valeriu Marcu; Macmillan, \$5.00.

Reviewed by GEORGE NEBOLSINE.

EXPERIENCE HAS SHOWN that it is idle to expect satisfactory accounts of Lenin's life and activities from the pens either of his Russian sympathizers or enemies. The tragic events of the revolution are too recent to allow those who personally suffered their effects to acquire the necessary historic perspective. His sympathizers and disciples, on the other hand, are equally biased, but in favor of their leader. While full of valuable personal observations, the works of Lenin's associates are unsatisfactory for purposes of translation by reason of the multiplicity of tacit assumptions made by their authors. In consequence, no biography of Lenin has yet appeared that does even rough justice to the subject.

In the present work, the American reader has probably the most successful attempt to interpret Lenin's life and aspirations. The author, while not a Russian, seems familiar with the Russian literature on Lenin, and has studied his subject well enough to take full advantage in his writing of the dramatic contrasts of Lenin's colorful career. The result is a full-length portrait of one of the greatest revolutionaries in human history. Thanks to the brilliant method of treatment employed by M. Marcu, the work is of exceptional interest both to the student of Russian affairs and the layman looking for a new thrill. Whether or not one agrees with the author's interpretation, the biography carries a breathless interest to the last page.

For all its evident virtues, the work is open to criticism. It is at best an apologia for Lenin the revolutionary. Lenin is made to stand forth as the heroic dreamer of a new world and worshiped saint of the Marxist creed, but he is never compared or contrasted with statesmen and reformers of other times and other countries. The result is an unbalanced picture. Moreover, we are allowed but occasional glimpses of the more sinister side of the revolutionary. His naive theorizing, his unequalled opportunism, are passed over without comment. Nor is there in M. Marcu's work an attempt at an impartial summation of the activities of this wilful dictator, who learned elementary lessons of economics at the expense of millions of human lives.

Lenin's career as a professional revolutionary was foredoomed by the

"I must have good detective stories—"

Said Secretary Kellogg

As soon as he boarded the Leviathan, homeward bound from his peace triumph in Paris, Secretary Kellogg demanded good detective stories to read.

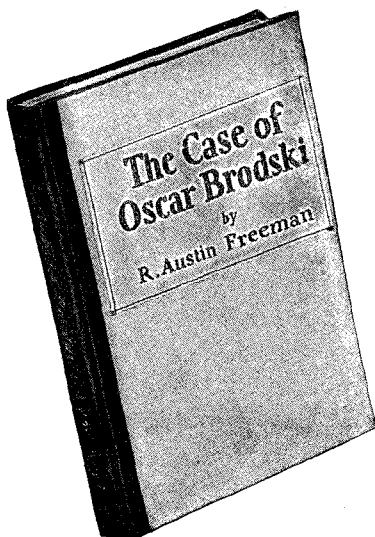
HERE IS THE WAY TO GET THE BEST

NOW Secretary Kellogg and the thousands of other detective story fans can *always* be sure of getting the *best* detective stories. All book publishers are submitting their detective stories (in advance of publication) to the DETECTIVE STORY CLUB and each month the best of these stories is sent to the members of this club.

Membership is open to all individuals who enjoy the thrills of a good detective story. Here is an opportunity for *you* to receive, each month, the outstanding detective story published. This book is sent to you, postage prepaid, and reaches you on the date of publication. Then, too, the judges who select this book will recommend other good detective stories which the DETECTIVE STORY CLUB will forward you promptly on request. It costs you nothing to join this club and receive full advantage of its unique services.

NO OTHER CLUB LIKE THIS!

Do not confuse this club with any other offering detective stories. The DETECTIVE STORY CLUB is the *only* club which offers its members detective and mystery stories selected from the list of *all* publishers. No individual publisher can have all the good detective story authors on his list. New ones are constantly being discovered. The particular value of membership in the DETECTIVE STORY CLUB is the selection by a committee of experts from the lists of *all* publishers.



THESE FIVE EXPERTS SELECT THE BOOKS

Carolyn Wells
Noted Novelist



Bachrach



Bachrach

Edmund Pearson
Expert Murder
Analyst

Robert H. Davis
Distinguished
Editor



F. F. Van de Water
"F.F.V.," noted
Critic

Francis L.
Wellman
Noted Prosecutor



FREE

A gift to you from the
DETECTIVE STORY CLUB
while the edition lasts!

"The Case of Oscar Brodski," one of the most unusual detective stories ever written. This thrilling tale of R. Austin Freeman's should be on the bookshelves of every lover of detective fiction. Experts have chosen it as being one of the World's Greatest Detective Stories.

We have printed a special edition of this story in book form (with the courteous co-operation of Dodd, Mead and Company), handsomely bound in boards, for distribution to prospective members of the DETECTIVE STORY CLUB. Here is your chance to secure this book free (and it would ordinarily sell for \$1.00). You pay only a nominal charge for handling and mailing.

Mail this coupon **TODAY**
if you want to be *sure* of your copy!

FROM ALL THESE PUBLISHERS

From all the publications of these famous publishers who scan the whole world for their books the DETECTIVE STORY CLUB chooses the best detective story each month.

D. APPLETON & Co.
BOBBS-MERRILL Co.
BRENTANO'S, INC.
CENTURY Co.
E. J. CLODE
COSMOPOLITAN BOOK
CORPORATION
COVIC-FRIEDE
COWARD-MCCANN, INC.
JOHN DAY Co.
DIAL PRESS, INC.
DODD, MEAD & Co.
DORRANCE & Co.
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN &
Co.
E. P. DUTTON & Co.
HARCOURT, BRACE &
Co.
HARPER AND BROTHERS
HENRY HOLT & Co.
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN
Co.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.
LITTLE, BROWN & Co.
HORACE LIVERIGHT
LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.
ROBERT M. McBride & Co.
THE MACAULAY Co.
MACMILLAN Co.
MACY-MASUS
MINTON, BALCH & Co.
WM. MORROW & Co.
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
PAYSON & CLARKE, LTD.
PENN PUBLISHING Co.
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
CHAS. SCRIBNER'S SONS
SIMON & SCHUSTER
J. H. SEARS & Co.
MACRAE SMITH Co.
FREDERICK A. STOKES & Co.
Viking Press
IVES WASHBURN, INC.
ALFRED A. KNOPF, INC.

MEMBERSHIP IS FREE

It costs you nothing to join the DETECTIVE STORY CLUB. Membership in this unique organization is **FREE** to *all* detective story readers. Each month the outstanding detective story, selected by a committee of distinguished judges, is delivered to your home or office, postage prepaid. You merely pay the regular retail price for the books you receive and you are always sure of getting only the *best* detective stories.

Membership in the DETECTIVE STORY CLUB brings you many other advantages — full details of the privileges you will enjoy as a member will be sent you without charge or obligation. An illustrated booklet describing this club in detail is yours for the asking. If you want to have us send you a **FREE** copy of "The Case of Oscar Brodski," simply enclose ten cents with the coupon, to cover the cost of handling and mailing this book. Remember, please, that no money is required if you don't want a copy of this story — simply sign and mail the coupon for full information about **FREE** membership in the DETECTIVE STORY CLUB.

For 1-29
DETECTIVE STORY CLUB, INC.
Dept. 111

11 East 44th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me full information about the *Detective Story Club* and the privileges and service I would receive as a member. I also want to receive a copy of "The Case of Oscar Brodski." I enclose 10 cents to cover the cost of handling and mailing this book. *This request places me under no obligation.*

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

How to Work Wonders with Your SUBCONSCIOUS MIND



Give me just 60 minutes and I'll unlock the floodgates of that vast reservoir of mental power—your Subconscious Mind. Note the immediate effect on your business, social and everyday life.

By DAVID V. BUSH

A VAST reservoir of mental energy! A huge storehouse of brain power! That's the Subconscious Mind. You've got it. Your friends have it. Everyone has it. But not one in a thousand knows how to use it.

In 60 minutes I can show you exactly how to awaken your subconscious mind—how to harness it—how to make it work for you—how to make it solve problems—how to make it remember things—how to use its vast creative powers to boost your success and double your money-making ability.

In my book, "Functions of the Subconscious Mind," I tell just what the Subconscious Mind is—just how to reach it—just how to control it—just how to get the most out of it. It's simple as A. B. C.

ONLY 50 CENTS

Write today for this amazing book of more than 100 pages, "Functions of the Subconscious Mind." Send only 50 cents in full payment. If you are not delighted, return the book within 5 days and your money will be instantly refunded.

DAVID V. BUSH, Publisher

Dept. T-U701, 225 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN, GERMAN

Conversational methods. Astonishing results. Experienced native teachers. Daily (9-9).

\$1 an hour

Private School of Languages

1264 Lexington Ave.

Bet. 85th and 86th Sts. New York

Wanted

Frequently subscribers wish to secure back numbers for some special reason or bound volumes of previous years. If you have available any volumes you are willing to dispose of, get in touch with us.

There is immediate call for a single copy of February, 1926, and for bound volumes through the years 1923 to 1928, inclusive.

Circulation Manager

TheFORUM

441 Lexington Avenue

New York, N. Y.

tragic events of his early youth when his brother was executed for taking part in a conspiracy against the Emperor Alexander III. He threw himself into subversive revolutionary activity while still at school, and as a result became subjected to constant persecution which drove him into exile and poverty. For years he lived thus, planning, hoping, and hating. He never had a profession or occupation aside from his revolutionary activities. Though he defied the Worker, he never did any manual labor; though he despised the intellectuals, he was an intellectual all his life. In this, Lenin was typical of the group that took over the reins of power in 1917. For the most part, the leaders of the Communist revolution were pamphleteers, reporters, and agitators. Curiously enough they undertook to lead the horny-handed proletariat to its Utopia.

Lenin's chief weapon was violence engendered by hatred. His strength lay in knowing how to arouse the needed hatred, first against the middle and upper classes, and then against the independent peasants. When, following the first reign of terror, the countryside refused to give up its grain to the rulers in the cities, Lenin devised the scheme of raising the poorer peasantry against the richer peasantry and bringing chaos into the villages. But while he secured the needed grain with which to feed the proletariat, he killed the last vestige of enterprise in agriculture. The result was a widespread famine and the failure of the "experiment." When the praetorian guard of the revolution—composed of sailors recruited from the villages—revolted in Kronstadt in 1921, Lenin had it crushed with the same ruthlessness with which he crushed the middle-class opposition. Victorious, he stood completely isolated of all support. It was the hour to abandon old policies and scuttle the sinking ship of "Communism" in order to raise the flag on the new bark, "State Socialism," which allowed breathing space to natural economic laws. The dramatic climax of Lenin's career was this unexpected pirouette which landed him in the camp of the opposition which he had successfully crushed. "The peasants," concludes the author, "had beaten Lenin under Lenin's own leadership." Perhaps this is as good an epitaph to an unsuccessful "experiment" as any.

A British Statesman

MEMORIES AND REFLECTIONS, 1852-1927, by the Earl of Oxford and Asquith; 2 vols.; Little, Brown, \$10.00.

Reviewed by L. H. TITTERTON.

NOTES from the store of his memories, and some of the letters he had written to friends—so Lady Oxford describes the underlying idea of this last book, which the great Liberal leader was not destined to see in print. His two previous works, *Fifty Years of British Parliament*, and *The Genesis of the War*, very

naturally give evidence that Lord Oxford drew freely and fully upon the sources, official and personal, which were available to him, and covered adequately that aspect of his life which was bound up with public affairs. The intention of the present book, in the beginning, was manifestly to deal only with those intimate trivialities which compose so much of the fineness of life, to reveal the great man in his unofficial moments as a man in necessary contact with other men. And so the first volume tells of childhood and youth, Oxford and the bar, early parliamentary and cabinet experiences. It has chapters on minor literary lights, judges and counsel, speakers and whips, glances at platform, pulpit, and press, touches judiciously upon the Marconi incident, and slips off discursively into a description of two famous London clubs—"The Club" and "Grillion's." It is a pleasant, reminiscent book of no particular importance.

The second volume is concerned with Lord Oxford as a Cabinet Minister during the war, with the collapse of the Liberal party and with the last years of the author's life. Almost inevitably the emphasis changes. Lord Oxford was "in the habit of jotting down irregularly his impressions of noteworthy persons and incidents while they were still fresh in his memory." It is therefore to be expected that some new light will be shed upon the characters of such men as Winston Churchill, with his desire for personal military glory—an interesting foreshadowing of his bellicose attitude some years later during the general strike. Particularly instructive is the manner in which Lord Oxford looked upon the supersession of Sir John French and the episode of Sir Frederick Maurice. The political mind is shown to full advantage as a strange phenomenon with an honor peculiarly its own and not always entirely intelligible to the layman. The author very obviously avoids any real expression of his opinion of Mr. Lloyd George. The chapter on the break-up of the first coalition is contributed by the Marquis of Crewe, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Robert Cecil in the form of almost contemporary memoranda. But the confidential and secret memorandum by Lord Oxford to his colleagues of the Liberal "Shadow Cabinet" is printed in full. Written in October, 1926, it announces the laying down on the part of Lord Oxford of the leadership of the Liberal party and is a severe indictment of the conduct of Mr. Lloyd George.

Party politics can be of the utmost national importance, and history has yet to judge between Lord Oxford and the man who drove him from Liberal leadership. The latter has much in his past that may cause him uneasiness. The former has passed on. The memories and reflections of the Earl of Oxford and Asquith breathe a spirit of honorable dealing and fair fighting, and they leave the distinct impression of a man who, in character at least, was greater than most of his contemporaries.

Success Is No Longer a Secret!

—unless you turn your back
on the big open book of
business experience.

TWENTY YEARS AGO, successful business houses kept their methods closely hidden from their competitors. They were honestly afraid that the other man might take away from their success!

Then there was some excuse for playing blind-man's buff in business—some excuse for trusting largely to luck or "trial-and-error" for the business knowledge and ability that insure success.

Today, however, the men at the head of these same businesses are frank to tell you exactly how they increase production—cut costs—manage their accounting—finance expansion economically—build sales—strengthen their channels of distribution—these and a thousand other things of vital importance to any man who hopes for distinction in the fields of industry and commerce.

In other words, if you are in the business world today, there is spread before you a big open book wherein you will find exactly the knowledge and understanding you need if you are to go forward to bigger accomplishment—a *summing up of what other men and other firms have learned of the problems and methods you are yet to face.*

It matters little to business whether you make use of this book or not. *There are plenty who will!*

But it matters tremendously to **YOU**—and in affording you effective access to this big open book of business experience, LaSalle Extension University can be of inestimable aid.

* * * *

Suppose, for example, you are desirous of progressing as a salesman—

Enrolled with LaSalle for home-study training in Modern Salesmanship, you familiarize yourself with the actual sales methods and plans employed by such nationally known concerns as Campbell Soup Co., Thor Washing Machine Co., Vacuum Oil Co., American Multigraph Sales Co., Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., American Bond & Mortgage Co., Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co., Royal Typewriter Co.—these and many others who have generously turned over to LaSalle their actual sales procedure, realizing that in this way—better, perhaps, than in any other—they can make a very real and definite contribution to the advancement of business understanding.

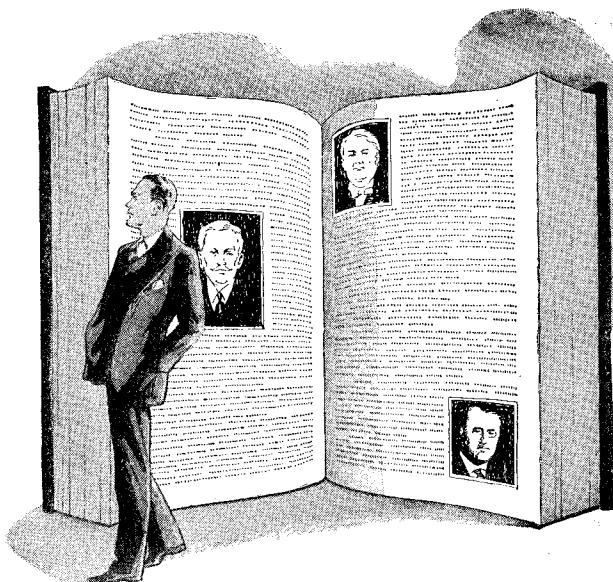
So, too, in every field of business endeavor—in Accountancy, for example, in Business Management, Traffic Management, Modern Business Correspondence, Industrial Management—a wealth of invaluable material, proved on the very front-line of business, is available through LaSalle to any earnest man who is determined to make of himself an outstanding success.

Men who are recognized as leaders in their respective fields have compiled and organized this material. It is up-to-the-minute, and kept that way through the hearty cooperation of great business institutions eager to do their part in the training of future business leaders. Other men—experts in the educational field—work unceasingly to interpret and present it in the form that will make it most accessible and valuable to the ambitious man who must take it "on the run"—in his spare hours.

* * * *

Does such training pay—in actual returns?

P. S. Blessing, Lancaster, Pa., will tell you that it pays out big. From bookkeeper, through LaSalle training, he advanced himself in fifteen months to the position of Assistant Treasurer of the Lancaster Brick Co., with an increase in salary of 137 per cent.



"It isn't often," writes another LaSalle member—J. A. Hogg, now public accountant at Logan, W. Va.—"that an investment brings money profit of more than 7500 per cent in only six years, yet that's exactly what my enrollment in two LaSalle courses—Higher Accountancy and Law—has meant to me. I estimate it worth more than \$30,000 in cash returns, besides additional returns in personal and business prestige, in self-confidence and all-round larger success."

Several years ago, when W. R. MacNeal was vice-president of Hirsch Bros. & Co., one of the largest manufacturers of food products in the South, he felt the need for a broader understanding of the various factors that determine profits. He turned to LaSalle for practical assistance. Later comes the news that Mr. MacNeal has resigned his position to take control, as president and general manager, of the firm of Knadler & Lucas, successful pickle manufacturers at Louisville, Ky. "Your Business Management training," writes Mr. MacNeal, "has broadened my mind for bigger business and larger possibilities, while enabling me to perform the present duties more efficiently. I have found that I can decide business questions faster and better with LaSalle instruction stored away in my brain and with the LaSalle manuals handy for quick reference."

* * * *

One thing will always distinguish the man who wins big from the man who loses out entirely or makes good only in a small way—and that is his receptiveness to whatever seems likely to assist him in his progress.

Since all this is true, do you not very clearly owe it to yourself to get the facts about LaSalle training as applied to your immediate advancement? The coupon will bring them to you free—set forth in an interesting book that may reasonably shorten your journey to larger success by many years.

Plenty of men will act upon this suggestion—and among them many will look back upon the mailing of this coupon as the turning point in their careers.

We feel sure you will wish to be numbered among these men, and if you're really in earnest to get ahead, we welcome this opportunity to aid you in your progress.

LaSalle Extension University

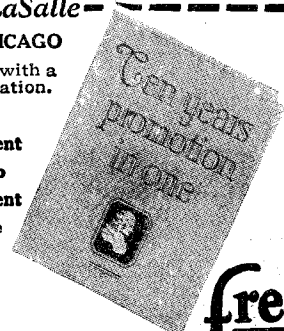
THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

-----Find Yourself Through LaSalle-----

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 196-R CHICAGO

I would welcome an outline of the LaSalle plan, together with a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- | | |
|---|---|
| ☐ Business Management: Managerial, Sales and Executive positions. | ☐ Law: LL.B. Degree. |
| ☐ Higher Accountancy: Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc. | ☐ Industrial Management |
| ☐ Expert Bookkeeping | ☐ Modern Foremanship |
| ☐ C. P. A. Coaching | ☐ Personnel Management |
| ☐ Modern Salesmanship | ☐ Banking and Finance |
| ☐ Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic | ☐ Telegraphy |
| ☐ Railway Station Management | ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence |
| ☐ Modern Business Correspondence | ☐ Business English |
| ☐ Stenography: Training in the new machine shorthand—Stenotypy. | ☐ Effective Speaking |
| | ☐ Commercial Law |
| | ☐ Commercial Spanish |



free!
mail
coupon
now

Name

Present Position

Address



Buying books is like buying cantaloupes; we are compelled to throw many away before finding a good one.
— E. W. Howe

THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM spent a week-end with the late Albert J. Beveridge a few months before his *ABRAHAM LINCOLN* (2 Volumes, Houghton, Mifflin, \$12.50) was terminated with the year 1858 by the death of the author. Senator Beveridge was so on fire with his subject that he seemed almost a reincarnation of Abraham Lincoln. He thought Lincoln, wrote Lincoln, talked Lincoln, gesticulated Lincoln. Sunday morning I went down to breakfast at 8:30 to find the Senator's place vacated. In a few minutes he came in from his study announcing that he had been up at six, taken a cross-country walk and run, rubbed down a good sweat, eaten his breakfast, and already worked an hour on his biography. The previous week had been devoted to checking up the secondary material he had assembled the two weeks before. Exhaustive research for first sources in libraries and public document offices had demonstrated that there was no basis in fact for a situation that previous historians had ascribed to Lincoln. The net result of three weeks of arduous work was a sentence to the effect that a certain tradition about Abraham Lincoln was unfounded. Beveridge worked with the meticulous pains of a Harvard candidate for a doctor's degree, but with the ardor and the human passion of a campaign orator. I place this humble tribute of scholarship on his grave and leave it to the younger critics to disparage him for his lack of iconoclasm and jazz, and to more mature critics to explain how, in this age, an old-school biographer can still compel and hypnotize us to attention.

THAT PHILOSOPHIC gore hunter, Edmund Pearson, who until lately nested in a cranny of the New York Public Library, has been sniffing to good purpose among the obscure eccentricities of literature and has now brought out *QUEER BOOKS* under the imprint of Doubleday, Doran, priced at \$3.00 — and worth it. It will make a capital gift book, sufficient to distract the attention of any adult member of the family and let little Willie play with his electric train himself. Herein is the tale of Alonzo and Melissa, a best-seller for fifty years, the saga of the

three Halzinger sisters, the literature of "side-whiskers and seduction." There are gems of purest ray serene from guide-books to polite behavior, from ladies' gift books, and from the printed records of perfervid oratory. This was folk-literature — the underbrush of the soil that produced *Huckleberry Finn*, *Israfel*, and *Daisy Miller* — and taken with them it may be a valuable source book for the anthropologist of the future.

PHILOSOPHY, SOPHISTRY, epigrams, and paradoxes are bundled together in *MIST* by Miguel de Unamuno (Knopf, \$2.50). In it Señor Unamuno, impersonating various characters, sets forth in an ingenious manner his mystical conception of life. The mechanism used is a fictitious character who, the author intimates, is as real as any of us and who comes, through introspection, to doubt his own existence. We are given to infer that God is a mighty novelist who creates us out of his own imagination, plays at putting us through the complications of a plot, and when He is at a loss how to end our adventures logically, kills us off as the easiest way out of the difficulty. If you complain that it is a bad novel, Señor Unamuno's answer is that it is not a novel but a *novela* — and since the *novela* is his own invention, he is the only authority on what it should be. And if you complain that it is all too fantastic, he will answer, so is life. It is a puzzling book and one that may make you doubt your own existence momentarily.

READ LESS and think more. Better concentrate on one page of the daily newspaper, say the sporting page or the science page, enjoy it, and let your mind play with it, than to railroad yourself into mental indigestion by running your eyes over the entire fifty pages of the *New York Times* between Philadelphia and Manhattan Transfer. That is one of the many pleasant deductions we have made from reading *THE ART OF THINKING* by Ernest Dimnet (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50). Here we have a book of the old amiability by a kindly French abbé. He is up to date with psychoanalysis and behaviorism but keeps them at attention

in the background for occasional reference. He persuades us that it is possible to train our minds until mere thinking becomes coordinate and constructive and more diverting than radio or movies or the other mechanized distractions which are committing assault and battery on our leisure hours.

THROUGH THE STREETS of New Orleans, kaleidoscopic with Mardi Gras pageantry, wandered or danced young Lyle Saxon, peering from behind the devil's mask which covered his features. And as black Robert first guided him through the intricacies of a festive city, so does a more mature Lyle Saxon beguile us down lanes of history, of romance, of tragedy such as have existed in no other American city. *FABULOUS NEW ORLEANS* (Century, \$5.00) it certainly is! Fancy going from Indian massacres to the most lavish of grand operas in less than a century! But these Creoles did. Here, too, duelling flourished, and so did the dances of the quadroons — those exquisite, dusky women whose very duskiness barred them from lasting happiness. And as Mr. Saxon leads you from the old French quarter, the *Vieux Carré*, you learn of the plagues which killed ten thousand in a few weeks, and of voodooism, that magic which is still terrible to any Southern Negro. The drawings with which E. H. Suydam has caught the brooding spirit of this old Latin-American city are exquisite. Technically, this book would be fascinating even if its subject matter did not subtly and completely capture one's fancy.

THERE IS the old-time vigor and rocky strength in the title poem of *GOOD MORNING, AMERICA* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00) — the first book of verse which Carl Sandburg has published since 1922. On the whole, however, one feels a certain slackening. His slabs of raw life are rather roughly hewn. They verge perilously on prose and no longer communicate the subtle shock of true poetry. Mr. Sandburg is at his best in his brief nature poems, half-wistful descriptions of shrilling frogs, drowsy birds, and pale gold cornfields. His rhythms have still their familiar irregularity, but he seems to be groping for a kind of simple lyricism which has not always been present in his work.

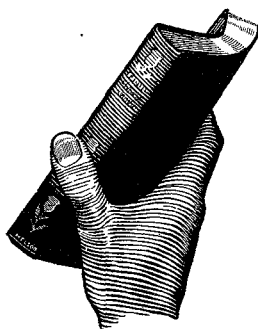
THE PUBLIC should have fair warning that *THIS BOOK COLLECTING GAME*, by A. Edward Newton (Little, Brown, \$5.00), is a dangerous book. It stimulates latent appetites that will turn out expensive and practically insatiable. It is the bare-faced confession of a man who lusts after a perfect first edition, and his unholy passions are infectious. Further, it is adorned with anecdotes and adventures which subtly convince us that the collecting of books promises excitement, profit, and the best company in the world. It is practically irresistible, and Mr. Newton is not content merely to permit



**Beloved ladies! gallant men!
unutterable rogues!
everyday human beings!**
are here for you and your friends

In the Nelson New Century Library you may have your choice from Dickens' Tiny Tim to Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde and be sure to find something to please the hardest-to-please on your "after-Christmas List."

Romance, travel, poetry and drama—Scott, Hugo, Tennyson, Poe—a book for every taste and every mood—books that will carry you to far lands and fair places—that will



India Paper, Clear Type, Limp Leather

tell you of human tragedies and human heartaches—all of life's joys and sorrows and more of its loveliness than one short life can usually experience.

175 volumes, bound in real leather, decorated in gold—a rare value at \$2.50 each and a De Luxe edition in black Morocco especially suitable for gifts, \$3.00 a volume. The contents will delight your mind, the bindings will grace the finest library.

NELSON NEW CENTURY LIBRARY

THE BOOK FITS THE POCKET—THE PRICE, THE POCKETBOOK

At any bookstore

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, NEW YORK ~ Who began publishing in 1798

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, 381 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y. R-1-29
Please send me free the valuable booklet, "The Reading Year" (printed on the famous Nelson India paper) which will help me plan my year's reading, and a complete list of the Nelson New Century Library.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

HERE we are with an enlarged FORUM on which we are pleased to offer our felicitations. WORLD'S WORK and GOLDEN BOOK are also coming in a larger size and now BOOK CHAT, not wishing to drop behind the parade is also to enlarge its format.

Book Chat has long been known as the biggest little magazine in the world; but from now on the emphasis need not be laid on the little. We have big plans under way. Beginning with our first issue of the New Year we are adopting the format used by *Harper's*, *Atlantic* and *American Mercury*. We are materially increasing the number of pages, and we are adding new features that will increase the reader's pleasure in life in many ways. There will be more pictures, and perhaps better ones. Articles are already on hand from some of America's foremost authors and others are promised. We aren't divulging the subjects just yet, but some of them are decidedly arresting, and others immensely diverting. There may be an occasional short story; we aren't sure about that yet. But our policy of devoting the entire magazine to books and the people who write them will continue as heretofore.

The price — pardon us for speaking of such a matter — will be one dollar a year. And you have our word that it will be worth the money. This ought to mean a lot, as we do not give our word lightly. And a dollar is easy to send. Just fold up a bill and include it with this coupon and the result will be not only instantaneous but extremely gratifying.

Brentano's BOOK CHAT

1 West 47th Street
New York City

Please send me the enlarged and improved BOOK CHAT for a year. Here's a dollar to help defray the expense.

Name

Address

his own delightful experiences to tempt us astray. He preaches a positive doctrine. He urges us to start collecting books and suggests how and where we should begin. And, in addition, he tells us scores of curious things about books, their authors and printers. The book is beautifully printed and illustrated, and is itself a serious temptation to start at once a collection of modern first editions.

AMONG THE BEST of the New York musical critics is Richard Aldrich of the *New York Times*. His discussions are always lucid, sane, and tolerant. Furthermore, he has a genius for bringing to light odd bits of musical history which aptly explain idiosyncrasies of composers. The Oxford University Press has issued many of Mr. Aldrich's *Times* essays under the title *MUSICAL DISCOURSE* (\$2.00). Here you will find a fascinating bit about "The Beggar's Opera," another on folk songs in America, and still another on musical dedications. Interspersed with these lighter essays are others whose critical analyses of changing trends in modern music are excellent mediums for bringing the composer, the musician, and the layman into closer understanding.

IF THE TITLE puzzles you, *THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN SCARABS*, by Diómedes de Pereyra (Bobbs-Merrill, \$2.00), is a personally conducted tour into the jungles of Brazil, and we gather that it is much pleasanter to read about it than to try it. Half the book is devoted to a hazardous trip up a tropical river in the intimate company of wild beasts, big snakes, man-eating fish, and blood-thirsty insects, with sufficient bad weather thrown in to make the unfortunate explorers completely miserable. At last they reach the Madeira River, which borders one of the few unexplored corners of the world, and there the author takes leave of his authentic flora and fauna and plunges into romance. A lost tribe of the Incas, a beautiful princess or so, an ancient religion, scheming priests, and unlimited gold in the best Inca manner are the ingredients of a fanciful story whose type is familiar enough, but is still good for a thrill.

SAVEL ZIMAND has added further to our confusion about India. His *LIVING INDIA* (Longmans, \$3.00) is a series of highly colored sketches over a background of fact. Three maladjustments stand out most vividly in the social turmoil of India as this book describes it: child marriage, music, and the cow. Mahatma Gandhi exclaims, "I loathe and detest child marriage." The cow, sacred to 230,000,000 Hindus, is butchered and sacrificed by 70,000,000 Moslems. Music, which delights the Hindus, will start a riot among the Mohammedans. This book need not give the reader indigestion if he has first read through carefully the information on India in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

CHILDREN HAVE a hard time. Now and then someone writes for them a wholly beguiling book which, alas, they are unable to wrest from the predatory grasp of their elders. *POEMS FOR PETER* (Lippincott, \$1.75) is such a book. These gay and irresistible verses which Lysbeth Boyd Borie has written for her small son are likely to appeal so strongly to grown-ups that their rightful audience will be left empty-handed. They have a disarming simplicity, a quaint imaginative twist, and are free from the simpering coyness which so often mars child poems. Peter, despite his youth, would make an admirable playmate for Christopher Robin. He has quite as lively a fancy and as ingenious a taste in games. The charm of his poems, moreover, is enhanced by Lisl Hummel's scissor-cuts which are, in their way, as delightful as the text.

YOU MAY TAKE IT from John R. Tunis that Sport is joining Yellow Journalism and the Power Trust as a national menace. The title of his book, *SPORTS, HEROICS, AND HYSTERICS* (Day, \$2.50), gives the whole thing away. Football games and prize fights are commercialized spectacles. Sporting officials are parasites. Tennis and golf champions are snobs. Sports writers are liars. College presidents are fools. Old grads are worse. And the American people are a lot of hero-worshippers bowing down before athletic idols who are clay from the feet up. The worst of it is that a good deal of this appears to be true: the fact that Mr. Tunis himself is an athlete and sports writer lends weight to his accusations. He backs them up with innumerable anecdotes and in that way insures a reading for his indictment, but it appears that he has gone to extremes which even a "hope-for-the-future" chapter at the end does not compensate. Perhaps, with such violent hysterics on the other side, it was necessary for Mr. Tunis to resort to a few himself in order to be heard.

IN THE NEW IMAGE (Knopf, \$3.00), Claude Bragdon continues and develops themes contained in the last four chapters of his *Old Lamps for New*. Beginning with an interpretation of the place woman holds in the modern world, Mr. Bragdon goes on to explain his conception of unity and the relationship of mankind to the universe. To this Browser, the author's understanding of the mental travail which is necessary to adjust women to their changing status is remarkable. He says, "For the moment she is the victim of her own victory: the dark shadow of her new freedom is her new loneliness." It is an amazing book in its number of isolated, quotable, penetrating sentences. But when Mr. Bragdon attempts to unify all life by geometric patterns, charts, and symbols, he becomes confusing. The relationship of the psychic to the physical is not clarified by the intricacies of designs which are supposed to serve such a pur-

START HERE! Go through this list of 452 titles—take your pick at 20 for \$1—or 5c each postpaid

LITTLE BLUE BOOKS 5 CENTS EACH

Any 20 of these books for \$1, postpaid to any address in the world. As many more as you like at 5c apiece postpaid. The greatest book bargain ever offered! For \$1 you get 20 books—over 1,000 pages—some 300,000 words!

BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION CARRIES LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

A COMPLETE series of 1,324 different Little Blue Books is being carried on the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, under Commander Byrd, for the 70 men to read during their stay of some two years far from civilization. This emphasizes the compact size (3 1/2 x 5, 64 pages average) of these books, together with their excellence and variety of contents. Little Blue Books are printed in easily readable type; are substantially bound to fit the pocket; and are authentic, accurate, up to date.

- Love**
- 6 Love and Other Tales
 - 21 Loves of Carmen
 - 24 Kiss and Other Tales
 - 87 What Is Love?
 - 89 Love Letters of Men and Women of Genius
 - 98 How to Love
 - 131 Love's Redemption
 - 178 One of Cleopatra's Nights
 - 197 What Frenchwomen Learned of Love
 - 203 Love Rights of Women
 - 250 Romeo and Juliet
 - 317 A Night Flirtation
 - 410 French Amorous Misadventures
 - 665 Love Letters of a Parisian Actress
 - 673 Tales of Love and Life. Boccaccio
 - 746 Daughters of Eve
 - 817 Her Burning Secret
 - 892 Follies of Lovers
 - 1045 A Mad Sweetheart
 - 1166 Infatuation. Ben Hecht
 - 1176 A Mad Love
 - 1190 What Price Love?
 - 1195 First Love, etc.
 - 1202 Forbidden Love
 - 1244 How to Write Love Letters
 - 1247 Psychology of Love
 - 1249 Best Jokes About Lovers
- Women**
- 69 Mary, Queen of Scots
 - 77 What Men Learned About Women
 - 106 Frenchwoman's Daring Views of Life
 - 177 Subjection of Women
 - 189 Eugenics Explained
 - 194 Woman Enjoys Herself. E. W. Howe
 - 196 Marquise: Passion
 - 208 Debate: Birth Control
 - 209 Aspects of Birth Control
 - 221 How to Know Women
 - 229 Ridiculous Women
 - 292 Mlle. Fifi and Others
 - 304 What Women Learned About Men
 - 375 Love Story of an Old Maid
 - 401 Woman the Warrior
 - 417 Nature of Dreams
 - 473 Lives of Chorus Girls
 - 479 How N. Y. Working Girls Live
 - 705 100 Professions for Women
 - 718 Great Women of Past
 - 731 Mental Differences Between Men and Women
 - 888 Memoirs of Mme. de Staël
 - 901 Woman the Primitive
 - 922 A Wife's Confession
 - 947 Queen of Spades
 - 955 Italian Tales of Love
 - 1043 A Study of Woman
 - 1044 Another Study of Woman
 - 1046 Coquette vs. a Wife
 - 1092 Simple Beauty Hints
 - 1096 How to Dress on a Small Salary
 - 1113 Love from Many Angles
 - 1167 Sinister Sex, etc. Hecht
 - 1177 Woman and New Race
 - 1182 Cosmetic Recipes
 - 1193 Woman's Way, etc.
 - 1209 Charming Hostess
 - 1219 How to Make Homes More Homelike
 - 1320 How to Get a Husband
 - 1322 Confessions of a Modern Woman
- Personality**
- 112 Secret of Self-Development
 - 217 Puzzle of Personality
 - 414 Secret of Happiness
 - 447 Auto-Suggestion: How It Works
 - 449 Auto-Suggestion and Health
 - 475 How to Develop a Sense of Humor
 - 488 How Not to Be a Wallflower
 - 556 Hints on Etiquette
 - 651 How to Psycho-Analyze Yourself
 - 759 How to Conquer Stupidity
 - 773 Forming Good Habits
 - 850 Breaking Bad Habits
 - 858 How to Be a Leader
 - 861 Psychology of Behaviorism
 - 868 Hints on Self-Improvement
 - 882 How to Build Character
 - 891 How to Develop Your Talent
 - 1003 How to Think
 - 1069 How to Fight Fear
 - 1097 How to Improve Memory
 - 1208 Success Easier Than Failure
 - 1221 Will Power Facts
 - 1245 How to Get the Most Out of Recreation
 - 1267 Are We Standardized?
 - 1268 Are You a Babblitt?
 - 1282 Guilt and Bad Conscience
 - 1290 Art of Digesting Ideas
 - 1302 What Life Means to Me
 - 1303 Lessons Life Has Taught Me
 - 1319 How to Study
- Better English**
- 56 American Slang
 - 78 Public Speaking Helps
 - 82 Common Faults in English
 - 192 Book of Synonyms
 - 364 How to Argue
 - 367 How to Improve Your Conversation
 - 639 4000 Most Essential English Words
 - 681 Spelling Guide
 - 682 Grammar Guide
- Marriage**
- 43 Marriage vs. Divorce
 - 83 Evolution of Marriage
 - 176 Essays on Sex. Ellis
 - 727 Psychology of the Affections
 - 789 U. S. Marriage and Divorce Laws
 - 820 Jokes About Married Life
 - 958 Love Tales of Italian Life
 - 964 How to Be Happy Though Married
 - 988 Art of Courtship
 - 1031 How to Own Your Home
 - 1032 Vegetable Gardening
 - 1090 How to Grow Fruits
 - 1189 How to Make Money at Home
 - 1197 Moral Divorce, etc.
 - 1225 Marital Discords
 - 1238 Beginning Married Life Right
 - 1258 Why I Believe in Companionate Marriage
 - 1272 This Marriage Business
- Cooking**
- 877 French Cooking
 - 997 Simple Recipes
 - 1179 Pies and Pastries
 - 1180 Fish and Meats
 - 1181 Ice Cream, Gelatine
 - 1233 Better Meals for Less Money
- Ghosts**
- 40 Haunted House and Brain
 - 41 Christmas Carol
 - 122 Spiritualism. Doyle
 - 145 Great Ghost Stories
 - 345 Vampire and Harlot
 - 940 Weird Tales. Poe
 - 969 Supernatural Tales
 - 996 Dual Personality
 - 1075 Tales of Ghouls and Ghosts
 - 1153 Haunted Mind, etc.
 - 1160 Masterly Ghost Stories
 - 1162 Tales of Ghosts
 - 1170 Funny Ghost Stories
- Psychology**
- 190 Psycho-Analysis Explained
 - 374 Psychology of Suicide
 - 377 Psychology of Joy and Sorrow
 - 474 Are We Electric Machines?
 - 491 Psychology for Beginners
 - 524 Problems of Death
 - 693 Animal Psychology
 - 720 Animal Intelligence (1)
 - 721 Animal Intelligence (2)
 - 782 Mind and Body
 - 784 Tests in Psycho-Analysis
 - 978 Psychology of Jung
 - 980 How I Psycho-Analyzed Myself. Oppenheim
 - 985 Psycho-Analysis of Americans
 - 1051 What Is Genius?
 - 1052 Our Instincts and Emotions
 - 1071 Psycho-Analysis of Jesus
 - 1094 Insanity and Other Mental Disorders
 - 1112 Psycho-Analysis of Jews
- Entertainment**
- 92 Hypnotism Made Plain
 - 347 Book of Riddle Rimes
 - 411 Fun with Phrenology
 - 412 Jazz Music
 - 493 Scientific Experiments
 - 501 How to Tie Knots
 - 518 How to Make Candy
 - 606 How to Play Chess
 - 704 Fun with Palmistry
 - 715 Auction Bridge
 - 767 Fun with Astrology
 - 830 Crossword Puzzles (1)
 - 831 Crossword Puzzles (2)
 - 845 Fortune-Telling
 - 847 How to Play Card Games
 - 893 500 Fascinating Riddles
 - 897 How to Enjoy Reading
 - 995 How to Play the Piano
 - 1010 Amateur Magic Tricks
 - 1023 Face on Barroom Floor and Other Recitations
 - 1040 Book of Bedtime Stories
 - 1049 How to Sing
 - 1063 Psychology of Laughter
 - 1064 Radio Handbook
 - 1103 Puzzles and Brain teasers
 - 1171 Funny Stage Land Facts
 - 1183 How to Play Checkers
 - 1210 Mathematical Oddities
 - 1239 Party Games for Adults
 - 1253 Information Quizzes
 - 1254 Contract Bridge
 - 1255 Who, When, Where, What?
 - 1261 Tongue-Twisters
 - 1277 Hindu Magic Self Taught
 - 1279 Ventriiloquism Self Taught
 - 1279 Sidshow Tricks Explained
 - 1284 Tips on Theatrical Art
- Foreign Languages**
- 465 Esperanto Self Taught
 - 637 German Dictionary
 - 862 German Self Taught
 - 999 Latin Self Taught
 - 1011 French Dictionary
 - 1021 Italian Self Taught
 - 1105 Spanish Dictionary
 - 1109 Spanish Self Taught
 - 1207 French Self Taught
 - 1216 Italian Dictionary
 - 1222 Easy Spanish Readings
 - 1226 Easy French Readings
 - 1227 More French Readings
- Dictionaries**
- 25 Rhyming Dictionary
 - 452 Scientific Terms
 - 499 Classical Mythology
 - 754 Famous Authors
 - 815 Familiar Quotations
 - 816 Shakespearean Quotations
 - 902 Foreign Words and Phrases
 - 905 Biblical Allusions
 - 1002 Sea Terms
 - 1204 Music Terms
 - 1259 Geographical Names
- Humor**
- 18 Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow
 - 37 Let's Laugh. Nasby
 - 54 Importance of Being Earnest. Oscar Wilde
 - 70 Origin of Roast Pig
 - 187 Humor of Whistler
 - 216 Wit of Heine
 - 606 Josh Billings' Funny Epigrams
 - 670 Josh Billings' Comic Lexicon
 - 738 Poor Richard's Almanac
 - 959 Masterpieces of U. S. Humor
 - 960 Masterpieces of U. S. Wit
 - 1200 Nonsense Stories
- Humorous Verse**
- 71 You Were a Tadpole and I a Fish. Smith
 - 716 Mother Goose
 - 849 One Hoss Shay. Holmes
 - 961 Humorous Verse
 - 962 Comic Poems
 - 989 Hunting of the Snark
 - 1015 Comic Diact Poems
 - 1016 Nonsense Verse
 - 1025 Casey at the Bat
 - 1173 Nonsense Alphabet
 - 1199 Laughable Lyrics
- Modern Life**
- 267 Ford's 5-Day Week
 - 484 Menace of Blue Laws
 - 494 Negro Life in N. Y. Harlem
 - 647 Truth About Los Angeles
 - 650 K-K-K: Creed of Klansmen
 - 711 Odd Facts About American Life
 - 752 Facts About California
 - 757 Facts About Today's South
 - 788 Negro and His Problems
 - 834 The Younger Generation
 - 840 Lies of Civilization
 - 852 What Is Wrong With Newspapers?
 - 863 Bank of Advertising
 - 1053 N. Y.'s Strange Sections
 - 1058 N. Y.'s White Lights
 - 1106 N. Y.'s Greenwich Village
 - 1125 Modern American Shams
 - 1260 True Story of a Lynching
 - 1269 Does U. S. Need K-K-K?
 - 1273 Truth About American Evangelists
 - 1274 Truth About American Preachers
 - 1275 Truth About the Deluge
 - 1276 Truth About American Yokels
 - 1288 America's Fakirs and Guides
 - 1291 America: Greatest Show on Earth
 - 1293 What America Needs
 - 1294 Minneapolis vs. St. Paul
 - 1295 Detroit the Mecca
 - 1297 Facts About Arkansas
 - 1300 Intolerance in America
 - 1306 Negro and American Culture
 - 1309 Are Yankees Vanishing?
 - 1314 Bigotry in U. S.
 - 1316 Revolt of Modern Youth
- Science**
- 133 About Electricity
 - 238 Modern Science
 - 408 Einstein's Relativity Explained

- 801 Rapid Calculator
- 835 Useful Tables
- 1009 Typewriting Self Taught
- 1074 Commercial Law
- 1174 Writing Business Letters
- 1296 Personal Element in Business
- 1304 How to Go Into Business for Yourself
- 1305 Patents: How to Get and Sell Them

Sports

- 440 How to Play Baseball
- 535 How to Play Golf
- 749 Camping and Woodcraft
- 750 Hiking for Pleasure
- 814 Cat and Dog Book
- 1139 Fun with Photography
- 1186 Latest Golf Rules
- 1206 Swimming Self Taught

Citizenship

- 110 Story of World War
- 125 Wilson's War Speeches
- 214 Speeches of Lincoln
- 276 Washington's Speeches
- 503 Story of Civil War
- 597 The American Revolution
- 687 U. S. Constitution
- 872 Parliamentary Law
- 1065 Lives of Presidents
- 1241 Outline U. S. History
- 1257 How to Become a U. S. Citizen
- 1317 Meaning of U. S. Constitution

Debates

- 129 Rome or Reason?
- 130 Is Christianity True?
- 206 Capitalism vs. Socialism
- 234 Is Socialism Feasible?
- 341 Lincoln-Douglas Debate
- 652 Is K-K-K Destructive?
- 1202 Prohibition Debate
- 1262 Is Evolution True?

Clarence Darrow's Debates

- 509 Are We Machines?
- 883 Capital Punishment
- 884 Is Prohibition Desirable?
- 843 Can We Control Conduct?
- 910 Is Life Worth Living?
- 911 Is Mankind Progressing?
- 1256 Dry-Law Debate
- 1280 Do Human Beings Have Free Will?

Best Sellers

- 1 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
- 4 Age of Reason. Paine
- 58 Tales from Decameron
- 97 Self-Contradictions of the Bible
- 109 Facts About Classics
- 220 Vest's Tribute to a Dog
- 236 61 Reasons for Doubting the Bible. Ingersoll
- 239 26 Men and a Girl
- 277 Man Without a Country
- 329-330 Dante's Inferno
- 404 Romances of Paris
- 435 100 Best Books
- 471 Wisdom of Confucius
- 504 Myth of Paul Revere
- 620 Pilgrim's Progress
- 976 Curiosities of Mathematics
- 992 Sinner Sermons
- 1020 Why I'm an Infidel. Luther Burbank
- 1056 Devil's Dictionary
- 1251 What Do You Know?
- 1281 What Is Good and Evil?
- 1292 Best Short Stories of 1928
- 1301 Way of All Flesh

Murder

- 27 Last Days of Condemned Man. Victor Hugo
- 38 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde
- 66 Crimes of the Borgias
- 149 Crimes and Criminals
- 162 Murders in Rue Morgue
- 558 Great Pirates
- 819 Strange Murders
- 824 Torquemada: Torturer
- 1019 Bluebeard and His Unhappy Wives
- 1042 Crime at Red Inn. Balzac
- 1057 Truth About Chinatown
- 1086 My Favorite Murder
- 1271 Prisons or Crime Prevention?
- 1310 Snyder-Gray Murder Echoes

HOW TO ORDER

JUST list the books you want BY NUMBER instead of titles (if you want "Loves of Carmen," just put down "21"), and always order at least 20 books (\$1 worth) at one time — as many more as you like at 5c apiece. Remit by money order, check, or cash — we pay the postage to any address when remittance accompanies order. Postage is extra on C. O. D. orders; save the postage by remitting with your order! CANADA AND FOREIGN: No C. O. D. orders can be sent to Canada or foreign countries; these must always remit in advance by international postal money order or draft on any U. S. bank.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO **LITTLE BLUE BOOK CO., Dept. N-102, Girard, Kansas**

NOTICE

to Debating Societies

THE FORUM is conducting a series of dialogues in the Socratic tradition on a group of controversial subjects. The dialogues are after-dinner affairs participated in by authorities in chosen fields and are subsequently to be published in FORUM pages. The Dialogue on Bridge in the present issue is an example.

For the benefit of *college under-graduates* who may be interested in the subject, THE FORUM is offering a cash prize of \$50.00 to the student submitting the best outline, *pro and con*, for a debate on any of the following dialogues:

Does the Machine Age Paralyze Art?

Can Prohibition Succeed?

Is Religion Necessary to Progress?

The outline is to be submitted in advance of the publication of the dialogue in the magazine (so that there will be no possibility of comparison by the student until after the outline has been submitted, when we hope the contestants will compare their contributions with the verdict of experts). The judges will be the Editor of THE FORUM and the authorities participating in the dialogue selected for outline. Awards will be announced at the time the dialogue is published in the magazine.

All manuscripts should be typewritten, accompanied by a note giving the college with which you are connected, the course, and favorite subject, and should be submitted by the following dates:

DOES THE MACHINE AGE PARALYZE ART? . . . *January 15*

CAN PROHIBITION SUCCEED? *January 31*

IS RELIGION NECESSARY TO PROGRESS? . . . *February 15*

No manuscripts will be returned. Please address manuscripts to:

Outline Editor

The FORUM

441 Lexington Avenue

New York, N. Y.

pose. In spite of these, however, this volume of essays is definitely constructive and recommends itself to serious consideration.

WHAT EVERY woman knows — and most men learn — is catalogued in *THE TECHNIQUE OF THE LOVE AFFAIR* (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50) by "A Gentlewoman." Its observations are accurate enough, but it is written in a quaint, coy manner — which should be sufficient warning for anyone. It purports to be a manual of instruction for backward females who are not already versed in all the devices by which a man may be set on his ear. If you grant that there are any such — which we don't — the book may have some slight justification. There is really nothing in *The Technique of the Love Affair* for men. Since it is considered good form for men to make fools of themselves in these matters, the less they know of technique the better. In any case, first honors go to the publishers of the book for the form in which they have presented it. It is wrapped like a candy box, bound in pink silk, and the pages are perfumed.

THERE IS an appalling amount of nonsense written and spoken concerning criminals. In *LIFE AND DEATH IN SING SING*, by Lewis E. Lawes (Doubleday, Doran, \$3.50), we hear from a man who should know what he is talking about, since he has had twenty-five years of prison experience and has been head warden of Sing Sing for eight years. His book is a commentary on our laws, on our courts, and on our methods of punishment and amendment of criminals. It also refutes a number of vicious legends concerning prison life. But the most interesting chapter in the book, is concerned with the ethics and effectiveness of the death penalty. Mr. Lawes once believed in it, but he has changed his mind. His reasons for doing so are important to sincere students of this problem, since he has seen nearly two hundred men and women go to the electric chair — men and women who had spent a year or more in the prison waiting for death and whom he had come to know and understand.

A NEW SERIES OF *Stories of the Great Operas* is begun almost inevitably with *RICHARD WAGNER* (Knopf, \$3.00), by Ernest Newman, whose admirable biography of Wagner presaged this work. It is no small accomplishment to mold into one volume the history, criticism, and dramatic story of ten operas; yet in addition, Mr. Newman has written one of the few books which may be read without trepidation by both the scholar and the novice. Its clear, incisive analyses cannot help interesting even the critic who does not agree with them; its simplicity and directness make it possible for the unmusical reader to understand sympathetically something of the greatness of the composer and the splendor of his work.

Announcing a NEW World's Work

The January 1929 issue of WORLD'S WORK introduces a publication entirely *NEW*, different, bigger, more fascinating than you have ever known.

With this number (*Now on Sale*) WORLD'S WORK makes several radical departures from its traditional physical structure and form — makes its appearance in a larger, more pleasing format with pages exactly the size of that which you are now reading.

The new typography, the greater variety and different types of illustrations, the higher quality of paper all contribute to make a periodical whose beauty, distinction and splendid legibility should delight both young and old eyes.

Splendid as these physical improvements are — of far more importance and interest is the vastly broadened and more inclusive editorial plan that makes its debut in the January *NEW WORLD'S WORK*.

MR. BARTON CURRIE takes the helm as editor. While holding to those policies that have given WORLD'S WORK its reputation, Mr. Currie will transform the periodical in nearly every other respect. His slogan for the *NEW WORLD'S WORK* is "*An American Magazine of Facts for Doers.*"

NEW features, *NEW* contributors, *NEW* ideas! All important outside world happenings and achievements — thrilling biographies of the world's most interesting workers — first hand narratives of great explorers and adventurers in industry, science, and general human welfare — the great dramas of building, manufacturing, agriculture, transportation and finance — the great dramas of scientific research — the supremely important developments in the cause of health, education, moral uplift; in national and international politics; in the cultural side of American life; and in those great industries that are providing play and entertainment . . . this sketchy outline merely hints at what you will find in the *NEW WORLD'S WORK*.



Henry Ford

In the February *NEW WORLD'S WORK* Charles Merz begins the intimate fascinating biography of Ford — how he rose from the obscure position of farmer's boy to be potentate of industries and wealthiest Croesus on earth. It was not the captains of finance who paved the way for the most colossal exhibition of mass production the world has ever known; but shopkeepers, carpenters, clerks — one woman and eleven men — who borrowed money on their wages to back Ford's "wild and crazy" venture.

A thrilling story of modern industry, of a man's faith in an idea, and of courage — how Ford built his famous Model T — how within five years his disapproving partners saw a return of ten thousand per cent on their investment — and many other generally unknown facts about this industrial giant. Enjoyable reading, entirely too good for you to miss. *Buy the NEW WORLD'S WORK.*



**Steinmetz — Jove
of Science**

To the January *NEW WORLD'S WORK* Jonathan Norton Leonard contributes the first part of the story of Steinmetz — the genius whose very deformity, oddly enough, proved to be the greatest single factor in advancing the 1001 uses of electricity with which mankind is now blessed.

Starting life under crushing handicaps, coming to America a penniless steerage passenger, a fugitive from the law, he narrowly escaped immediate deportation. His brilliant and often spectacular researches made his name a household word synonymous with wizardry and magic, and were the means of enabling others to invent hundreds of electrical devices, machines and appliances. To read this story of the *Maker of Lightning* is to enjoy an insight into the development of a great scientific mind that is both an all-absorbing revelation and an inspiration. *Buy the NEW WORLD'S WORK.*

Introductory Offer

5 Months of this *NEW WORLD'S WORK* only \$1

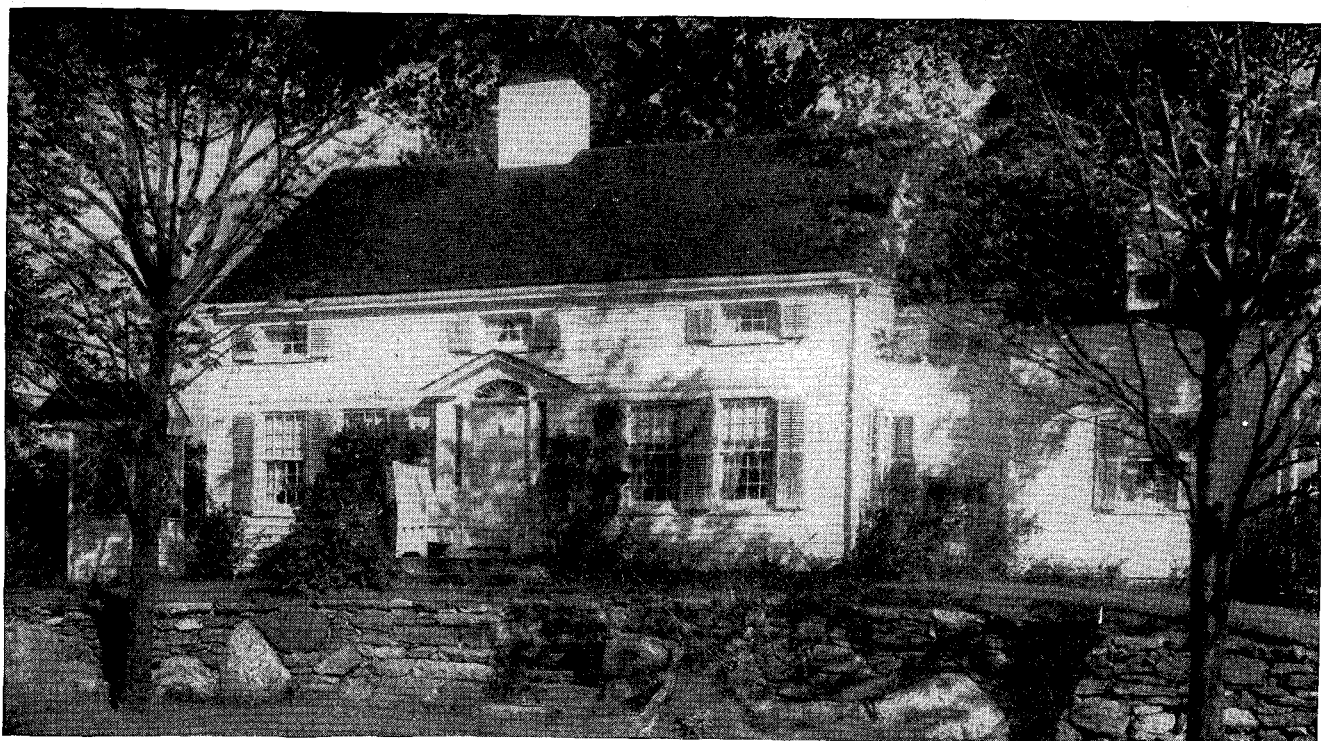
To avoid the disappointment of finding your newsdealer sold out — and, incidentally, to get the *NEW WORLD'S WORK* at almost Half Price, we suggest that you take advantage of our Special Introductory Trial Subscription Offer. The next five big colorful issues of the *NEW WORLD'S WORK* will bring you the complete biographies of Steinmetz and Ford, and more than 85 other interesting features for just a single dollar bill. *Mail the coupon today — before this offer is withdrawn.*

Doubleday Doran & Company, Inc.
Dept. 129-F, Garden City, N. Y.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for which please send me the next five issues of the *NEW WORLD'S WORK*. The regular price is \$1.75 but I understand that this coupon entitles me to a Special Introductory Cash Discount of 75c.

Name

Address



one dollar for a year's happiness in your home!

\$ **I** A charming, artistic home is within the reach of all. No need to put off making your home the place you've always wanted it to be until you can get all the things you want, or because you are uncertain of your own skill and judgment. THE AMERICAN HOME will help you with every detail of it, help you with every problem you'll meet up with.

The country's finest decorators, architects, and gardeners contributing helpful, practical suggestions on every phase of home-making. Every step, every intimate detail beautifully and instructively illustrated, many in full color. A quality magazine in every sense, and selling for the incredibly low price of one dollar a year. If ordered at the two year rate—less than 6 cents a month!

Go ahead with your plans, but don't waste time and money experimenting. The world is filled with beautiful things within your reach and THE AMERICAN HOME will help you find them. Use the coupon now, and the biggest dollar's worth you ever bought for your home will be in your hands within a few days. Use the coupon!

~~~~~  
Doubleday, Doran & Co. Inc., *Publishers*  
THE AMERICAN HOME, Garden City, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please enter my subscription to THE AMERICAN HOME. I enclose

☐ \$1.00 for 1 year      ☐ \$2.00 for 3 years

Name .....

Street .....

City.....

F-1

---

---

# The American Home

xxx

THE MAGAZINE THAT'S FINDING ITS WAY INTO EVERY ARISTOCRATIC HOME



**YOU MAY READ  
the  
GOLDEN BOOK  
for  
4 MONTHS  
FREE**

**A Golden Book Innovation** cannot mean the mere adding of a new name to our list of writers—each issue has always run the whole gamut of brilliance, from the most talked of moderns to the most inspired masters.

**Our Surprise for You** is a Golden Book in new form—larger pages, larger type and decorative ventures for discriminating eyes.

**We Don't Want You to Miss the January Issue**—or a single issue all year in this pageant of celebrities. Eugene O'Neill, Balzac, Galsworthy—each magnificent in his own way. Here's that gay Irish wit, Samuel Lover, and our own F. Scott Fitzgerald at his best. Here's Katherine Mansfield, deftly, poignantly sketching a life, a mood for you. Fannie Hurst, realist, fashioning a tale of romance. Leonard Merrick, W. W. Jacobs, Wilkie Collins—they all bring you their best in the pages of the Golden Book. Nothing is too old, nothing too new, but it must be *interesting, amusing, stimulating*. Fiction, Drama, Essay, Poetry, Humor and Personalities—each month a satisfying selection.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORP.  
55 Fifth Ave., New York City

Send the GOLDEN BOOK to me for the next 16 months, the first 4 months coming to me *without* cost. I enclose \$3.00 for the remaining 12 issues and this amount will be refunded to me if I am not thoroughly pleased with the magazine by the time my paid subscription begins.

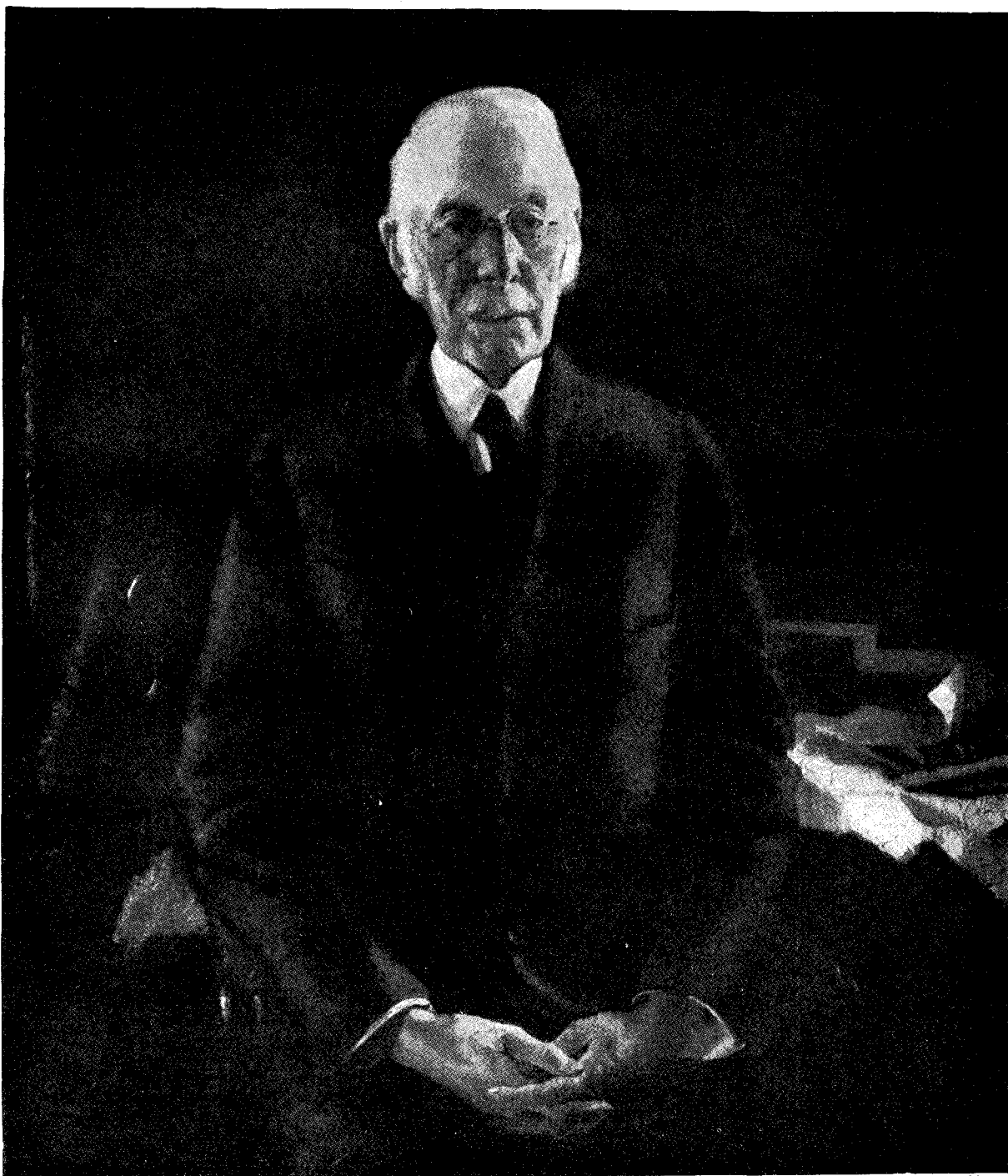
Name.....

Address.....

**The regular price of The Golden Book is \$3.00 a year. But you may read it and test its value for 4 MONTHS FREE. The coupon will bring you 16 issues for the price of 12. If you are not convinced at the end of 4 months, your money will be refunded. Don't miss January—send the coupon today.**

**REVIEW OF REVIEWS CORPORATION  
55 Fifth Avenue, New York**

FOR-1-29



*From a portrait by Charles Hopkinson*

## **CHARLES W. ELIOT**

**P**RESIDENT of Harvard University from 1869 to 1909, father of the elective system, until his death in 1926 America's most ardent crusader for educational reform — whose theories and influence are now condemned by the greatest mind in his own university

F

O

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY  
Spring 1929, Missouri

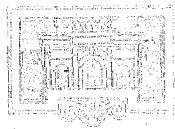
R

U

M

40063  
45

JANUARY, 1929



VOL. LXXXI, NO. 1

# PRESIDENT ELIOT and American Education

by IRVING BABBITT

IT WOULD BE reassuring if one could establish a connection between President Eliot's educational theory and his character and personality. His character and personality would seem, however, to derive from the Puritan tradition at its best, whereas his theory at the essential point marks an extreme recoil from Puritanism. This essential point is his attitude toward the problem of evil. The genuine Puritan had a lively and even exaggerated sense of the "Old Adam"; President Eliot, for his part, scarcely allows at all for a law of the members. The current mode is to disparage Puritanism because of its undue repressiveness and at the same time to overlook how much it repressed that actually needs repression. One may maintain, indeed, that it would not have been easy for President Eliot to take so idyllic a view of human nature if Puritanism had done its work less effectively. There is in general a danger that one may take to be a spontaneous emanation of the natural man what is in reality the result of generations of religious or humanistic discipline. The illusion of a President Eliot is that of a man who, himself born to great riches, deems it "natural" that everyone should have cash in the bank.

This illusion is, to be sure, one that he shared

with many others. It is markedly present in no less a thinker than Emerson. Emerson, however, transcended his time in important particulars, whereas President Eliot did little more than reflect the time in its main tendency. For forty years he pushed American education in the direction in which it was already leaning. His whole career, indeed, illustrates the advantages of going with one's age quite apart from the question whither it is going.

If, however, one is finally to be accounted a great and wise leader, it is not enough thus to be the faithful servant of the wisdom of an age; one must also be true to the wisdom of the ages. The question whether President Eliot deserves this latter praise should, if it is to be discussed in a way worthy of him, be lifted above the petty and the personal into the region of ideas: this means practically to consider the value of the naturalistic philosophy that he and other leaders of the nineteenth century espoused so heartily.

This philosophy culminates in a doctrine of progress that would seem to be in serious conflict with the wisdom of the ages; for it is plain that there can be no



JANUARY 1929

1

such wisdom without the assumption in some form of a core of normal human experience that is set above the shifting tides of circumstance. The progress proclaimed by the naturalists, on the contrary, is to be achieved not by transcending the phenomenal flux but by a surrender to it. As Tennyson exclaimed in his most Victorian moment:

Forward, forward let us range!  
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing  
grooves of change.

The belief in progress in its most naïve form is still held by multitudes, especially in America. It may be doubted, however, whether in the future anyone of a distinction comparable to that of President Eliot will be able to hold it with the same bland confidence. It has been receiving the most formidable of refutations — that of the facts. The contrast between the whole conception of a “far-off divine event” and incidents like the Great War is too flagrant.

#### THE FATUOUS DOCTRINE OF PROGRESS

The humanitarian idealism based on the faith in progress will be found on analysis to be either utilitarian or sentimental. Practically, in education as elsewhere, a utilitarian and sentimental movement has been displacing traditions that are either religious or humanistic. President Eliot deserves to rank as our chief humanitarian idealist in the educational field, not because of any novelty in his views, but because of the consistency and unwavering conviction with which he applied them. As a matter of fact, his views are anticipated on the utilitarian side by a writer like Locke in his *Thoughts on Education*, and on both the utilitarian and the sentimental side by Rousseau, whose *Émile* has become, if not in its specific recommendations, at least in its general spirit, the Bible of the modern educator.

Superficially at least, humanitarianism is even more triumphant to-day than it was during the lifetime of President Eliot. Humanitarians are at present shaping our educational policy from the elementary grades to the university. One should, however, note in passing a curious circumstance: the most thorough-going humanitarians — for example, our professors of pedagogy and sociology — are held in

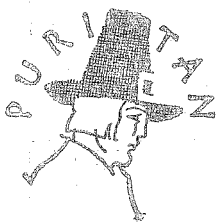
almost universal suspicion in academic circles and are not infrequently looked upon by their colleagues as downright charlatans.

What would seem especially desirable in dealing with the whole situation is a critical clarification — in other words, an attempt to penetrate beneath its surface to first principles. For example, President Eliot's attack in the name of the elective system on the traditional college curriculum will be found, when thus probed to the bottom, to involve a clash between a familiar type of naturalistic philosophy and the wisdom of the ages; for nothing is more certain than that this wisdom has been neither utilitarian nor sentimental, but either religious or humanistic. In exhibiting the nature of this clash it would seem well to avoid, as far as possible, dogmatic affirmation and to proceed positively, and in the sound sense of the word, psychologically. What a survey of the past actually reveals is that considerable groups of men have at various times and in various places got together on certain fundamentals — have, in short, worked out conventions. These conventions have constituted the spiritual climate, as it were, of whole historical periods. Most men in these periods no more thought of questioning the convention under which they lived than they did the very air they breathed.

#### THE UNITY OF BUDDHIST, GREEK, AND CHRISTIAN ETHICS

Those who assert that there is no permanent core of human experience set above mere historical processes would have a stronger case if it could be shown that the main conventions that have prevailed in the past are hopelessly at odds with one another. These conventions are, to be sure, all very much implicated in the local and the relative. Yet if one considers them from the point of view of the fruits at which they aimed in life and conduct, one cannot help being struck by certain important agreements. One may illustrate almost at random from the two chief religious conventions that have obtained respectively in the East and the West — the Buddhist and the Christian.

About the middle of the third century before Christ, Asoka, the Buddhist ruler of India, had carved on rocks and pillars at various points throughout his vast empire



recommendations to practise certain virtues. These virtues will be found to be nearly or quite identical with those enumerated by Saint Paul as the fruits of religion: "Love, joy, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faith, mildness, self-control." Chinese, again, who know the Confucian books — the main source of the humanism of the Far East — are struck at once by the substantial accord between these books and the *Ethics* of Aristotle, perhaps the most authoritative single document in the humanistic tradition of the Occident.

Moreover, one may discover an important agreement not only between different forms of humanism but between humanism and religion — the assumption, namely, that man needs to be disciplined in his natural self to some standard; that he needs, in short, in the almost literal sense of the term to undergo conversion. Though conversion always involves a facing about or turning away from the natural man, it may be conceived very differently. The Augustinian Christian, for example, conceives of it somewhat melodramatically as brought about by a sudden irruption of divine grace. For the Aristotelian, on the other hand, it is to be accomplished rather by the gradual formation from childhood of right habits. In all its forms, however, conversion implies an opposition in the heart of the individual between the expansive desires and a principle of control.

The exercise of this principle of control requires the putting forth of a special quality of effort or will. What I have termed "the wisdom of the ages" is, in short, primarily concerned with the problems of the inner life, and in its attitude toward these problems it is dualistic. The activity that it promotes is on the religious level summed up in the word meditation. Genuine meditation involves a subordination of the natural man to a higher will — humility, in short, a word that in the present naturalistic era has almost lost its true meaning. The subordination to the higher will may, as in the more austere forms of Christianity, amount to a renunciation of the desires of the natural man. The humanist, on the other hand, is satisfied with imposing on these desires a law of measure or decorum. His programme may be summed up in the word mediation.

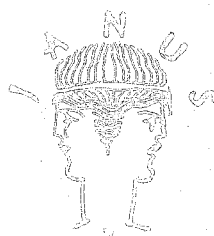
Religion and humanism not only come

together in the idea of conversion but one must add that, if the humanist is not to run the risk of sinking to the naturalistic level, his mediation needs to have a certain background in meditation. One is forced finally to agree, if only on psychological grounds, with Burke that "humility is the low but deep foundation of all true virtue." It does not follow that one must accept the thesis developed by Mr. T. S. Eliot in a recent issue of *THE FORUM* that humanism is something precarious and parasitical and that, for occidental man in particular, it is doomed to speedy collapse unless it has the support of dogmatic and revealed religion. The most important manifestation of humanism that the world has yet seen — that in ancient Greece — did not have any such support.

One cannot admit, however, that humanism must necessarily derive from Greece any more than one can admit that Christianity has had a monopoly of religion. In these days of universal and facile communication and of an ever-increasing closeness of material contact, it is important to do justice to the achievements — religious and humanistic — of the Far East. The tendency of M. Henri Massis, for example, in his *Defense of the West*, to discover no effective source of humanistic or religious wisdom outside of the Roman Catholic Church is due in part to sectarian narrowness, in part to sheer ignorance of the facts. The reasons why the occidental should normally associate his humanism and religion with the traditions that go back to Rome and Greece and Judæa, though extremely cogent, are a matter of expediency rather than of first principles. In direct proportion as one develops the critical temper, one is forced to base one's convictions, not primarily on any tradition, but on the immediate data of consciousness.

#### LEISURE, THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION

Let us inquire, as far as possible in this critical fashion, why the religious and humanistic teachers of the past have been so concerned with the exercise of the principle of control and in general with the problems of the inner life. Perhaps one may best reply to this query by bringing together three sentences of Aristotle,



a thinker who will be found to be more completely experimental than many moderns who profess to found their whole philosophy on experiment. The three sentences are as follows: "The end is the chief thing of all"; "The end of ends is happiness"; "Happiness is a kind of working."

Aristotle has himself admonished us to give heed to the sayings of the wise men of old only in so far as they are found to coincide with the facts. If, therefore, we attach weight to Aristotle, it should not be primarily because of his traditional authority, but because Aristotle turns out to be only another name for inspired good sense.

It would seem, indeed, that if a man deals honestly with himself, he must grant that no concern can be nearer to him than that of his own happiness. Aristotle's treatment of happiness is especially relevant to our present topic because of the close connection he establishes between it and his scheme of education. An education, he says, deserves to be accounted liberal only in so far as it culminates in the idea of leisure. This idea requires that all partial aims and special disciplines should be subordinated to the specifically human form of effort or "energy" — the source of true felicity — that is put forth in mediation and finally in the contemplative life or life of vision.

With this background in mind one should be able to grasp the nature of the conflict between the wisdom of the ages and the humanitarian "idealism" of President Eliot. Like the religious and humanistic teachers of the past, President Eliot was very much and rightly preoccupied with the problem of happiness. Like these teachers, again, he held that to be happy one needs to be active and energetic. But in his notion of the kind of activity that tends to happiness he plainly diverged from these teachers widely. According to a French authority, "happiness is not an easy matter: it is difficult to find it in ourselves and impossible to find it elsewhere." President Eliot

must be numbered among those who hoped to find it "elsewhere." In the addresses given on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday, he advised his hearers to avoid introspection, to "look out

and not in" (one gathers from the context that he identified introspection with the morbid brooding of the introvert). The counsel he proceeds to give seems superficially the same as that carved on stone many centuries ago by the Buddhist Asoka: "Let all joy be in effort." "Let small and great exert themselves."

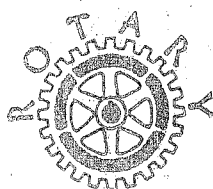
The effort that President Eliot recommends, however, is outer effort — effort of the utilitarian type. The primary concern of Asoka, on the other hand, was with inner effort — the kind that is put forth in meditation. President Eliot has of course, here as elsewhere, the merit of being highly representative. The main effort of the Occident was in his day, and still remains in ours, utilitarian. If any one thinks that utilitarian effort is going to lead to the fruits that Asoka and Saint Paul associate with religion, he would seem to have, even more than the English country curate to whom this trait has been attributed, "a large and easy swallow."

We are here, at all events, at the parting of the ways. If one is convinced of the essential rightness of President Eliot's idea of effort, one may continue to believe that we are now moving in America toward some glorious consummation of the kind postulated by the nineteenth century doctrine of progress. Otherwise one may rather incline to believe that we are ripening for Nemesis; for Nemesis is the penalty visited upon spiritual blindness. Blindness to the need of a form of effort radically different from that of the utilitarian would seem to be rather serious.

#### PRESIDENT ELIOT, APOSTLE OF SERVICE

The crucial assumption of President Eliot appears to be that the material efficiency promoted by utilitarian effort will be used altruistically. For the traditional attempt to train for culture and character he sought to substitute, in his own phrase, "training for service and power." Power is in itself desirable provided it be employed to some adequate end. The whole issue is whether service in the humanitarian sense can supply this end. Most Americans are convinced that it not only can but does. Service has been made the basis of the gospel of Rotary and may therefore be termed our Rotarian convention.

However thoroughly we may be persuaded of the admirableness of this convention, it is



well for us to keep in mind that it has been accepted only to a very limited extent by the rest of the world. In general, foreigners incline to see in our idealism, so far as it is of the humanitarian type, either hypocrisy or self-deception — usually the former. The opinion is almost universal abroad that, in our relations with other countries in particular, we are altruistic in our feelings about ourselves and imperialistic in our practice. An increasing minority of Americans are also beginning to question the “religion of service,” to maintain that it is only a varnish for commercialism, and that the varnish is wearing thin.

The word service, it should be noted, has changed its meaning in the transition from Christianity to humanitarianism. In general, the representatives of the utilitarian-sentimental movement have tended, by a tampering with general terms, to dissimulate from others and perhaps from themselves the wideness of the gap between the new dispensation and the old. I choose almost at random as an example of the tendency the following advertisement of one of our life insurance companies: “Buddha, who was born a prince, gave up his name, succession, and his heritage to attain security. But we do not have to give up the world; we have only to see a life insurance agent who can sell us security for the future, the most direct step to serenity of mind.” The issue raised by this advertisement touches Christianity at least as closely as it does Buddhism. The “serenity” and “security” at which both religions aim are scarcely of the kind that we may purchase from the agent of a life insurance company. The net result of this transfer of the language of religion to an entirely different order has been, from the point of view of the wisdom of the ages, to encourage an extraordinarily complacent materialism.

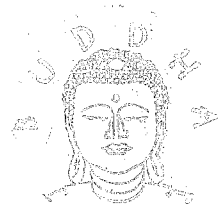
The alteration in the meaning of the word service in particular — the substitution of the service of man for the traditional service of God — has been important in its influence on education, because it has meant practically a more or less complete elimination of the idea of conversion. The Christian had based this idea on the dogma of original sin. The form given to this dogma by Puritans like Jonathan Edwards is no doubt highly objectionable. Unfortunately, President Eliot and the humanitarians have, in their rejection of the

dogma, laid themselves open to the suspicion of pouring out the baby with the bath. Not merely Puritanism but every doctrine that asserts the dual nature of man must be felt, in its relation to man’s natural self, as more or less repressive.

For this repression President Eliot wished to substitute full and free expression. The elective system, which he sponsored, tends to identify the ideal needs of the individual with the mere unfolding of his temperament and idiosyncrasy. Every youth, it is assumed, has some innate gift — a gift which is treated with almost religious seriousness, and is therefore to suffer no contradiction. The effort that he puts forth along the lines of his temperamental bias will make for his own happiness and finally be pressed into the service of humanity. Aristotle evidently had in mind a different type of effort based on a different conception of happiness when he declared: “We ought also to take into consideration our own natural bias, which varies in each man’s case, and will be ascertained from the pleasure and pain arising in us. Furthermore, we should force ourselves off in the contrary direction, because we shall find ourselves in the mean after we have removed ourselves far from the wrong side, exactly as men do in straightening out a crooked stick.”

What proof is there, after all, that so purely temperamental a person as President Eliot’s theory tends to produce will be altruistic? The humanitarian is finally forced to fall back on some theory of man’s natural goodness of the kind that is commonly associated with Rousseau, but which was anticipated in England by the Third Earl of Shaftesbury. According to Shaftesbury, the unconverted man is not egoistic, as religion has traditionally maintained. On the contrary, he has an instinctive affection for his fellows — a will to service, as one may say.

The theory has undergone surprisingly little modification from Shaftesbury’s day to this. For example, Professor John Dewey, who has probably had more influence than any other living American on education, not merely in this country but in the new China, writes that “the child is born with a *natural* desire to



give out, to do, to *serve*" (my italics). Let anyone who has growing children observe them closely and decide for himself whether they exude spontaneously this eagerness for service. Let him then supplement this observation by a survey of the working of the theory on the larger scale for several generations past. He may conclude that the amount of instinctive goodness released by the decline of religious and humanistic control has been somewhat exaggerated. He may fail to find evidence that a human nature that is neither meditative nor again mediatory, that has in short dispensed with humility and decorum, is likely to prove idyllic.

#### THE PROBLEM OF THE IMAGINATION

The unduly idyllic hopes of the humanitarian throw light on the quality of his imagination — an important point to determine in anyone's outlook on life. President Eliot was much preoccupied with the whole question. "The training of the imagination," he says rightly, "is far the most important part of education." It can be shown not only that the quality of his own imagination was idyllic rather than ethical, but that this fact accounts for his attitude toward the problem of evil of which I spoke at the outset. He asks us to discriminate between two forms of imagination — the constructive and the receptive. He further subdivides the constructive imagination according as its constructiveness is operative in literature or in physical science. He proceeds to contrast the imaginative construction of a Dante or a Zola, where everything is gloom and disharmony, with the imaginative construction of the man of science, as displayed, for instance, in a modern power plant, where everything is accurate, orderly, and beneficent. President Eliot evidently regarded those writers who are concerned with the element of evil in man as morose theorists rather than as hard-headed observers of the facts. One may also note in passing that he seems unaware of the incommensurable gap separating Dante's treatment of evil from Zola's.



As examples of the receptive imagination, he paints a picture of a young woman poring unprofitably over the scenes in which Thackeray portrays the "malign

motives and unclean soul of Becky Sharp," and then opposes to this picture that of another young woman who spends her time observing "two robins who have established their home and family in a notch of a maple near her window" and in learning from their ways with their young lessons of unselfishness and affection. One scarcely need insist on the idyllic and sentimental view of both nature and human nature that is implied in such a contrast.

President Eliot's whole treatment of the imagination — for example, his assertion that Darwin and Pasteur have by their imaginative activity done as much to satisfy the "spiritual needs" of man as Dante, Goethe, or Shakespeare — is already "dated." As the nineteenth century, with its own special atmosphere, recedes still further into the background, the "idealism" that he and other men of his time sought to erect on naturalistic foundations is likely to appear positively fantastic. What becomes of the beneficence of the control over the forces of nature that has been secured with the aid of the scientific imagination, should it turn out that in the unconverted man — the man whose impulses are free to overflow — the will to power overflows even more freely than the will to service? The Great War has enlightened us on this point.

Once grant that the humanitarian hypothesis has broken down at the centre and the alternative would seem to be to revive in some form the dualistic conception, to reaffirm once more that the individual needs in the interest of his own happiness to submit to some sound discipline of his outgoing desires, to put aside, in the phrase of Buddha, the ignoble for the noble craving. "The universal thirst for the enjoyments of life," says President Eliot, "grows hotter and hotter and is not assuaged." In that case, one might suppose, it is urgent that this thirst be moderated with reference to some correct scale of values. On the contrary, President Eliot makes his observation part of a plea for the putting of political economy on a level with the traditional humanities.

Political economy, for its part, will be found in all its forms — orthodox and unorthodox — to have accepted the humanitarian substitutes for the principle of control. As a result of this substitution, it is still under the suspicion of being the "dismal science." The political

economist looks askance at any limitation of desires on the part of the individual, envisaged primarily as a consumer, lest such a limitation should lead to a slowing down of production. Production is apparently to expand indefinitely — a programme that has been summed up in the formula: "Pigs for more pigs for more pigs." One is reminded of this programme by the articles Henry Ford recently contributed to *THE FORUM*. One may be sure that he would not have set forth his philosophy of industry so confidently — one is tempted to add so naïvely — were it not for the presence in the background of really dignified figures like President Eliot who are at one with him on certain underlying postulates.

#### CHIMERICAL ELEMENTS IN THE ELECTIVE SYSTEM

The discrediting of the principle of control in favor of a sheer expansiveness is in general dubious. In the educational field it is not only dubious, but, so far as it leads to a primary emphasis on innate gifts and their supposed right to expand freely, it is also Utopian. Anyone whose business it has been to advise college undergraduates will testify that, as a rule, they are not conscious of having any such gifts. They are determined most frequently in the choice of their life work by chance or necessity, and then become interested in this work in the very process of performing it. To be sure, an occasional student has, or seems to have, some inborn aptitude. It goes without saying that the humanist does not seek to thwart such aptitudes. He does, however, insist that its possessor needs supplementary training if he is not to become a lop-sided specialist.

On his initial assumption that most students have instinctive bents that they are eager to follow, President Eliot bases the further assumption that effort does not need to be stimulated, as it was in the older education, by competition. His assertion that "lazy students are more likely to get roused from their lethargy under an elective system than under a required" is not confirmed by realistic observation. If the average student to-day is more interested in football than in things of the mind, one reason may be that football, unlike the college as it has become under the new education, has a definite goal and is frankly competitive with reference to it.

It is estimated that about three-quarters of a million students are now enrolled in our institutions of higher learning, more than in all other countries combined. At the same time the very idea of liberal education is in danger of perishing in America in the midst of a great bewilderment. It would not be fair to make President Eliot alone responsible for this confusion. His exaltation of the variable over the constant elements in human nature, has, however, been a contributing factor. "Every youth of eighteen is," he says, "an infinitely complex organization the duplicate of which neither does nor ever will exist." This dangerous half-truth, when made the foundation of a system of education, is simply incompatible with the survival of religious and humanistic standards.

We seem to be witnessing to-day the consequences of a weakening of standards. According to M. André Siegfried, we are making a ruthless sacrifice of the higher cultural values to mass production and material efficiency. According to Mr. Charles Merz, in his good-natured satire, *The Great American Band Wagon*, the spectacle offered by contemporary America is that of a multitude of essentially trivial people rushing restlessly from one inconsequential fad to another. Such pictures are no doubt one-sided, but that there is in America a drift toward standardized mediocrity is indubitable. It is also indubitable that our education as a whole is not supplying the proper corrective.

How many of our college graduates, for example, are capable of leisure in the Aristotelian sense? It is notorious that the psychology of these graduates in their moments of release from merely vocational activity is indistinguishable from that of the tired business man; nay more, the psychology of college and university teachers themselves, including teachers of the traditional humanities, is, when they are not working as specialists, likely to be that of the tired business man. In the absence of humane purpose, what has triumphed is the purpose of the utilitarian. A multitude of specialties, all viewed very much on the same level, has taken the place not only of the selection of studies in the old curriculum but of the selective principle itself. Education has become increasingly miscellaneous and encyclopædic.



The momentous nature of the change from the old to the new has been dissimulated under the blanket degree. This dissimulation has amounted at times to virtual dishonesty. A man wishes to enjoy the prestige of the traditional A.B. while dodging the discipline that this degree has traditionally represented. He wishes, for example, to elect a course on "The killing, trussing, and marketing of fowl" (I quote from the catalogue of one of our state institutions) and at the same time to pass as liberally educated.

Comparatively few Americans are likely to share the doubts I have been expressing about the humanitarian revolution in the theory and practice of education. The idea of service proclaimed by President Eliot and put at the basis of our Rotarian convention has not as yet been seriously shaken. Nevertheless there are signs that the utilitarian-sentimental movement has passed its crest even in America. An increasing number of persons are feeling disquiet at the sapping of the sense of moral responsibility by the sentimentalists. Others still more numerous are beginning to see that the utilitarian idea of effort is one-sided and that, as a result of this one-sidedness, modern life is in danger of degenerating into a wild rush one knows not whither. The complaint is in fact growing fairly common that "things are in the saddle," that we are being mechanized both outwardly in our acts and inwardly in our minds — that we are, in short, in a way to become "robots." Even a Sherwood Anderson has enough wit to perceive that all is not well with the present standardized America.

Unfortunately, laments about the evils of standardization are not, unless supported by a sound constructive programme, of much avail. If all that is needed is to scoff at the Rotarian convention and the "religion of service," writers like Mr. Mencken and Mr. Sinclair Lewis would seem to meet every requirement. These writers can be shown, however, to be a part of the very malady they are assailing. This malady may be defined as a refusal

to recognize any norm or human law that acts restrictively on the free expansion of temperament.

Anyone who has made a study of the modern movement from the eighteenth

century down will finally become convinced of the futility of a merely temperamental insurrection against convention. Whether the temperamentalist be of the soft or sentimental variety, or, like Mr. Mencken and his followers, of the hard or Nietzschean brand, is comparatively immaterial. The objection to the Rotarian convention is not that it is a convention — that is rather its strength — but that a dubious element has been built into its foundations: namely, an idea of service that does not seem a sufficient counterpoise to the "lusts" of the natural man. In the language of religion, the Rotarian hopes to achieve salvation without conversion.

The effective opposition to the Rotarian is likely to come, not from Bohemians, each flying off on his own temperamental tangent, but from persons who are getting together on an entirely different basis, who see that the pathway of escape from standardization is not through ideals as currently conceived, but through standards, and that to get standards one will need to insist on the specifically human elements in man that have been eliminated by the naturalists. How complete this elimination has been may be seen in practically all forms of recent psychology. The behaviorists in particular, with Mr. J. B. Watson at their head, are in this matter sinking to depths previously unplumbed.

#### THE CRYING NEED OF STANDARDS

The person who refuses to accept pseudoscience or any other substitute for standards still has to decide whether he is to secure his standards in a critical or a purely traditional way. The Roman Catholic, for example, gets his standards in this latter way. If anyone desires to proceed more critically, he will then be confronted with what is known in Platonic language as the problem of the One and the Many. He will, in other words, have to choose between a surrender to the naturalistic flux and the assertion of a something in man that transcends it.

Periods of more or less complete emancipation from the past, which therefore have to get their standards, if at all, in terms of the One and the Many, have always proved crucial. There is evidence that we have already reached this crucial stage in our own development, and that we are taking the wrong turning.



Pragmatism — the philosophy with which America has come to be associated in the eyes of the world — is from either a religious or humanistic point of view, raw and uncivilized. The difficulty with the pragmatist is not his preference for what works, but his one-sided notion of working — his failure to take account of the form of working that is, according to Aristotle, necessary if one is to achieve happiness. The reason why this one-sidedness should prevail in America more than elsewhere is obvious. The utilitarian form of effort has been especially needful in our conquest of a continent. Having developed in fullest measure the virtues of the pioneer, we are now in danger of becoming the victims of them.

We should, however, be careful not to exaggerate the gap in this respect between America and other countries. Other countries are now lamenting the evils of "Americanism" and at the same time getting themselves Americanized as fast as they conveniently can. It may be that if there is to be any effective reaction from Americanism it will have to come from America itself. We cannot allege as an excuse for the utilitarian excess, as various other countries can with some plausibility, the pressure of economic necessity. So far as economic conditions are concerned, we are free to develop the idea of leisure, as something distinct from either idleness or recreation, to show ourselves the "people of action" in a sense quite different from that given to the phrase by the utilitarians. The idea of leisure is in itself so important that if we did develop it adequately we might be in a position to assume the cultural leadership of the world. It is depressing that we are showing so little grasp of the situation, that our higher education in particular, so far from aiming to produce the man of leisure, is being more and more completely dominated by the "ideals" of the humanitarian.

I have said that if one is to achieve standards in opposition to these ideals — at least in a modern and critical fashion — one will have to face finally the philosophical problem of the One and the Many. It should be added, however, that quite apart from the solution of this difficult problem, common sense will go far in uncovering the defects of the new education and in devising a remedy. There is probably even now a minority of shrewd observers who

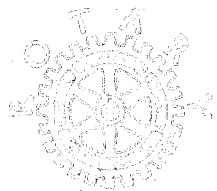
are ready to get together on a basis different from that of the reigning educational convention, to give adequate support to at least a few institutions of learning that are in their underlying spirit humanistic rather than humanitarian. It is just at this point that it may be possible to resist successfully the stupid drift toward standardization.

The question should be of special interest to the smaller colleges. With these colleges sound educational practice may be found to coincide with self-interest. The new education requires an enormously elaborate and expensive apparatus. This elaborateness is encouraged by the prime emphasis of the utilitarian on the progress of humanity through the coöperation of a multitude of specialists, as well as by the prime emphasis of the sentimentalist on innate gifts and their right to gratification. The small college that accepts the department-store conception of education, is at once put at a hopeless disadvantage. The humanistic college, on the other hand, even though its needs can no longer be fitly symbolized by Mark Hopkins at the end of the traditional log, may hope to flourish with a much more modest equipment.

#### A CHALLENGE TO COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

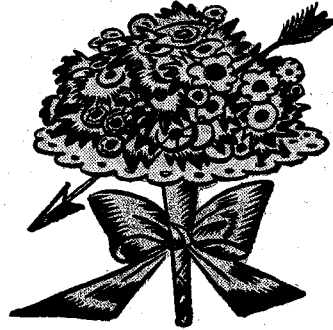
Most of the heads of our institutions of learning, great and small, have been content for a generation and more to follow in the wake of President Eliot. The present need seems to be for educational leaders whose first aim is quality — quality in the teaching body, quality in the students, above all, quality in the subjects taught. The college must substitute selection for encyclopædic inclusiveness if it is to have a definite goal and concomitantly to witness a wholesome revival of the spirit of emulation. It is not to be supposed, however, that the reasons why certain subjects deserve to be preferred to others in a scheme of liberal training are arbitrary in the sense that the rules of football are more or less arbitrary. These reasons are on the contrary deeply rooted in the facts of history and human nature.

At the bottom of the whole educational debate, as I have been trying to show, is the opposition between a religious-humanistic



and a utilitarian-sentimental philosophy. This opposition, involving as it does first principles, is not subject to compromise or mediation. Those who attempt such mediation are not humanists but Laodiceans. Many persons who deem themselves moderate are in fact only muddled. Hence the need I have already pointed out of critical clarification. The discriminations I have been attempting will not

be in vain if even a few are led thereby to abandon the Laodicean attitude and to take sides on issues that involve finally the future of American civilization. It will be found to be no small matter whether our higher education is to have enshrined at its centre the idea of leisure in Aristotle's sense, or the idea of service in the sense given to the word by President Eliot and the humanitarians.



# The School of WOMEN

*A Novel in Three Installments*

by **ANDRÉ GIDE**

## I

October 7th, 1894.

**M**Y DEAR,

I feel it is to you that I am writing. I have never kept a journal — never, indeed, written anything at all except a few letters. I should no doubt write letters to you if I didn't see you every day. But suppose I should die first — I hope I shall, for life without you would be nothing but an empty desert — you will read these lines; and I shall feel I am leaving you less if this part of me remains behind.

But how can I think of death, when all life is before us? Ever since I have known you — that is, ever since I have loved you — life has seemed so beautiful, so useful, so precious, that I don't

want to lose any of it. I mean to preserve every crumb of my happiness in this book. And what else should I do every day after you have left me, but recall your presence and live over again the moments that have gone by all too quickly? Before I met you, it made me unhappy, as I have told you, to feel that my life was without an object. Nothing could be vainer, it seemed to me, than all those social occupations which my parents encouraged and which constitute the whole pleasure of my girl friends. A life with no unselfish purpose in it could not satisfy me. You know I once had serious thoughts of becoming a sick nurse or a Little Sister of the Poor. My parents shrugged their shoulders

when I spoke of this. They were right in thinking that all such inclinations would vanish when I met the man of my soul's choice. Why will not Papa understand and admit that you are he?

Oh! how badly I write! I was crying when I wrote those last words and they seem to me frightful. Why did I read them over again? I don't think I shall ever learn to write properly — at any rate, trying doesn't help me.

Well, I was saying that before I met you, I was looking for some object in life; and now you are my object, my occupation, my very life itself, and I look for nothing more. I know that it is through you, by means of you, that I shall get what is best out of myself, that you must guide me, lead me to all good and beautiful things — to God. And I pray to God to help me vanquish my father's opposition; and I write my fervent prayer down here — as though that might make it more efficacious: "Dear Lord! Do not force me to disobey Papa. You know that I love Robert and that I can belong only to him."

To speak truthfully, it was only yesterday that I began to understand what the object of my life must be. Yes, it was our conversation in the Tuileries gardens that opened my eyes to the part Woman may play in the lives of great men. I am so ignorant that unluckily I have forgotten the examples he gave me, but at any rate, I brought away this — that my whole life must be henceforth devoted to enabling him to accomplish his glorious destiny. Of course, that is not what he said, because he is modest; but it is what I thought, for if he is not proud, I am proud for him — though, in reality, I think he has a very clear conception of his own worth, in spite of his modesty. He has not concealed from me that he is very ambitious. "Not for myself," he said, with a charming smile, "but for the ideas I stand for." I wish my father could have heard him. But Papa is so obstinate about Robert that he might have taken it for what he calls his . . . No, I won't write it down. Why can't he see that talking like that is no slur upon Robert but upon himself?

The very thing I like about Robert is that he has no indulgence for himself; he never forgets his self-respect. In comparison with him, it seems to me there is no one who knows the meaning of real dignity. If he chose, he could completely crush me with it; but when we are

alone, he takes great care not to let me feel it. I think he sometimes even exaggerates a little, when he plays at being a child himself to keep me from feeling too much of a schoolgirl beside him. And yesterday when I reproached him with this, he suddenly looked very grave, and putting his head down on my lap — for he was sitting at my feet — he murmured with a kind of exquisite melancholy, "The child is father of the man." It would really be the greatest pity for so many charming sayings to be lost. They are sometimes so weighty, so full of meaning. I mean to note down here as many as possible. He will feel glad to find them again later on, I am sure.

It was immediately after this that we had the idea of the journal — I don't know why I say *we*. The idea was *bis*, like all good ideas. Well, we both of us agreed — that is, each of us, individually — to write what he called "our story." It's easy for me, for it's only through him that I exist. But I doubt whether *he* will be able to manage it, even if he has the time. And, in reality, I think it would be a bad thing for his mind to be too much occupied with me. I explained to him at length that I perfectly understood that he had his career, his thoughts, his public life, which my love must not interfere with; and that if it was right for *him* to be the whole of *my* life, I could not be — ought not to be — the whole of *bis*.

I should be curious to know what of all this he has noted; but we have taken a solemn vow not to show our journals to each other. "It is only so that they can be sincere," he said as he kissed me, not on my forehead but exactly between the eyes, as he is fond of doing. On the other hand, we have agreed that the one of us who dies first is to bequeath his journal to the other. "Of course," I said rather foolishly. "No, no," he answered very gravely, "the promise we must make is not to destroy them."

October 10th

Robert has been suddenly called away to Perpignan to see his mother, about whom he has had rather bad news. "I hope it won't be anything," I said. "Yes, one always says that," he answered with a grave smile, which showed how much concerned he really was. And I at once reproached myself for my absurd remark. If all the commonplace actions I do and all the commonplace remarks I make were taken out

of my life and conversation, what, I wonder, would remain? And to think that I had to come into contact with a superior being before I was able to realize this!

What I admire about Robert is that he does not say or do anything like ordinary people; and yet there is nothing affected or pretentious about him. I have been thinking for a long time what the best word would be to describe his appearance, his dress, his talk, his behavior. "Original" is too marked; "individual" . . . "special" . . . no; the word "distinguished" is the one I come back to; and I wish the word had never been used for anyone else. I think he owes the extraordinary distinction of his manners, and indeed of his whole personality, to himself alone, for I gather from what he says that his family is rather middle-class. He says he is not ashamed of his people; but this in itself shows that a nature less noble and straightforward than his *might* be ashamed of them. His father, I believe, was in trade. Robert was still very young when he died. He does not seem to like speaking of him and I am afraid to question him. I think he is very fond of his mother. "She is the only person you would have a right to be jealous of," he said to me in the early days of our engagement. He had a sister who was younger than he, but she is dead.

I am going to take advantage of his being away and of the free time it leaves me, to write down how we became acquainted with each other. This afternoon Mamma wanted to drag me off to a party at the Darblays to hear a Hungarian cellist who is said to play remarkably well; but I pretended I had a bad headache, so that I might be left in peace and alone — with Robert. . . .

I know I am neither particularly pretty nor particularly witty, and I can't understand what Robert saw in me to fall in love with. The only talent I had for making a show in society was being able to play the piano fairly well; and now — well, a few days ago I gave up playing the piano for good. What's the use of it? Robert doesn't like music. It's his only fault. But on the other hand, he takes such an intelligent interest in painting that I'm surprised he doesn't paint himself.

When I said this to him once, he smiled and explained that when one was "afflicted" (that is the word he used) with too many different gifts, the great difficulty was not to make too

much of the ones that least deserved it. If he had really taken up painting, he would have had to sacrifice too many other things, and it was not by painting, he said, that in his opinion he would be best able to serve France. I think he wants to go in for politics, but he didn't actually say so. For that matter, whatever he undertakes, I am certain he will succeed. And it even makes me rather sad to feel that he has so little need of my help in order to succeed in anything he attempts. But he is very kind and pretends he cannot get on without me; and the thought is so sweet that I indulge in it without believing it.

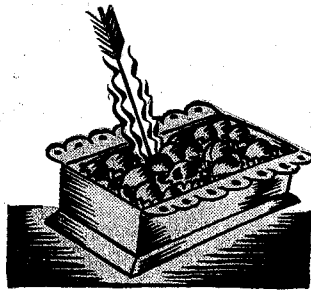
I get carried away into talking about myself, which I had determined not to do. But I think nothing teaches one modesty better than to love someone with great qualities. It is when I am with Robert that I realize most all the things I am lacking in; yet, of small account as I am, I long to add my little to his much. . . . But I had started off to tell *our* story — and first of all, how we met.

It was six months and three days ago, on the seventh of April, 1894. My parents had promised me a tour in Italy as a reward for my prize at the Conservatoire. My uncle's death, however, and the difficulty of settling up his affairs because of the children's being under age, had delayed this plan; and I had given up all hopes of it when my father suddenly took me off to spend the Easter holidays in Florence, leaving my mother at home to look after her small nieces. We stayed at Pension Girard, which Mme. de T. was quite right in recommending to us. It is much better than staying at a hotel.

All of the guests were pleasant enough, but Robert's distinction eclipsed all the others. He sat opposite my father, who is rather reserved and often not very affable to people who are not in his set. As we were the last comers, it was natural enough for us not to take part in the conversation at once. Personally I should have liked to talk, but I couldn't very well seem to encourage conversation more than Papa; so I was just as reserved as he, and as I was sitting next him, our silence made a little island of coldness in the midst of the general animation. The amusing thing was that we could go nowhere without meeting the people of our pension. Papa simply had to answer their bows and smiles, and when we sat down to table, every-

one knew that we had just come back from Santa Croce or the Palazzo Pitti. "It's a frightful nuisance," said Papa, but all the same he began to unfreeze a little.

As for Robert, we met him everywhere. When we went into a church or a picture gallery, the first thing we saw was sure to be Robert. "Goodness! There he is again!" cried Papa. At first Robert used to pretend not to see us so as not to be indiscreet; for he was far too



42586

quick not to understand that these continual meetings irritated Papa. So he used to wait till Papa condescended to recognize him, and he never bowed first, but pretended to be absorbed in the contemplation of some masterpiece. And sometimes Papa's bow was a long time coming, for it was especially to Robert that he was so distant. It was even rather embarrassing for me, for his stand-offishness was so great that I must say it came very near being insolence.

And it required a person with Robert's good temper not to take offense. But as I couldn't help smiling, he understood that there was no ill will — not on my side, at any rate. The colder Papa was, in fact, the harder I found it to repress a smile; but fortunately, Papa did not notice this, for it went on rather behind his back. Robert had the good taste not to show that he saw, and he never addressed me directly — a thing Papa would have taken very ill. I rather reproached myself for these little goings-on, which in a way set up a tacit understanding between Robert and me, unknown to Papa. But what was there to do?

What increased Papa's coldness was that Robert's "views" were not the same as his. I have never understood very clearly what Papa's "views" are, for I know nothing about politics; but I know that Mamma reproaches him with what she calls his materialism, and that Papa is not very fond of priests. When I was young, I used to be surprised that he was so good, for he never goes to Mass, and I am in-

clined to think it is not very true that "religion does not make people better," as he always says. Mamma says he is "stubborn," but I think he has a better heart than she has, and when they have an argument together — which happens only too often — Mamma speaks to him in such a way that my sympathy goes to him rather than to her, even when I can't feel that he is in the right. He says he doesn't believe in Heaven, but Abbé Bredel replies that he will have to believe in it when he gets there, for he will certainly go there straightway and be saved in spite of himself. And I am sure he is right.

How sad such disputes are between couples as thoroughly united as my parents, and about points too, on which, with a little give and take, it would be so easy to come to an understanding. In any case, there is nothing of the kind to be feared with Robert, for I have never seen him enter a church without praying, and all his ideas are generous and noble. I cannot believe that the *Action Française* is a "bad paper," as Papa says; he himself reads only the *Temps*. I thought mischief was brewing on the second day at Pension Girard, when Papa and Robert happened to be sitting alone together in the smoking-room. The drawing-room door was wide open and I could see them, each in his armchair with his newspaper in front of him. Robert, after he had looked through his, was rash enough to hand it to Papa with a few words I couldn't catch; but Papa got into such a rage that he upset his cup of coffee, which he had put on the arm of his chair, right over his light-colored trousers. Robert made a great many apologies, but it really wasn't his fault. And while Papa was wiping himself with his handkerchief, Robert, who had caught sight of me in the drawing-room, expressed his regrets by a very discreet little dumb show, which he performed for my benefit, and which was so comic that I couldn't forbear laughing. But I turned away at once, because it looked as if I were laughing at Papa.

And then, lo and behold, on the sixth day Papa had an attack of gout! Oh, it was abominable of me to be pleased at that! And of course I offered to stay at home to keep him company and read to him, but the weather was very fine and he insisted on my going out. Then I made the most of his not being along by going to the Spanish Chapel, because he is not very fond

of the Pre-Raphaelites; and of course I met Robert there and I couldn't help speaking to him. But after he had expressed his astonishment at seeing me alone and had inquired politely after Papa's health, we talked of nothing but painting. I was almost glad of my ignorance, for it gave him an opportunity to explain everything. He had a big book with him, but there was no need for him to open it, for he knows the names of all the old painters by heart.

I could not quite succeed in sharing his predilection for the frescoes, which seem to me still very rudimentary, but I feel sure that everything he said was right, and my eyes were opened to a great many things I should never have found out by myself. And after that, I let him take me off to San Marco, where I felt as if I understood painting for the first time in my life. It was so marvelous, losing oneself — forgetting oneself in a common admiration — that in front of Fra Angelico's great fresco I unconsciously took his arm, and I didn't notice I had done so until some other people came into the little chapel, where up to then we had been alone.

For that matter, Robert didn't say anything that Papa mightn't have heard; still, when I got back to the pension, I didn't tell Papa of this meeting. It was no doubt wrong of me to hide a thing which had made such an impression on me that I could think of nothing else. But when, a little later, I confessed this sin of "lying by omission" to the Abbé, he more or less reassured me; it is true that I told him of my engagement at the same time. The Abbé knows that Papa doesn't approve of it, but he knows too that what prevents him from approving of it are Robert's opinions; and it is precisely because of his opinions that Mamma and the Abbé approve of it. And then, Papa is so kind that he couldn't hold out for long. Besides, he says that what he cares about most is that I should be happy; and he can't doubt my happiness.

Before speaking of my engagement, I ought to have told about the last days in Italy; but I let my pen run on as quickly as possible, so as to get to that wonderful word which turns all my other memories pale. Before he left Florence, Robert asked Papa's leave to come and see us in Paris. I was terribly afraid he might refuse! But it turned out that Robert knew our de Berre cousins quite well, and they

invited him to meet us at dinner, which made things much easier. The next day Robert came and paid his respects to Mamma, and a few days later he came again to ask for my hand. (What a stupid expression!) Mamma was a little surprised at first, and I was much more so when she told me about it, for Robert had never really made me a declaration. He laughed a great deal when I confessed this, and "declared" that it hadn't occurred to him, but that he was quite ready to make a "declaration" if I hadn't understood that he loved me. Then he took me in his arms, and I felt that I had no need to speak either for him to understand that I was wholly his.

October 12th

A telegram has just been brought in. I let Mamma open it, though it was addressed to me.

"Robert's mother is dead," she said, and handed me the telegram. I could only read one thing in it — that he is coming back to me on Wednesday.

October 13th

A letter from Robert — but to Mamma — and I think she was pleased by this mark of deference. I can see that Mamma wishes to keep the letter, for it is a very beautiful one; and as I want to be able to re-read it, I copy it out here:

"Madame,

"Eliane will forgive me for writing to you to-day rather than to her. I would not trouble her bright spirit with the sight of my grief, and it is to you I turn in my tears. Since yesterday there is no one but you to whom I can give the dear name of Mother, and I am sure you will let me transfer to you the respect and tenderness I felt for her whom I have just lost.

"She in whose arms I first saw the light died yesterday in mine. She lost consciousness only a few hours before the end and still retained it while she received the last Sacraments from the priest I called in. She faced death calmly, and seemed to suffer only for my grief. Her last happiness, she told me, had been to hear of my engagement and to know that she was not leaving me alone in the world. Would you repeat this to Eliane and tell her that I shall never cease to regret that it was too late for Mamma to know her.

"Believe, dear Mother, the feelings of affection and respect with which I already sign myself

Your son,

Robert D."

My poor dear, I would like to take part in your grief. I have tried to be unhappy — but I cannot. My heart is flooded with gladness, and every feeling that I share with you — even sorrow — is joy to me.

October 15th

I have seen him. How beautiful his grief is! How dignified! I am beginning to understand him better. I think he has a horror of set phrases, for he talks to me of his loss with as much reserve as he first told me of his love. And he even avoids anything likely to be affecting, for fear of showing his emotion too much. In fact, there has been no reference between us to any but practical matters; and to Mamma he has only talked of the settling of his mother's affairs and the sale of the property which is coming to him. I find it very difficult to fix my attention on such matters, and I leave it to Mamma to go into them with Robert. I gather that we are going to be rich, and I am almost sorry for it. I should like to leave wealth to people who have need of it in order to be happy. But this is not a question of happiness. Robert

says that he would have enough with anything, and that he only looks upon money as a weapon with which to uphold his ideas. He had a long talk about it with Abbé Bredel, who also says that one has no right to reject wealth, but that it brings with it the duty of doing good.

Poor Papa! He is out of all this. Every time he sees Abbé Bredel come into the room, he hurries off with a sketchy little bow: "So sorry! . . . Absolutely obliged to go out." I am always afraid the Abbé may take offense; but he is so kind, so conciliatory, that he pretends to believe in these very flimsy excuses.

"Monsieur Delaborde still as busy as ever!" he says to Mamma, who does her best to cover up Papa's rudeness by being even more civil herself. And I feel that if he were only to try the least little bit, he would get on so well with the Abbé. For *he* is very kind and good, too.

"My dear little girl, the priests and I don't worship the same God," he answers, when I try to convince him. "Don't insist; I should get cross. You will perhaps understand these things later, if you aren't too much like your Mamma." Then I am simply obliged to say that I hope I shall never understand these things, but that I must disapprove of "opinions" that come between my parents, both of whom I am equally fond of. It's these wretched "opinions" of his, too, that prevent him from liking my engagement. "My dear child," he said to me, "I don't



*Continued on page 59*

# Does BRIDGE Develop the Mind?

## *A Socratic Dialogue*

**PLACE:** The Home of Henry Goddard Leach  
**TIME:** After Dinner

### ***Persons of the Dialogue***

SIDNEY S. LENZ — International Auction Bridge Champion

WALTER B. PITKIN — Associate Editor of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, author of *The Twilight of the American Mind*; he never played bridge and has sworn that he never will

HENRY GODDARD LEACH — Editor of *THE FORUM*

M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER — of Simon and Schuster, publishers of books

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON — historian, author of *The Mind in the Making*

NOBLE A. CATHCART — publisher of the *Saturday Review of Literature*

H. T. WEBSTER — cartoonist, bridge player, and cartoonist of bridge players

GEORGE W. MARTIN — lawyer; he can play it or let it alone

*Illustrations from  
H. T. Webster's Bridge Cartoons*

MR. WEBSTER. Is this to be a Forumal debate? (Murmurs of "Throw him out!")

MR. LEACH. By no means. We merely wish to get your off-hand opinions on a subject of growing national importance — auction bridge.

MR. PITKIN. It's a national menace. It threatens the sanctity of the home. There ought to be a law against it.

MR. LENZ. Then more people would play it than ever. But I think you are wrong about bridge. Up to a few years ago when people played cards they apologized for doing it and said they only played because they couldn't think of anything else to do. I think at the present time a person apologizes for not knowing how to play.

MR. PITKIN. Then I owe you an apology. I don't play. I suppose I am the only man in the city who doesn't.

MR. ROBINSON. I don't.

MR. WEBSTER. My wife says I don't.

MR. LENZ. I shall have to teach you.

MR. PITKIN. I have a collection of well-meaning friends who tried to teach me bridge once on a steamer. The rest of the party got seasick and I went to sleep. I just couldn't see it through. Ever since then I have kept away from bridge, not because of the association of seasickness, but because I went to sleep.

MR. LENZ. You didn't give it a chance. You'd get a lot out of it if you'd take it up seriously.

MR. PITKIN. That's just why I object to it. I'd *have* to take it seriously. It ought to be a game, but it becomes a punishment. I know too many of my relatives who have ruined their hours of leisure by playing bridge and taking it seriously.

MR. LENZ. You think they have ruined it, but they haven't. They are happy in doing it.

MR. PITKIN. So is the lunatic who thinks he is God — but think of his relatives!

MR. LENZ. How would you account for the fact that the number of bridge players is increasing as rapidly as it is, if bridge is a waste of time?

MR. PITKIN. I would say it is because there is a much greater percentage of people earning a good living to-day than ever before. There is more prosperity and there is an astonishing increase in the number of people who don't know how to use their leisure. I think it is a sign that the people of the United States are in

the predicament of being all dressed up and having no place to go.

MR. LENZ. I don't agree with you when you say bridge is a waste of time. I believe it is a game that develops the mind. I believe it even helps a man in business.

MR. PITKIN. In what way?

MR. LENZ. Well, in bridge you have some of the problems that you have in business, where the outcome is a tremendous thing to the man who is engaging in it.

MR. PITKIN. I have never been able to see, as an outside observer, that a card game would help any man in business, unless it was in cheating. I can recognize that in some instances that is a very valuable asset, but in others it isn't. I want to know just what you mean when you say that a business man — say a man who is running a retail dry goods store — can actually learn from playing bridge —

MR. LENZ. I will be glad to tell you before we go any further. The dry goods merchant has a number of business problems that come up to him every day and he has to answer them to the best of his ability. If he answers them correctly, he is a successful merchant; if he doesn't, he is not so successful. In bridge, a question of very close judgment comes up in every hand that is dealt. The same problems never present themselves twice. A deck of cards can be dealt in so many combinations that if a man played bridge three hundred times a year, which would allow sixty-five days for church and college lectures, and played four hours a day, which is the average for most persons — except cartoonists, who play eight — then he would have to play for seventeen million years before he could exhaust all the combinations.

MR. PITKIN. That is not much like the dry goods business, is it?

MR. LENZ. I am merely showing you that he gets an infinite variety of problems and that he has to solve them instantly, as he would in business. You take a lawyer in court. If he is a good bridge player, if he is trained in grasping the opportunity at the moment, can't you see that that is going to help him?

MR. PITKIN. I can't see any resemblance between a problem of trying to get a nigger acquitted of stealing a horse and trying to beat the other fellow in playing hearts or diamonds.

MR. LENZ. It is practically the same thing.

If you know the nigger has stolen the horse, it is just as difficult as when you know you have a losing hand. — But seriously, I think the game of bridge has lent dignity to card playing of all kinds. It is not just a question of chance. You take all other kinds of games, such games as Mr. Webster plays — poker (laughter) — there is such a large percentage of luck in holding certain cards that cards have been looked upon as a gambling game. But bridge can be so controlled by the skill of the player that it is not a game of chance. And it is being played by everybody, not just the upper class and the middle class, but the plumbers and chauffeurs and cobblers.

MR. WEBSTER. And the cartoonists.

MR. LENZ. I thought I had descended to the bottom of the social scale when I said cobblers. I wouldn't go so far as to include cartoonists.

MR. PITKIN. Well, Mr. Webster, as a bridge player and representative of the lower classes, do you feel that bridge has improved you?

MR. WEBSTER. I can't say that I have been improved.

MR. PITKIN. Thank you.

MR. WEBSTER. In fact, I am worse than ever.

MR. PITKIN. You feel that you have been morally corrupted by bridge?

MR. WEBSTER. Well, I have been corrupted. I have learned more profanity at bridge than I ever did at golf.

MR. PITKIN. Mr. Webster admits that bridge has been disastrous in his case. Really, I don't see how you can prove that it ever helped anyone, in business or anything else. How can a man, by going through the problems of bridge, learn anything about running a drug store or a dry goods store? I don't see how you can transfer abilities so far apart. I don't see that there is any card game on earth that bears any particular relation to real life.

MR. WEBSTER. Did you ever play poker?

MR. PITKIN. Sure. I love poker. But I never learned anything in business from it. I think poker is a great game because there is so much luck in it. It is a relief to play something that you don't have to think about and calculate on. I think a much better case for bridge could be made out if you argued that bridge doesn't improve a man and that it gives him an opportunity to get away from the problems of improving the world.

MR. SCHUSTER. You mean it is simply relaxation?

MR. PITKIN. It is good because it is worthless. Just as in poker; poker is a grand game because it has nothing to do with understanding or learning the Abyssinian language or studying foreign discounts or anything at all. You just get out of the real world and try to bluff each other. It is the same with chess. I am very fond of chess, but I would be the last man in the world to maintain that I had been improved a millionth of one per cent by it. I simply learned to play the game; it is darned

you have got that ability, what have you got? You have got that ability and that is all there is to it. It's just as James Harvey says about claiming to have a mind or some special apparatus that does this and that and is improved by it. It is bunk. Each of these things you learn is an ability.

MR. LENZ. I don't say for a minute that bridge is going to help the butcher cut meat better, but I do say that when you have to use your so-called mind, or brain, or noodle — that is a good word —

MR. PITKIN. "Noodle" is a safe word. I am



good fun and I enjoy it. Goodness knows I have wasted enough time at it, but I don't think it has improved my ability to think of three things at once when I have to. I don't think it has improved my manners or my taste or my mind or anything else.

MR. ROBINSON. What do you understand by "the mind"? We have been talking all along about the mind. What do you think it is?

MR. LENZ. It is a thing we use to think with.

MR. ROBINSON. You believe there is such a thing? Do you think you have a mind?

MR. LENZ. Well, now, that would be saying a great deal.

MR. ROBINSON. I know I haven't any such thing as a mind any more than I have such a thing as a will. I don't know how I would train my mind, because I believe it is a myth. I have thought a great deal about the mind and there ain't no such animal.

MR. LENZ. The general consensus of opinion seems to be that there is.

MR. ROBINSON. The general consensus of opinion is that Calvin Coolidge is a great President.

MR. WEBSTER. You wrote a book, once upon a time, called *The Mind in the Making*. What was that, a fairy tale?

MR. PITKIN. Dr. Robinson is driving at the same thing I am driving at. Only he is talking in a different lingo. It is just this: you may have one particular ability and you may make the most of it and get organized around it and eventually you excel other people at it. When

in favor of "noodle" from now on.

MR. LENZ. Then I say bridge is of use wherever you have to use your noodle.

MR. CATHCART. Do you think it does any good, as far as the noodle is concerned, just to think? I mean, no matter what you are thinking about.

MR. PITKIN. No, I certainly don't. I think it is a waste of time. I have been teaching youths and college students and other morons for a good many years and I don't think there is any utility in it. I think the curse of our modern alleged education is that we try to teach a lot of people a lot of things when they have nothing to do, no real problem, nothing actually in front of them to handle and face as a *bona fide* problem. I think it is the way to play, maybe, but not to improve your noodle, not to acquire abilities.

MR. CATHCART. Don't you think that if you get in the habit of thinking clearly and logically about one thing you can think clearly and logically about other things?

MR. PITKIN. No. I can give you two illustrations from life, if you will pardon my getting personal. Two of this country's clearest and best thinkers in the field of physics are utter imbeciles when they talk about other subjects, particularly if they are remote from physics. They aren't worth listening to, they are childish, they can't say anything.

MR. ROBINSON. Those men have been too busy becoming distinguished in their one particular field, so that they have been cut off

from everything else. And they can't carry their special ability over. — But to come back to the question, Dr. John Roach Straton reports that an angel suddenly appeared and opened the front door of his car to save his wife from death. If he had played bridge, would it have produced anything to offset his belief? I presume he doesn't indulge in any such unholy diversion, but if he did, how would it affect his ideas about angels?

MR. LENZ. It would help him some. I don't say that it would put him up in the class where you would want him to be, but it would help



at least a little bit, I should say.

MR. ROBINSON. The question is whether bridge would establish in him habits of clear thinking which would upset his belief in angels.

MR. PITKIN. When you build up a special ability, it is tied so closely to just that one thing you are doing that you can transfer it only in so far as there is some particular factor common to some other thing. When we talk about mind, we usually mean these particular abilities.

MR. CATHCART. Do you make any distinction, then, between able people and dumb-bells?

MR. PITKIN. Yes, I certainly do. The first differentiation is that I hire the able ones and fire the others.

MR. CATHCART. What makes a man able? I don't mean in a particular thing, but a bright, intelligent fellow?

MR. PITKIN. You are getting right back into popular language there. It is impossible to answer. I don't know what an able fellow in general is. I haven't the faintest idea.

MR. CATHCART. You can tell him from a dumb-bell in general, can't you?

MR. PITKIN. Not a man able in general — no, I can't. There is a sense in which a man may be dumb in general, because that is negative usually. In other words, when you say a man is dumb, you mean he can't remember to get up when the alarm clock rings, he can't remember to open his mail, he can't remember how to spell his middle name.

MR. CATHCART. He can't learn.

MR. LENZ. Mr. Pitkin, you're an able man. You're capable of learning. And yet you say you have no ability for playing cards, and don't care anything about it, and it doesn't register with you, and even if you could play, you wouldn't because you don't like it.

MR. PITKIN. I haven't the basic abilities; they just aren't there. I have no card sense.

MR. LENZ. I don't believe there is any such thing as card sense. I believe that it is a related sense, and that if people claim to have no card sense, they may as well leave out cards entirely

and admit that they have no sense. You don't care anything about playing cards now, but if you had a wife who made you play —

MR. PITKIN. Thank God I haven't.

MR. LENZ. If you got to the point where some girl grabbed hold of you and wanted you to play, you would.

MR. PITKIN. I'll admit there are certain circumstances under which I would be a bridge player. If I should be sent up for fifteen years in solitary confinement for any of my many crimes, I think I would invent a solitaire bridge. But heaven knows what kind of a game it would be. As it is, I don't get any fun out of it.

MR. LENZ. There are six million people in this country who do.

MR. SCHUSTER. If they are having a good time, why do they wear such ferocious or melancholy expressions while they are playing?

MR. LENZ. They feel they have to bluff their opponents.

MR. SCHUSTER. How about the people pictured in Mr. Webster's cartoons, who walk home from the bridge game murdering each other? And what about the losers? From my observation, when bridge players lose they are so bitter about it that they radiate a general gloom. Either that, or engage in alibis.

MR. LENZ. Some people contend that they never hold anything and that the other fellow always holds the cards. That is because they play badly.

MR. SCHUSTER. Then there is a huge amount of bad bridge being played. It is my impression that the conditions Mr. Webster pictures are not at all exaggerated.

MR. WEBSTER. They are the general rule. I play suburban bridge all the time. I know.

MR. LENZ. I agree that bridge ought to be played for the fun of it. That's why I play. If it helps me intellectually, all right. But aside from that, I think playing a good game of bridge helps to give a man confidence. It's like a prizefighter when he gets up and wins a big fight.

tions and things related to emotions, it is a very good case. Emotions transfer; intellectual abilities do not. You could make a good case in the matter of confidence, without any doubt. A man who will build up an emotional condition in himself, no matter what the origin of it is, will carry it over into all kinds of things. It isn't directed in the same way that intellectual activities are, because it hasn't any organized direction. It is a visceral reaction, a physiological reaction, and doesn't go the way these mental reactions do, just to particular things.



MR. PITKIN. Do you think the confidence a prizefighter has gives him confidence in getting up before an audience?

MR. CATHCART. It would half a minute after the fight.

MR. PITKIN. He would get up and hit somebody, maybe.

MR. LENZ. Take a man like Tunney. I imagine when he was in the army abroad he would rather die than address a crowd of people. But now he is a champion and he lectures on Shakespeare.

MR. MARTIN. Confidence is also the result of alcohol.

MR. LENZ. Yes, but the effect is not so clear and direct. And it is all over the next morning.

MR. PITKIN. In other words, it can't be transferred to sober actions.

MR. LEACH. Mr. Pitkin, I have been wondering about incentive. Can an incentive derived from exercising one set of reflexes, for example, be transferred to another set of reflexes? I sit down at bridge and I feel myself stimulated. A certain set of reflexes seem to be stimulated. I go out the next day and because of that stimulation I seem to incite my reflexes to react in a more vigorous and more varied way. I seem to be transferring something there.

MR. PITKIN. In my opinion, you are now coming to what Mr. Lenz could have made an almost winning argument in this discussion. If you are talking not about the transfer of intellectual abilities but the transfer of emo-

MR. SCHUSTER. Isn't that dangerous for the bridge side of the case, for the reason that for every person who wins there is one who loses?

MR. CATHCART. It isn't the confidence of winning; it is the confidence of thinking something out.

MR. PITKIN. It doesn't make any difference what you get it out of. If you get an emotional confidence, you carry it over.

MR. LEACH. If we get an emotional relaxation out of playing bridge, do we carry that over?

MR. PITKIN. Yes. But the trouble with all games in the United States is that people always take them seriously. They go into these blooming things as if they were business. They don't get any fun out of them.

MR. WEBSTER. They take bridge seriously all over the world.

MR. PITKIN. Then they are all lunatics. In this country it goes back to the fact that we spend the greater part of our waking hours at a hard drive until we get up a daily momentum. Instead of quitting, the way a Munich shopkeeper does, at three o'clock in the afternoon, after he has had two hours for tea, we plug on until five, some people until six, and some idiots later, and then we have to go through the motions of playing bridge or golf. We are just like a bunch of locomotives with an extra hundred pounds of steam on. It is largely emotional drive and habit, not the intellectual direction of the thing; it is the pure energy

side of it. We are just over-powered. Everything is wrecked.

MR. LEACH. Granted that some people play bridge as a relaxation, does relaxation help to develop the mind or behavior or reflexes?

MR. PITKIN. Behavior, yes. You bet it does. It certainly does. I don't see any argument there. If people get relaxation from bridge, it is good for them. In playing bridge, are you supposed to keep still and not talk?

MR. CATHCART. Except when the cards are being dealt. When you are bidding, you are not supposed to indulge in general conversation.



MR. PITKIN. That is good from the point of view of a man's day's work, if you can just make him shut up.

MR. CATHCART. Then bridge benefits the American public in general.

MR. PITKIN. As a public utility. As Mr. Lenz says, six million people are playing bridge and enjoy it and get relaxation from it; it is a public utility without any question and is probably a lot better than gas or electricity. But it is not a mind benefit at all.

MR. LENZ. Five million, nine hundred thousand of the other people think it is.

MR. PITKIN. We will let them rest in their delusion, just as a great many people who graduate from college think their minds have been greatly improved by going to college.

MR. CATHCART. That is a good thing too, I think.

MR. PITKIN. College?

MR. CATHCART. No, that a man comes out of college with that idea. You may want to kick him out of the office, but still I think he gets off to a better start in most cases than if he were afraid to lift a finger.

MR. MARTIN. It may be fine for him, but it is tough on the people who have to listen to him. Confidence gets rather boring for those who are not so sure they have the absolute truth by the tail. In fact, I advocate a little more modesty and a little less confidence for the public weal.

MR. LEACH. The question that interests me, quite apart from this discussion, is this: Is

bridge, by and large, helpful to American behavior?

MR. SCHUSTER. Almost like saying, is it generally desirable?

MR. LEACH. Yes. I feel that it has helped my behavior personally, but I do not feel that I have had it proved to me that it has helped my behavior more than other things I might have been doing. Perhaps the hours I have spent in bridge might have helped my behavior more if I had spent them in conversation.

MR. PITKIN. Do you want to raise the question point blank whether I think bridge is

more beneficial than conversation would be?

MR. LEACH. I raise that question.

MR. PITKIN. Conversation, I should say, would be vastly more beneficial, both in the sense of relaxation and the sense of possible profit; and the chief reason I should say so is that the variety of activities that can be carried on in conversation are infinite — you can touch anything that touches human life. I would say that there is not any game, no matter what it is, that can compare with the European type of intellectual conversation.

MR. CATHCART. But bridge is so much easier than that, so many more people can do it and will do it.

MR. PITKIN. I will grant you that most bridge players, if compelled to sit around and converse, would end by going right back to talking the day's business, or they would gossip about their neighbors and never really indulge in conversation. If bridge serves to keep them from back-stairs gossip and slander, I should say it is a very fine institution.

MR. MARTIN. What is the matter with back-stairs gossip and slander? I think they are very amusing. Besides, the few people who are equipped for intellectual conversation would not be playing bridge.

MR. WEBSTER. I'm not sure that we ought not to be playing bridge right now. At least that's the way this conversation is beginning to affect me.

MR. LENZ. An excellent idea, Mr. Webster.

There are just enough of us for two tables.  
(Mr. Pitkin rises.)

MR. LEACH. You're not going, Mr. Pitkin?

MR. CATHCART. We'll need you, Mr. Pitkin,  
to —

MR. PITKIN. I'm sorry, but as you know,  
I don't —

MR. LENZ. We'd be delighted to have you  
sit in as dummy.

MR. PITKIN. Gentlemen, you flatter me.  
But it happens that I have a very important  
engagement with a dear friend for — ah —  
dominoes. Most unfortunate coincidence. An-  
other time, perhaps.



# MODERN MARRIAGE

*by* JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY  
*and*  
DR. JAMES CARRUTHERS YOUNG

**I**T IS HARDLY necessary to insist upon the supreme importance of the relation between man and woman. Those of either sex who fail to achieve, or succeed in avoiding, an intimate relation with some individual of the other sex are felt to have missed their destiny. Biologically, their failure is obvious; they are eccentric to the scheme of nature. Psychologically, for the most part, they are themselves painfully aware of a hiatus in their humanity. The lives of men and women in whom the life-energy, diverted from its natural fulfillment, is sublimated into splendid mental achievement are too rare to be reckoned within the range of an average destiny.

For the vast majority of men and women, and for the race as a whole, the sex relation is the most profound of human experiences and the most urgent of human problems. The instinctive urge toward self-fulfillment, the primary and unanalyzable sexual impulse, is accompanied in an awakened consciousness by the hunger for an intimate companionship. The purpose of marriage is to satisfy them both. Yet how seldom is this purpose achieved! There *are* happy marriages, no doubt; but most people who are honest with themselves and

have insight enough to see beyond the familiar façade of married "bliss," will admit that happy marriages are uncommonly rare. The devoted mother has a trick, on closer inspection, of appearing much less devoted as a wife; and the doting husband is only too glad, in spite of his formal protests, to be kept in an office eight hours a day well out of reach of his wife's pretended enchantments. They rub along somehow, for the sake of the children, or for the sake of appearances. One of them dies, and the remaining one is worked into an ecstasy of regret which, in so far as it is real at all, is more often regret for a lost habit than a lost person. And another is added to the long list of happy marriages that will **not** bear examination.

There is plenty of "idealism" in the world still, in spite of the war of extermination waged against it by Ibsen and Nietzsche; and it is still the enemy. But the hoary fiction of the "happy marriage" is beginning to wear thin. Modern psychology is hastening the realization that even when the farce of the nominally happy marriage is played through to the end, and the curtain falls to the honorable applause of morality, the children have still to suffer for

it. Or, as Nietzsche put it,

The unresolved dissonances in the relation of the character and sentiments of the parents survive in the nature of the child and make up the history of its inner sufferings.

More and more Nietzsche's insight is justified by the findings of psychology. The patched-up solution of the problem of marriage in one generation is the prime source of the miseries of the next.

The need for a realistic attitude toward marriage in the world to-day is urgent. The reaction from the "idealistic" attitude of the past century is producing a simply cynical attitude toward it. Cynicism is not realistic; it is merely the reverse of a false idealism. In this essay we propose to make some sort of approach to a genuinely realistic or naturalistic attitude. We take it as proved by experience that a completely satisfying relation between man and woman is possible, and that a more conscious effort toward it is desirable, for the sake not merely of individuals, but of posterity.

Fundamental to a true marriage is complete biological fulfillment. Man and wife should have physical delight in each other. This is bed rock; and unless it is reached in marriage there is no possibility of constructing a durable and satisfying relation. Precisely because the spiritual side of the relation is all-important, it is necessary to realize that there is no chance for it to develop healthily unless the prime needs of physical fulfillment are met. But, in the process of falling in love in modern civilization, although the biological motive is actively at work (in the choice of the beautiful woman, for instance), its operation is complicated by other factors. There is an exploration, as by a sort of psychological antennæ, of temperamental affinity, before biological motive comes fully into play. The notion of temperamental affinity needs some examination.

On the whole, temperamental affinity is an affair of psychological likeness and difference. There must be a basis of community of thought and interest for intimate communication to be possible between lovers; but there must also be a pretty profound element of difference. Each to the other must be at once familiar and strange, companion and mystery. This element of mystery may be thought to be

provided by the sheer physical difference between the sexes; and no doubt, in most instances, there is the sexual mystery and nothing more. Such marriages lack staying power; when their sole mystery is revealed, the enchantment is at an end. But between more highly developed human beings more is required. For them the strangeness and allure-ment is not simply sexual, but consists no less in an awareness of the possibility of what may be called a psychological complementation. The predominantly rational man is intrigued by the intuitional and sensational capacities of a woman: where he is poor, she seems to him, and often is, rich. Conversely, the woman is attracted by the rational intelligence and



practical capacity of the man, which, straightforward enough though it may appear in description, is even more of a mystery to those who do not possess it than is the man capable of making repairs to a motor car to the man who can merely drive one.

Dr. Jung of Zurich, the most subtle and suggestive of the famous psychoanalysts, has attempted to organize this notion of psychological complementation. He would divide the ego, or psychological whole of the human being, into two elements, which he calls *persona* and *anima*. The *persona* is the attitude of the ego toward the outer world of objects, the *anima* the attitude toward inner experience. Thus, to take a simple and fairly familiar example, the practical man of business, who is intensely realistic in outer affairs, is often sentimental, even positively superstitious, in his inner life. His realistic *persona* and his sentimental *anima* are at loggerheads; but at the same time the relation between these two elements is roughly complementary. The inward man develops (though with an unhealthy luxuriance) what the outward man suppresses.

The healthy condition is one in which the outward and the inward man are in accord. But this is only achieved by a process of psychological integration — a real self-education into awareness of the nature and operations of both outward and inward man. Then,

instead of a blind process of extravagant compensation, there is a conscious harmony between the two elements; and with that the emergence of a genuine individual. But this creation of personality is seldom achieved by the time the selection of a life partner is in hand.

Although the complete harmony of the outward and inward man is an ideal seldom and slowly attained, the degrees of discrepancy between them are infinitely various. But as a general rule, the process of complementation in falling in love is a necessarily unconscious attempt to satisfy the unconscious and inward element. The more completely unconscious this element is — and consequently the more complete the severance between the outward and the inward attitude — the greater the danger to be apprehended from the effort of making them complementary. The uncontrolled, unhealthily luxuriant inward attitude, wholly beyond the subject's conscious cognizance, seeks satisfaction: the "masculine" man succumbs to the "feminine" woman. But neither is aware of the other's reality; on both sides the love is toward a romantic mirage.

Almost inevitably disillusion and discord are the result. The discord may be physical, as often in those idealistic and romantic marriages where the *homme moyen sensuel* luxuriates in the thought of the unsullied innocence and perfect purity of his beloved. He sees her not as a woman, but as a scarcely incarnate ideal; she him as a romantic *preux chevalier*. The honeymoon, in such instances, is often permanently disastrous. In the man there is sometimes sexual brutality, sometimes its



converse, impotence: in either case, a bruised sensibility on one side, and a profound disenchantment on the other.

Or, if the sexual initiation is passed without danger but without delight, the discord breaks out in the psychological realm. The woman, disappointed as a wife, diverts her tenderness to her children; the sex feeling that should flow toward the husband is diverted to them. The husband is starved of that recuperative warmth that only a woman can give, and even

if some scruples of convention hold him back from technical "infidelity," he is forever vaguely seeking the comfort denied him in the excitement of some mild affair. From this unnatural diversion of tenderness the children derive no benefit. On the contrary, it probably does more than any other single cause to unfit them for life. The son, enveloped in this morbid maternal tenderness, becomes incapable of contact with the world. He shrinks from the touch of reality, and his experiencing nature is starved. When the time comes for him also to choose his partner, he looks not for a real being but for some reflection of his mother; and the vicious process is perpetuated.

While, therefore, we may regard the impulse toward mutual complementation as mainly determining the marriage choice, we must distinguish clearly between the complementation that is, as it were, the salt of difference in a fundamental community, and the crude process by which an unconscious and therefore unhealthy inward attitude seeks satisfaction. In the latter cases — and they are legion — complementation is the sole ground of choice, instead of a constituent factor. What the man ought to achieve in himself, he seeks adventitiously to acquire. His unconscious aim is to make marriage a panacea for his own crudity. Strictly, his choice may be considered as a kind of neurotic compensation; and that, rather than the name "complementation" should be given to it.

The complementation of true marriage is no doubt sometimes achieved by instinct or happy accident; and not seldom a man and a woman, after romance and disillusion, do ultimately shake down together. These facts are the justification of those who contend for the sanctity of marriage. But that "shaking down" into married love is less frequent than they imagine or believe. It is a habit of mutual endurance rather than the felicity of mutual comfort into which many marriages shake down. On the whole, it seems that the chances of this felicity are fairly remote unless on one side at least — and that preferably the man's — some measure of self-knowledge and inward harmony has been achieved. Such a condition can come through experience alone; and for the ordinary run of men it is hard to imagine it coming before the age of thirty-five. Since the primary responsibility in the marriage relation

falls upon the man, we may be content to regard him alone. No doubt the ideal is a union between two fully conscious personalities; but in most cases the man is older than the woman, and if he himself has attained, or is in sight of, self-knowledge, he will be able to provide the nucleus for harmonious mutual development.

But if we cannot regard a man as ripe for marriage till thirty-five or thereabouts, it



follows that we badly need a change in social attitude toward "experimental" relations between men and women. Instead of being compelled to become hole-and-corner affairs, they should be recognized for what most honest men know they are — an essential part of education for marriage, or of education absolutely. And, of course, we need a still more complete liberation than we have yet achieved from the dogma of the indissolubility of marriage.

The traditional objections to such experimental relations between the sexes are two. The first is that they tend to promote a habit of sexual irresponsibility, a cynical promiscuity. The objection is based upon an illusion. The promiscuous type is promiscuous under any circumstances; he cannot be changed into something different. But there is no danger whatever of more sensitive men and women degenerating into promiscuity. Such men and women (strange though it may sound to conventional moralists) *want* to find their mates. The objection really proceeds from that profound mistrust of human nature which has been the worst legacy of organized Christianity. The time when men and women could be kept faithful by making it difficult for them to be unfaithful is already long past. We may as well accept the fact and recognize that a willing loyalty in marriage is the only loyalty worth having.

The objection to such unions, that they saddle young people with unwanted children, falls before modern methods of birth control. To say that birth control is an unnatural interference with the process of nature simply begs the whole question as to what "nature" is. A sane philosophy would regard the inven-

tions and discoveries of civilized man as no less a part of nature than the practices of the savage. They are natural extensions of human aptitudes. Unless we are to hold that ancient things are more natural than modern, and consequently that polygamy is more natural than monogamy, and promiscuity than either, we may as well get it into our heads that birth control is on its way to become as natural as wearing clothes.

It is eminently reasonable that men and women who live under modern conditions should seek to safeguard themselves against overwhelming offspring; it would be a relapse into barbarism if they did not. And to argue that such a safeguard, if desired, should be achieved by sexual abstinence is a most unnatural argument for "naturalists." It is very meet and right that a man and woman who have chosen to live together should take physical delight in each other for its own sake; it is preposterous and contrary to all experience that they should do so only for the sake of children to be. And it is entirely in accord with modern notions of civilization that children also should be wanted for their own sakes before they are conceived. There is no more danger that men and women will not want children than that they will not want each other.

No doubt the main objection to "experimental" relations between the sexes, and to the practice of birth control which makes them socially unobjectionable, is based on the belief that they degrade the sex relation and cheapen the mystery of marriage. But when it is brought to the test of experience, it is found that men and women who have indulged in "experimental" relations (in which commerce with a prostitute is not included) have, if anything, a truer ideal of marriage than those who have not; and they bring to marriage when they enter it, as they almost invariably do, a sense of realities which is often completely absent from the ordinary "romantic" marriage. They know what they do not want, they know what does not suffice them, and they have at least begun to learn what is possible and what impossible between a man and a woman.

It is indeed simply untrue that a greater freedom in "experimental" relations would cheapen marriage. On the contrary, it would help to make marriage more precious, more

satisfying, and more permanent. The dogma of original sin still warps our sense of psychological realities. The realities are, first, that men and women do, very ardently, desire to find a companion for life; and secondly, that under the present system of marrying for keeps at an early age, they are required to possess a degree of life experience, of self-knowledge, of knowledge of the possibilities and the difficulties of the sex relation, which they simply do not possess. Even the fundamental necessity of physical satisfaction, without which any marriage is bound to be essentially a failure, is a matter of mere chance. The romantic age simply will not believe that biological compatibility is a prime necessity of marriage. Romantic love and married love are different things. Romantic love may, with good fortune and unusual understanding, pass unbruised into the condition of married love; but the disasters on the path are more frequent than the successes.

We may take the risk of setting forth some conditions of a true marriage. First and foremost is the necessity of biological satisfaction on both sides. Second, there should be on both sides a conscious awareness of function. It is the man's business to lead in married life; and it is the woman's business to know and to demand that the man should lead. There are realities which a man knows better than a woman, and there are realities which a woman knows better than a man. The man is the adventurer in the world of objects, the woman has the knowledge of the inward world. Man is centrifugal, woman centripetal. Awareness of function thus passes into a knowledge of reciprocal indispensability, not merely in the economic but in the spiritual order — which is the third condition. A man should have learned that he cannot really be a man unless he has a woman to renew him, to give him courage, and to restore his faith; and a woman should have learned that she cannot be a woman without a man to give direction to the abundance of her vitality, and to insert design into her life.

Marriage is, above all, a creative relation. The time when its creativeness could be limited to the merely physical is past. The creation of children is good and as necessary as ever, but we have come to realize that physical creation must have its analogue on

a spiritual plane. Marriage is also the creation between two human beings of a new organic unity which transcends the individuals composing it; man and wife are not only one flesh, but one spirit. Between them should exist the pregnant polarity at the heart of a creative whole. The necessity of this spiritual creation imposes restrictions on physical creation; a harmony has to be found between the two kinds of creation.

It is not necessary, it is positively undesirable that a sensitive modern woman should become a mere childbearer; and it is simply obtuse to speak as though that were her "natural" destiny. The natural destiny of human beings is progressively revealed to us by the gradual discovery of their potentialities. What was "natural" in marriage even a century ago is highly unnatural to-day. We have now to recognize a condition of things in which the old wasteful method of childbearing is felt to be intolerable. Not a dozen children — of whom half at most survived, and the remaining half were variously unfitted or unprepared for life — is the ideal of marriage to-day; rather two or three children, physically excellent, who shall imbibe from the rich and harmonious life of their parents that spiritual sustenance which is as necessary to their ultimate well-being as any antirachitic vitamin, or as the warm sun itself.

In so far, therefore, as a true marriage relation can be achieved, with its progressive mutual enrichment of man and wife, the problem of the ensuing generation is simplified. By the honesty which men and women to-day bring to the marriage relation, their children will profit, "with advantages." They will have fewer difficulties to contend with when their time comes to choose their mates. In so far as their fathers and mothers were complete and creative in themselves, they will be spared the extremer forms of psychological disability. For it is not on the sex education of children, by which reformers of the rationalistic sort set so much store, that their future happiness depends; but on the sex education of their parents. Sex education of children in the narrow sense can safely be left to itself in homes where the sex relation between husband and wife is living and true. To such children the essentials of sex education come unconsciously; and that is the way they should come.

# SHOULD the Senate Ratify the Kellogg Treaty?

ON August 27 last, a solemn treaty renouncing war as an instrument of national policy was signed in Paris by Germany, the United States, Belgium, France, Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Union of South Africa, Irish Free State, India, Italy, Japan, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. This treaty, commonly known as the Kellogg Pact, must now be ratified by the Senate.

by **FRANK H. SIMONDS**

AT THE OUTSET of any discussion of the Kellogg Treaty, it is patently necessary to ask what it means. It has been described currently in the United States as a pact to outlaw war. Obviously, it is not this, in spite of the fact that the language of the document itself condemns recourse to war for the solution of international controversies and renounces war as an instrument of national policy. For those reservations and interpretations which the nations exchanged as preliminaries to the signing of the agreement, constitute parts of the pact and have equal force with the text of the pact itself, and these reservations formally exclude certain forms of war from its operations.

Thus, on Mr. Kellogg's own statement, wars waged in self-defense are recognized as legal. It follows, of course, that the power to determine when a war is made in self-defense rests exclusively with each sovereign state. In other words, all countries are free to resort to war whenever they believe themselves in danger.

Now it is only a short time since the world suffered from the greatest war in all human history. Laying aside all discussion of the origin and responsibility for that conflict, one may state as a simple fact that the point of departure was Germany's declaration of war on Russia. We have the subsequent justification of German policy by the Imperial Chancellor, in which he excused the invasion of Belgium. "Germany," he said, "was in a state of necessity." All the official evidence supplied from German sources agrees that Germany's declara-

tion of war was the result of a conviction that Germany was about to be attacked by Russia and France, and that her very existence depended upon her ability to crush one enemy before the other arrived on the field. This is what the German Government said; it is what the German people believed; and, for the purposes of discussing the Kellogg Treaty, it suffices. Had the Kellogg Treaty been in existence in July, 1914, it could not have contributed to prevent the World War, because the declaration of the German Government that it was acting in self-defense would have satisfied its requirements.

There is, however, another form of war more frequent than a general conflagration. This is what is commonly described as a colonial war. In interpreting the Kellogg Treaty for Great Britain, Sir Austen Chamberlain made specific reservations excluding such wars from the operation of the treaty. Great Britain could then make war upon Egypt, for example, and, under the Kellogg Treaty, justify her action by the simple statement that Egypt was one of the regions in which Britain was "specially interested" and was therefore covered by reservation. And of course France could explain such campaigns as those in Morocco and Syria in similar fashion. Anything we have done in Latin America would be equally privileged.

Thus, while the signatories of the Kellogg Pact commit themselves to a renunciation of war in general, all remain free to declare and wage war under any conditions that are likely

to occur. All the wars of our time would have been "privileged," to use a legal term, under the Kellogg Pact.

But there is another criticism of the Kellogg Treaty which is far more serious than the mere allegation that it is meaningless. This is the indictment, made by the *Manchester Guardian*, which calls attention to the fact that under the provisions of the Covenant of the League of Nations and the practices accepted by the member nations, a country — even when it believes itself in danger, and is therefore permitted by the Kellogg Treaty to defend itself — must first notify the League and await its action. This is, perhaps, a relatively slight safeguard, but it is infinitely precious. It provides a period of delay. The nation feeling itself in peril does not "tell the world" that it is at war; it informs the League that it is likely to go to war unless something is done about it.

The effect of the Kellogg Treaty, if it stood alone, would be to demolish this safeguard. It does not actually do it because those nations belonging to the League, which have signed the Kellogg Treaty, have also reserved their League obligations. They remain bound, therefore, to notify the League. Since we are not members of the League, however, we never were bound by that obligation. Thus the actual situation remains unchanged; but it is none the less regrettable that an American proposal purporting to outlaw war should, in fact, strike at the single barrier to conflict, the sole post-war agreement, which, had it existed in 1914, might have prevented the catastrophe.

In the face of such criticisms the friends of the Kellogg Treaty urge that it should be ratified for two reasons, one positive and the other negative. They assert, first, that although the technical value of the compact may be slight, its moral worth is very great. They affirm that this new public and solemn declaration by the responsible statesmen of all countries must have a real moral value as a deterrent of war. While it may be easy to exaggerate this value, obviously it exists.

Again, the champions of the treaty declare that because we proposed it, because it bears the name of the American Secretary of State, and in view of all the circumstances attending the negotiation and signing, its rejection by the Senate would not only put the country in an absurd position before the world, but would



also convince European statesmen of the futility of making contracts with the United States. Finally, they insist that it would expose us to a vast and deserved storm of criticism on the other side of the Atlantic. Here, too, it is easy to exaggerate the importance of this consideration, though one must grant that it carries weight.

It would be simple enough to justify ratification of the treaty on moral grounds, if there were no other objections. But there *are* other objections. After all, a treaty is no more than a contract; it imposes certain obligations upon those who sign. In civil life there is always a court to interpret the meaning of a contract if a dispute arises; but with a treaty no court has jurisdiction and each signatory state is left to make its own interpretation.

Now it is clear what the American people assume the meaning of the Kellogg Treaty to be. They hold that it is a formal renunciation of war and that it obligates the United States, like all other signatory nations, neither to plan nor to pick a fight. It is not a positive commitment, but a negative engagement. On the other hand, it is not less manifest that Europe holds a far different view. In Europe the fact of a treaty is invariably more important than the phrases in which it is couched. When Albania and Italy signed a treaty of friendship a few weeks ago, all Europe at once and by common agreement interpreted that treaty as an undertaking to fight Yugoslavia under certain circumstances. When Yugoslavia and France quickly executed a similar treaty, Europe saw in this action the disclosure of a purpose to fight back, under the same circumstances. But the treaties were innocent and utterly harmless declarations of benevolent intentions.

Europe has placed its own interpretation upon the Kellogg Treaty. Sir Austen Chamberlain somewhat guardedly disclosed this when he said that the value of the treaty depended upon the extent to which we "backed" it. He did not mean the extent to which we refrained from making war an instrument of our national policy. What he actually meant was the extent to which we would be prepared to go to enforce the treaty. Both in France and in Great Britain it was generally believed that our signing of the treaty was evidence enough that we were prepared to go a long way. Otherwise, the treaty was practically meaningless to the European mind.

In contrast with the United States, Europe takes little stock in moral declarations which are unaccompanied by police provisions. This is clearly indicated by the elaborate system of amendments proffered at Geneva in September by M. Politis and designed to "perfect" the Kellogg Pact by putting teeth in it. The European notion of the way to insure peace is to provide a system of force—military and economic—sufficient to overawe any intending aggressor, or, at worst, to crush him. Accordingly, the Kellogg Treaty gives the impression abroad that we have at last come over to the European view.

In answer to this, it may of course be said that since we are interested in peace, we should be prepared to aid in maintaining it. But in practice this is not so simple. For example, if the Austrian and German people should tomorrow decide to unite, this would technically constitute an aggression—it would be a deliberate violation of the Treaty of Versailles, which is the public law in Europe. Czechoslovakia, Poland, and France would most cer-



tainly notify Geneva that they were endangered. Legally, Geneva could not fail to hold the Austro-German action an aggression, nor refuse to license France and her allies to take up arms to resist it. This would mean war—pronounced legal by Geneva because France and her allies had declared it necessary in self-defense. All League members would then be bound to act. In practice, probably the most that would actually be done would be to proclaim an economic and financial boycott and a naval blockade. And we should be expected to respect the blockade and refrain from lending Germany money or selling her supplies.

In such an event, the United States would probably declare that the Kellogg Treaty imposed no such obligation and that it would accept no such interpretation. Obviously, we should then escape all participation in such a purely European affair. But we should be exposed to denunciation by all interested states for having gone back on our treaty and having set our material interests above our moral obligations. Nothing on earth could prevent such an outburst. And within limits, we should deserve it. We should deserve it because we know to-day exactly what Europe interprets our signing of the treaty to mean. In the face of such knowledge, merely to hold our tongues, ratify the treaty, and leave it for Europe to find out the extent of its miscalculation at the moment of crisis would be to adopt a course hardly to be defended.

It is for this reason that I am opposed to the ratification of the Kellogg Treaty, precisely as I am opposed to unconditional adherence to the Covenant of the League of Nations. On the other hand, I do not believe it is necessary for the Senate to reject the treaty outright, provided its proponents will accept a reservation clearly stating that the United States does not understand the treaty to carry with it any obligation of enforcement. Such a reservation will automatically and completely give notice to Europe. The moral value of the treaty will remain; its practical dangers will disappear.

In sum, then, I take the position toward Mr. Kellogg's treaty that he took toward Woodrow Wilson's—I am a "mild" reservationist. I would preserve the American part of the treaty, which was what we meant; I would scrap the European part, which is what Europe would like to make it mean without our consent.

# REMBRANDT-

## greatly reduced



Drawings by Julian de Miskey

by JOHN OGDEN WHEDON

THERE ARE TWO things for which I would commit murder — a Cadillac and a Rembrandt. I shall probably never get the Cadillac, and I *thought* I should never get the Rembrandt. There was Bowser, for instance, who is frightfully rich and not only keeps a Cadillac but Russian wolfhounds and a chiropodist, and even *he* did not own a Rembrandt. But recently there were accounts in the papers of his returning from Europe with one. We were friends, so I rushed right over.

"Where is it?" I asked, all out of breath.

"Where is what?"

"The Rembrandt!"

"What Rembrandt?"

"The one you bought."

"Oh, so I did. Why, it's around here somewhere." He rang for the butler. "McCloskey, where did I put that Rembrandt?"

Of course he knew very well that it was hanging in the library, wired up to a burglar alarm for protection. We went in to look at it. It was all that a Rembrandt ought to be; much too beautiful for a man like Bowser, I thought, though of course Bowser is a *very* good friend of mine. I wanted it terribly. Only innate good breeding prevented me from knocking Bowser over the head and running off with it.

"Gee it's wonderful!" I said.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Just a trifle. But the wife likes it."

"I suppose a thing like that costs a fortune," I sighed. I was only a journalist.

"Naw," he said, "I picked that up in Paris for a song."

I gaped. "For a *song*?"

"Absolutely."

"Oh go on! You can't get Rembrandts for a song."

"I did, I tell you."

Rembrandts to be had for a song! Where had I been all my life? If Bowser could get a Rembrandt for a song . . . why, I *knew* I could sing as well as Bowser — better. Back home I once did a solo for the Dutch Reformed Church.

I excused myself as quickly as possible and hurried out in search of a taxi. Down at the Anderson Galleries there was a Rembrandt that I had had my eye on for years: "Portrait of a Man" it was called. It was a picture of a man. I used to stand in front of it and wish and wish, and think how nice it would be to build a house around that picture, and how it was a shame I couldn't, and how there is no justice in this world — or anyway, not much — particularly where Rembrandts are concerned.

Huh! All the time I might have had it for a song.

I found a taxi. Fortunately it occurred to me to stop at home for my guitar on the way. As we set off for the Anderson Galleries I tuned it up, strummed a few chords, and tried my voice on a scale. At this the idiot taxi driver pulled over to the curb, but I shouted at him to keep on and lose no time, lest Reinald Werrenrath or Marian Talley should hear of the bargain Rembrandt before I got there.

We arrived in short order and I tumbled out with my instrument, all excited and puffing.

"Where is Mr. Anderson?" I demanded of the attendant. He looked at me rather dubiously.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, pointing to the guitar in its green case, "but you can't bring that in here, sir. We have orders not to allow any dogs, velocipedes, base drummers —"

I waved him off scornfully.

"Begone," I commanded. "Get Mr. Anderson. Bring him here. Tell him I have come for the Rembrandt."

"Well it ain't regular," he said, but he went.

At this point there arose the question of what song I should approach Mr. Anderson with when he arrived. I am really at my best in the "Messiah," but that needs organ accompaniment. And "The Bells of Saint Mary's" depends upon chimes for its effect. Something with a touch of pathos, I thought, that would make Mr. Anderson think of home and mother — and forget the current quotation on Rembrandts.

I was still taking inventory of my repertoire when he arrived in a cutaway and a *boutonnière*.

"Something you, ah — ?" he asked politely.

"The Rembrandt."

"Ah yes. But first, don't you wish to leave your cello with the *attaché*? One finds them so, ah —"

I said that I would rather not. He pressed me. Really, I said, I never went anywhere without it. He insisted politely. I explained that it was an invaluable Stradivarius and that I could not let it out of my sight. That seemed to satisfy him.

"These treasures —" he said, with a gesture that indicated that the rest of the sentence would take care of itself.

When we stood before the painting (And what a painting! They knew how to make paintings in those days) he began to give me a history of it. But I cut him short. I was nerv-

ous, expecting at any moment to see the whole Metropolitan Opera company pop out from behind a tapestry. (Of course it did not occur to me then that one tapestry would be insufficient to upholster a single opera singer, let alone a whole company.)

"Wrap it up," I said, "I'll take it with me."

He looked rather surprised.

"About the price —"

"Oh that's all right about the price," I replied, and deftly unfurling the guitar and striking a chord, I swung into the opening bars of "Santa Lucia." Mr. Anderson stood there with his mouth open in astonishment, vainly trying to protest, but my resonant bass drowned him out. I must say that I handled it well. I've held whole congregations spellbound with that bass, so of course it was no trick at all to subdue Mr. Anderson. I soon had him where I wanted him; by the time I had finished, he was sobbing softly. To clinch the deal, I threw in an encore.

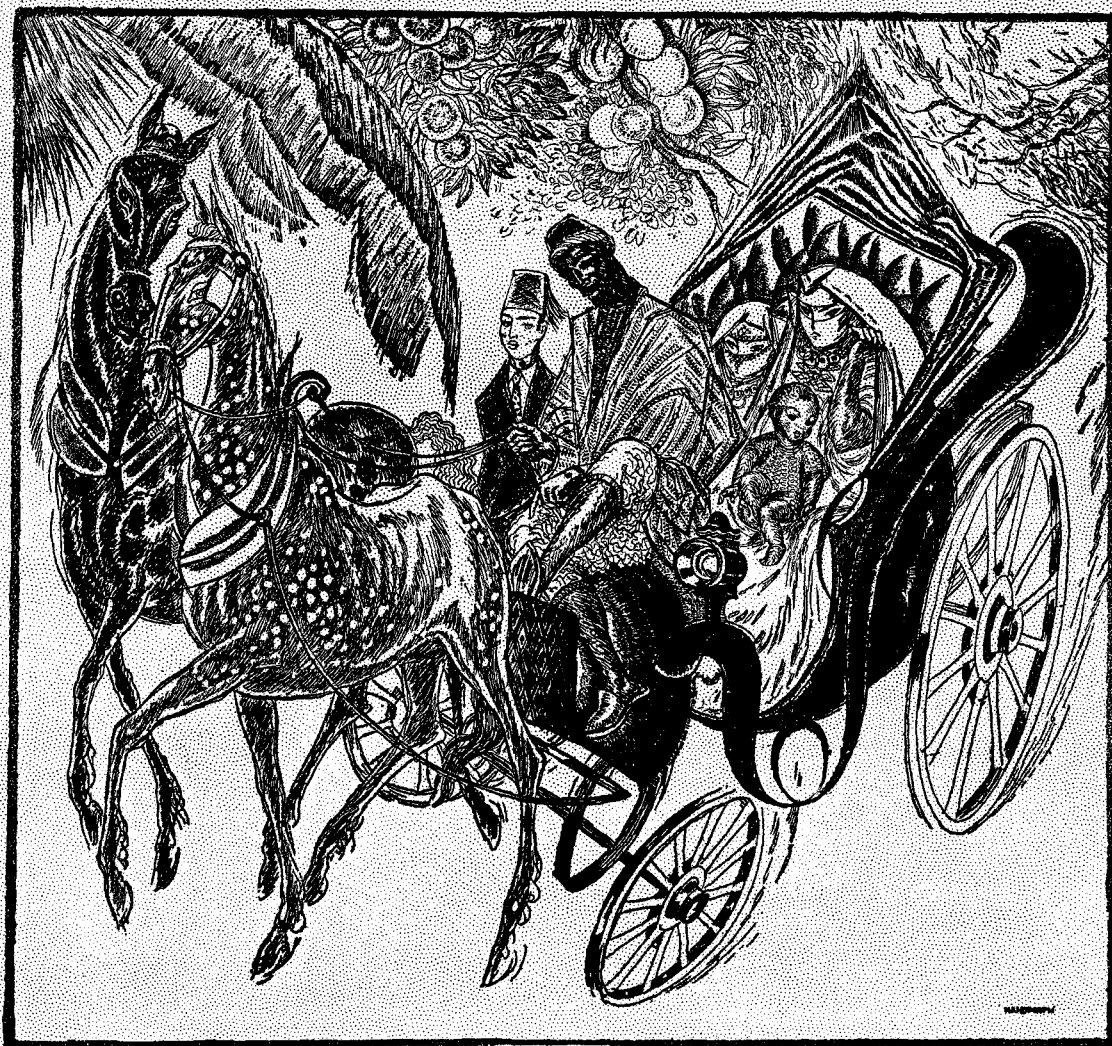
"Well, is it mine?" I asked.

Though he was still drying his tears, his sales instinct evidently began to get the better of his musical appreciation. We haggled back and forth for several minutes and could only reach a deadlock. He was sniffing, but he was obstinate. Finally, in desperation, I threw out my chest and broke into "Asleep in the Deep." That did it.

"No, no, not that!" he cried. "It's yours."

I went home with the Rembrandt under my arm. I am still paying for it, however, on the installment plan. The agreement was that I should leave the guitar with Mr. Anderson and every Wednesday evening I go to his home to give him lessons. When he has learned enough simple chords to get him through "Santa Lucia," he is going to Europe in search of more Rembrandts.



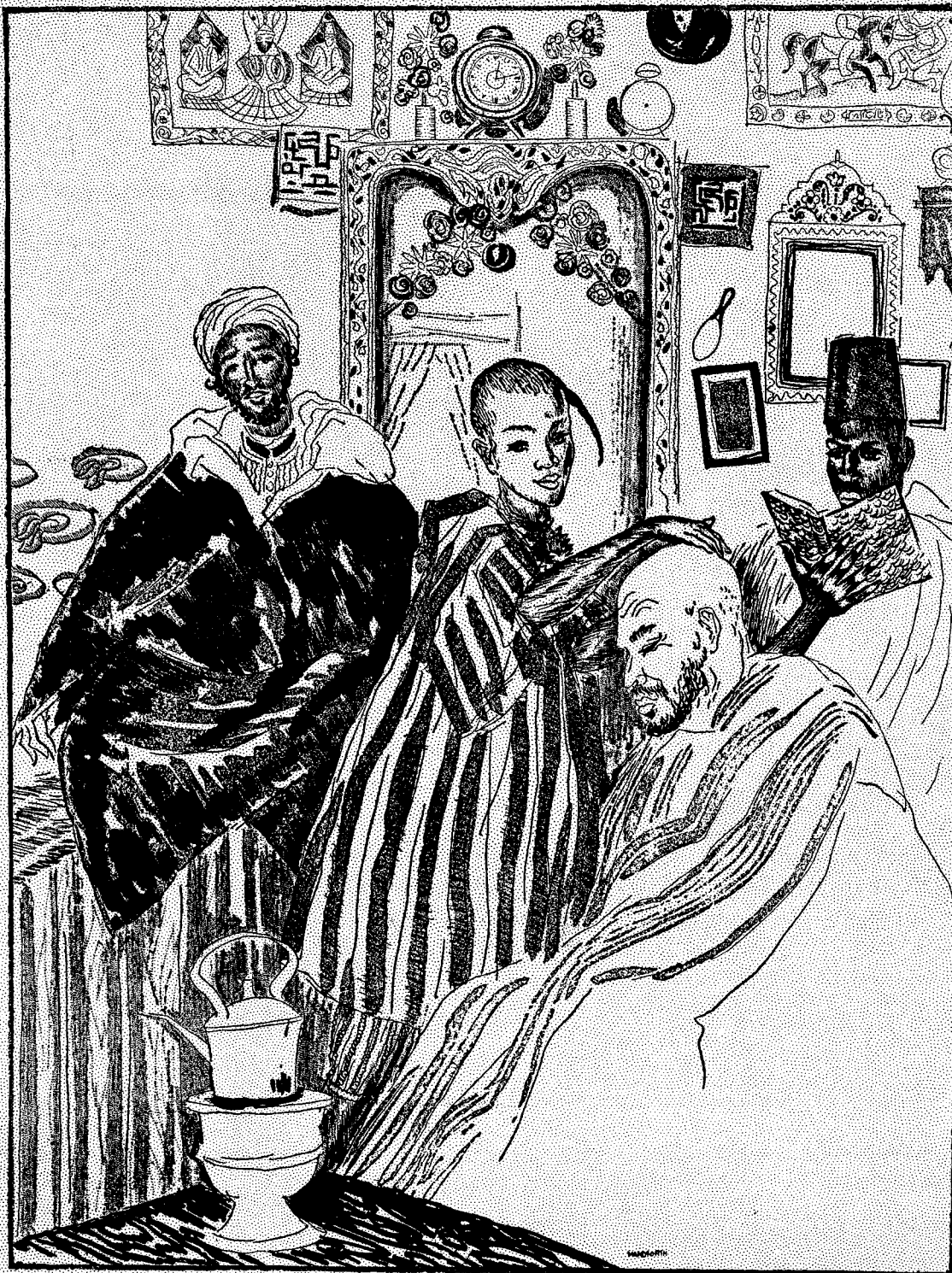


# Highlife in MOROCCO

by

**THOMAS HANDFORTH**

**T**HESE delicately satiric etchings by Thomas Handforth, whose North African arabesques have appeared before in THE FORUM, suggest the luxuriant color of Morocco, and the half insolent languor of native Moroccan aristocracy.



 BARBER-SHOP in Morocco is, it seems, a place of drowsy pleasures. Soothed by the drone of a reader's voice and the touch of obsequious hands, the Moroccan gentleman can nod in indolent contentment.

# Has DEMOCRACY Broken down?

## A DEBATE

THE war that was to make the world safe for Democracy has been followed in Europe by unmistakable signs of the breakdown of democratic government. The strong dictatorships which have arisen in Italy, Spain, Poland, Russia, and Turkey are outward expressions of a general disillusionment. In America, although an unprecedented prosperity has tempered the force of criticism, an increasing tendency has shown itself to view democratic government as "a complex, distant, irresponsible, and disappointing business." Years ago, Lord Bryce pointed out that the weak spots in the American system were the administrations of our cities. In the accompanying article Professor Will Durant expresses more than a merely personal opinion when he says that these weak spots have now become centres of virulent infection, indicating that Democracy's goodly apple is rotten at the core. To this indictment the Mayors of all cities having a population of 100,000 or more were invited to reply, and the best of their answers are published herewith.

### I

## *The Reign of Mediocrity*

by WILL DURANT

TO THE MAYORS OF AMERICA:

Let us not debate; let us rather consider the matter together. One who has never faced the difficulties of practical administration feels a certain diffidence in presuming to discuss the problems of democracy with officials who bear the brunt of those problems daily, and who face in no merely theoretical way the chaos and crime that perpetually besiege all social order. And yet who knows but that your wide experience of political realities has brought you to the same conclusions that force themselves upon the impartial, though academic, observer? Perhaps we can agree at the outset that the recognition of things as they are is the first step in remaking them into what they might be. It may be our common resolve to know the worst and believe the best, to take our knowledge from the realists and our purposes from the idealists; to find through the maze of fact and possibility some road to that more perfect state which lies like a seed in all imperfect things.

Every form of government has been tried,

and every form has failed; for men do not like to be ruled. It is possible, as Gibbon and Renan believed, that the reigns of Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius are "the only period of history in which the happiness of a great people was the sole object of government"; and that "if a man were called to fix the period during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus."

But monarchy is good only when the monarch is at once a genius and a gentleman. If one may judge from history, he is much more likely to be an idiot. Rome paid for Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines with Caligula, Claudius, Nero, and Commodus. Aristocracy is good when a people is so primitive in mind and order that it can be ruled and raised only by fear and imitation; but aristocracy never for long avoids the pitfalls of class legislation and an obstinate obstructiveness to economic

or social change. Let us, then, agree on this too: that whatever the evils and errors of democracy may be, it is far better for us than a reversion to older forms of misrule. We need not yet regret the democratic experiment, nor the revolutionary convulsions in which it had its birth. It is not a question of abandoning democracy, but of healing and preserving it. To do that we must diagnose its sickness candidly, and be ready for even the most heroic cures.

That it is considerably indisposed is evident in an increasing proportion of our American cities and states. A recent Governor of Indiana has spent a term at Atlanta. The Governor of Illinois thrives on accusations. The Governor of Oklahoma is charged with "moral turpitude" — as if that were a novelty in politicians. The former Governor of Pennsylvania is out of office because he was not only a man of great ability, but, as even a detective agreed, he "was known to be on the level." It is being demonstrated that Philadelphia suffers from domination by a political machine so corrupt that even other politicians cannot bear its odor; that Boston is no longer ruled by Ph.D.'s; that Kansas City and St. Louis are in the hands of "The Organization"; that Pittsburgh is part of the United States' Treasury; and that the most popular mayor west of the Hudson River has not learned of the termination of the Revolutionary War.

These discourteous rumors are here repeated without intentional offense. Every city has a right to its own choice in these matters, and of tastes there is no disputing. Doubtless the gentlemen who rule these municipalities are as honest and capable as may be compatible with their reelection. But the impression has gone about the country that our cities, with certain honorable exceptions, are ruled by inferior and sometimes half-illiterate men, whose shining virtues are neither knowledge, nor integrity, nor statesmanship, but fidelity and gratitude — fidelity to present instructions, and gratitude for nominations to come.

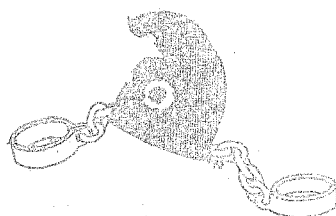
An institution is called a failure when it misses and defeats its original objective and offers no compensatory achievement by way of incidental and unpremeditated result. The intended purpose of democracy was to confer political sovereignty upon the

people, to give them the right and power to choose and remove their rulers, and to determine for themselves the vital issues of their lives. To believe that the people of America now choose (*i.e.*, nominate) their rulers, or determine issues like tariff walls, or agricultural relief, or war and peace, or Nicaraguan elections, is to establish one's mental virginity beyond even Cæsar's suspicion.

And yet, if democracy, failing to give sovereignty to the people, had given it to ability, intelligence, and honor; if it had missed its primary purpose only to attain a greater one: how gladly, then, would all its sins have been forgiven! But alas, there never was, in the annals of states, nor even in the history of political theory, any form of government so hostile to genius as democracy. The most obvious scandal in the world is the democratic disqualification of ability. The first principle of American politics is that mediocrity is an open sesame to public office, and that exceptional education or capacity are undesirable in elected persons.

How did it come about that democracy, aiming at popular sovereignty, has produced only the sovereignty of politicians? It is a long and dreary story, often told by bitter tongue and pen. There would be no pleasure in telling it again, for the decay of democracy is the blighting of our dearest hopes; and if we recapitulate the tale briefly here, it is with the traditional pain of the father chastising his child.

Democracy arose out of equality — between the falling aristocracy and the rising middle class. It began to die when equality disappeared — between the enthroned middle class and the "people." Once land in America was free and could be had for the taking. Then it was that men standing and living on their own soil, economically sovereign because they produced all that they ate or wore, made the Democratic party deserving of its name, and elected to the Presidency a scholar, an artist, and a gentleman by the name of Thomas Jefferson, who was as orthodox as Tom Paine, and as conservative as one might be who believed in a revolution or two in every generation. Judge the likelihood of such a man finding his way to the Presidency in these enlightened days.



Free land went, and with it freedom. Men found their fields mortgaged and their roads to markets and supplies controlled to the point where ownership of the soil became a bitter snare. They crowded into cities, labored with tools too costly for them to own, and lost that individuality of trade and character which had once made the obstreperous Yankee type. Or they came from nations without democratic traditions, were herded into factories and slums when they thought they were stepping into Paradise, and learned (except for a brilliant minority) only so much of letters as enabled them to be properly manipulated and misled. As natural inequalities multiplied with the growing complexity of industrial life, economic equality disappeared and political equality became a sham. Polling booths became a sham-ble, where unorganized majorities were divided and slaughtered to make a political holiday.

Democracy had come to America out of English practice (not out of French theory) and from a background of Anglo-Saxon pugnacity and independence; its roots went back for half a millennium into the English past. But we of the later immigration came for the greater part from regions accustomed to monarchical or feudal rule. We were too poor to make imperious demands, and too numerous to know our own mind, or to have one. Our very heterogeneity left us helpless. We were gathered like flocks into the "machines"; and our one great virtue — our number — was transformed with magic ease into vast majorities for any man or any purpose pleasing to those remote and shy economic deities who from their lofty distance moved the pieces in the great American game. The "masses" have destroyed democracy.

It was this abundance of pliable material that encouraged and developed the "machine" to its present eminence in our national life. A special variety of person had to be invented whose skill would suffice to maintain the delusions of popular government while carrying on the necessities of minority rule. A type of lawyer arose who filled this need, and the American politician was born. The art of the politician was simple enough. It was his task to organize a group of voters as a club, or an esoteric organization ("The Boys"); to provide them with pool rooms, meeting rooms, outings, badges, and catch words; to keep them happy between campaigns; and then, at primary or

election time, to pass down among them the name of the candidate who must be nominated or elected.

"The Boys" found this last obedience an easy price to pay for their conveniences and their expectations. Indeed, most of the work of organization could be left to young lawyers who labored without pay, nourished with the hope of sinecures to come. Five per cent of the electorate, in any city, sufficed to determine an election or a primary. The people at large could be trusted to divide their votes with approximate equality between the major candidates, and so to cancel themselves into zero; the organized minority, putting all its ballots behind one man, dictated the result as easily as if the people had stayed at home.

UNDER THESE circumstances, voting is superfluous and is carried on largely to grease the grooves of social control by establishing in the minds of the people the notion that the laws are made by themselves. It is in this psychological lubrication that democracy excels other forms of government. In democracies, said Montesquieu, taxes may be greater than elsewhere without arousing resistance, because every citizen looks upon them as a tribute which he pays to himself. *L'état c'est lui*; he is the state, and the President is his servant. Tickle a man's pride and you can do anything with him. It is just possible that the game has now been carried too far, and that a dangerously large proportion of the electorate has become conscious of the farce. Despite magnificent organizations created to teach or coax or compel the people to vote, over half of the qualified voters avoid the polls at any but the most extraordinary election. At the recent Presidential election — assuredly to be classed as one of the most extraordinary — it was a matter for public comment and rejoicing that forty-three million people, out of a total population of more than one hundred and ten million, were public-spirited enough to register. The great quadrennial circus (*birram et circenses*) is breaking down.

Since the machine is, in these premises, omnipotent, it selects its candidates solely with regard to their qualifications to serve the machine and the secret masters of the machine; for every "boss" has his "boss" *ad infinitum*.

Party organization, machine organization, is expensive; some one has to pay for it, and the people do not; those who pay exact a legitimate return. Sometimes the return is legislation; sometimes it is the repeal of legislation; very often it is the nomination of sterilized candidates, guaranteed not to injure. Each party and each machine represents an organized minority; whoever wins, the majority is sure to lose. All politics is the rivalry of organized minorities; the majority is too unorganized, occupied, scattered, contradictory, and forgetful to accomplish anything. The voters are bleacher athletes who cheer the victors and throw bottles at the defeated, but have no other part in determining the result.

If any honest mind doubts the justice of this genial analysis, let him go down to Washington and sit in the galleries of Congress. There shall he see the assembled élite of the country gathered for his leisurely study and observation. They make speeches whose nobility and eloquence are equaled only by their length. Everybody listens except the other Congressmen; for, as old hands at this business, they know that speeches count for nothing here; that what is needed is not eloquence but knowledge; and not political knowledge but economic knowledge — knowledge of the problems that confront the organized minorities of the nation in agriculture, mining, transport, industry, labor, commerce, and finance.

And these men were not selected for such knowledge, or for any other ability except political ability, in the American sense — as the art of getting and keeping office until death makes them part. They are helpless now that they face the real problems of a modern government. They take refuge in oratory, or they bury themselves in the latest newspaper, while outside forces determine how they shall vote. There at the centre of America he who has eyes may see the breakdown of democracy and mourn the failure of the great experiment.

YES, GENTLEMEN, I know what you will tell me. That these faults of democracy are due to the imperfect education of our people, and that we must patiently wait and labor for their mental development. But I have waited considerably, and educated as many as would let me, and I find that people get born and

grow up and die faster than I can educate them. The birth rate plays the very devil with the educator; for those who come to him think that wisdom means sterility, while those who have little schooling prove that of making children there is no end. The birth rate of ignorance outruns the propagation of intelligence. Every little liberal reproduces conservatively, and every poor conservative reproduces liberally. This is the secret of the periodical setback of the liberals.

Perhaps some day education will lift the people to the point where they will not tolerate third-rate government. But until then?

I know of no way of saving democracy except to put upon candidates a restriction, not merely of age and residence, but of training. Do you require a lifetime of preparation from those who are to deal with your physical ills, and even pass laws against the prescription of medicines by persons unarmed with medical degrees? Very well. Let us say that a hundred million or a hundred thousand people are as important as our single selves. Let us require of those who would rule our cities or our states or our country that they shall have devoted themselves as assiduously to learning the art and science of *administration* (which differs from politics) as men must now devote themselves to learning medicine and law. And then, let every person *so prepared* be eligible for election *without any nomination*. It is at the point of nominations that our corruption centers and our politicians breed. Let our choice be no longer confined to A and B, who both belong to X; let it range freely among a hundred candidates, all so well prepared that even our animal pets might vote without being able to elect an incompetent man. God knows that in the present condition of the birth rate we need a foolproof democracy.

You say that this substitutes theoretical training for experience. Very well. Let higher offices be open only to those who have served two terms in an office of the next lower rank. You say that we need character as well as training. I answer that shysters and charlatans would not undertake so arduous a preparation, or would fall by the wayside. You say that the plan is undemocratic because it restricts office. It is; it is an attempt to combine aristocracy in government with democracy in choice.

And let no man pretend that our present

narrow choice between two evils is real democracy. Let those who love democracy establish equality of educational opportunity. Let democracy mean the equal chance of all to make themselves *fit* to hold office. Let every city establish municipal scholarships for the higher education of the brilliant children of the poor. Let every road to preparation be open, and every road to office closed except to the prepared. We have suffered long enough.

Gentlemen, I know your difficulties and respect your purposes. But would you make your cities still greater and more beautiful than they are? Would you make them live in history with Lorenzo's Florence and Julius's Rome and the Athens of Pericles? Then call to your aid the great men and women of your city. It is rich in unexploited genius, rich in

great executives, great engineers, great architects, great teachers, great philanthropists. They are such men and women as would be glad to give you part of their time without other remuneration than the honor of serving their city. Bring them together in a great Advisory Council; ask them to take thought about poverty, ugliness, and ignorance; to propose plans for the spread of health and cleanliness and knowledge and beauty.

Mobilize and organize the intelligence that lies about you so scattered and unused. Give it a spacious hall for conference. Encourage it to lead us toward what we might be. Then all barriers of party will melt away; every one of your fellow townsmen will support you; and as long as your city remains, your administration will be honored in the memory of your country.

## II

# ***Experiments in Trial and Error***

**by THE MAYORS OF AMERICA**



## **MILWAUKEE**

WILL DURANT's indictment of our American democracy is correct. The dangers he points to are real. But the remedy suggested is a joke: he has demonstrated its futility. Since Colonial days this country has undergone a dangerous economic revolution. Now nothing short of an orderly political revolution will save us.

Since those early days the wealth of this nation — and with it, the ownership of the means of production and distribution — have been passing into the hands of a few at a rate that is incomprehensible. The resultant masters of finance and industry, in pursuance of their programme of trustification, have learned

the necessity of owning the government in order to expedite their endeavors. They have used both the Democratic and Republican parties as mere tools to accomplish their purposes. No one can deny that during the past thirty-five years the candidate for President who has had the largest campaign fund has always been elected.

To meet this onslaught against democracy by establishing colleges to educate more experienced public officials is nonsensical, to say the least. Nothing short of a political revolution can prevent corruption, promote decent and efficient government, and make it truly representative of the common citizens. But when we look about, we find that the great mass of producers whose self-interest demands clean, efficient, and responsive government is not now represented as an organized group.

Recognizing this, in Milwaukee the workingmen and the middle classes — which, after all, are the producing elements — organized a po-

litical party called the Socialist party. They have agreed upon and promoted a programme which, in brief, demands decency in government; the elimination of corruption; the taking of the dollar sign from government and the placing of Service in its stead; a plan for municipal ownership; and such relief measures for the producers as are compatible with common sense. Space will not allow a detailed list of accomplishments, but I am prepared to debate anyone familiar with municipal government that this is the best-governed large city in the United States. Our city government is furnishing every municipal service at a saving of from twenty to fifty per cent less than any private corporation could furnish the same for. That our people here have learned to respect their local government is proved by the fact that Milwaukee has less crime, of whatsoever nature, than any large city in this country.

I do not claim that a political party representing the producers must be denominated "Socialist." I do assert, however, that it is absolutely necessary that there shall be organized a political party of the producers whose pocketbooks are not at war with their patriotism. It is they who are most interested in a square deal from democracy, and until they are effectively organized, the same grind of inefficiency, corruption — yes, crime — will proceed. What has been done in Milwaukee can be accomplished anywhere. But it can be accomplished on a general scale only by a political party of the producers.

*Daniel W. Hoan*  
Mayor



## SALT LAKE CITY

**D**EMOCRACY, MR. DURANT CONCEDES, has been offered to the people. He claims they have refused it. My observation and study would indicate that this is not true. Not every voter is a deep student of government, but he knows whether he approves of current policies with regard to the water supply, public safety, or the streets. Then the press informs him of every

sin of commission or omission. A dishonest executive or employee is discovered and punished. I think the public is discriminating, even exacting.

This city has the direct primary. The only requirement for nomination is that one hundred qualified voters sign a petition for candidacy. Then there is the final contest for those who qualify. Machines? I may say without fear of contradiction that I was elected without making a single promise to anyone except that I would uphold the law.

Finally, Mr. Durant mentions the usefulness of professional and business leaders in advisory capacity. It is the policy of the writer to hear their views and utilize their services. Our Zoning Commission and Board of Appeals have rendered outstanding service and are functioning well. Our other boards are filled with such men as Mr. Durant describes.

*Geo. F. Zimmerman*  
Mayor



## TOLEDO

**D**R. DURANT HAS MADE a very clear and concise exposition of the faults of government as they exist in many of the large cities in the country. Many of his statements are descriptive of local political history to a very marked degree. His opinion that "the first principle of American politics is that mediocrity is an open sesame to public office, and that exceptional education or capacity are undesirable in elected persons" has been proved time and time again in this city. The election of a high type of citizen to public office is an exception.

The ease — or "magic ease," as Mr. Durant calls it — with which political machines govern a city is an indictment of democratic government. The methods employed by the local political machines in past years are the same as those outlined in general by Mr. Durant. A pliable body politic, uninterested in government from day to day, influenced by animal instincts and emotions, is the foundation for the

success of the machine, organized as it is so that on election day it dictates the results as easily as if the people had stayed at home. Working three hundred and sixty-five days in the year with paid henchmen, the machine uses every opportunity to secure its stay in office, or, if on the "outs," to undermine the "ins."

However, I think the greatest defect of democracy cannot be laid at the door of the machine, nor even to the lack of interest on the part of the masses who are not in a position to learn the facts. Rather, the fault can be laid to the intelligent people themselves. Being independent by nature, it is impossible for the individuals in any group of independents to pool their resources for any great length of time. Personalities are strutted forth, differences arise, and before long the independent movement falls by the wayside and the machine, led by the boss, ruling those who by nature can only follow, returns to power.

Mr. Durant recommends as a possible remedy for the apparent failure of democracy the selection of trained administrators for public service. But how are trained servants to be selected and kept in office when the intelligent people of the community are incapable of coöperating for any length of time? An advisory council such as Mr. Durant suggests, made up of "great executives, great engineers, great architects, great teachers, great philanthropists," would be of immeasurable service as long as it could be intelligently led; but ere long such a council composed of independent thinkers (otherwise they would not be great) would be disrupted by their own differences, and there would return the cry for a government of all the representatives of the people and not of the intelligentsia alone. In fact, government through such a council would not be a true democracy.

So, while I agree with Mr. Durant in his description of the failure of democracy, I do not believe that his remedy is a panacea. There is no remedy for defective human nature, and government is nothing but human nature expressed by those who take an active part in politics.

*H. D. Jackson*  
Mayor



## SYRACUSE

NOT ONLY AM I substantially in agreement with Professor Durant, but further than that, we in Syracuse know that his solution is right, for this city has proved it. The art of applying business principles to government is simply the art of common sense. It requires no magic formula. It demands no political theorists. It does require — and this above all else — the active interest and application to the problem of sound business minds thinking in terms of public service rather than petty, political advantage. That, in substance, is Mr. Durant's conclusion, and that is exactly what the municipal government of Syracuse has achieved.

I maintain that the public gets about the character of governmental service it deserves. An awakened public no longer accepts without question the lazy, haphazard government of yesteryear. But there has remained too often one false note. The public, awakened to what it has the right to expect of its governmental agencies, has too seldom awakened to what its government, with equal logic, has the right to expect of the public.

Active, quasi-official participation in the policy-forming phases of government is what the governmental agency, I believe, has the right to expect of its public. Too often does the public official hear only the selfish, sectional side of an argument over projected improvements and their financing. The average clear-thinking business man has too often looked upon the governmental spectacle as a circus to amuse, perhaps annoy, him, but in which he may have no active, effective voice except when his own property or his pocketbook are involved in some administrative decision. I make the unqualified statement that the government has as much right to good participation by the citizens as the public has right to good government.

In Syracuse we have achieved this active participation. In the year 1926, I, as Mayor, appointed a Mayor's Citizens' Committee of fourteen members, comprising leaders in prac-

tically all of the large business enterprises in this city. I told them that the administration would not annoy them with petty details, but would expect their best judgment in every major decision, and — more important — would accept it. That these citizens, alive to their responsibility and the real importance of their advisory capacity, have sacrificed their time and given generously of their judgment in considering the varied business problems that confront the city, is not an achievement to be credited to an unusual public spirit in Syracuse. I believe this plan, properly and sincerely presented, would work with the same success in every city.

  
Mayor

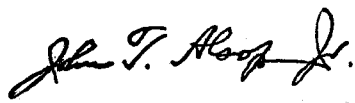


## JACKSONVILLE

**M**UNICIPAL OWNERSHIP is not an experiment, for Jacksonville has been in business for itself for twenty-eight years. For example, it operates its own power plant and sells electricity to its citizens at a low rate, so that all are benefited — the capitalist in his large business enterprise, the laborer in his humble home.

Each member of the City Commission, though elected every four years by the people, is an expert in his department. The Commissioner of Public Works is a mechanical engineer. The Commissioner of Public Safety is a lawyer. The Mayor and all the Commissioners are college men. I may add that Jacksonville at this moment, under the leadership of an outstanding engineer, is preparing a comprehensive city plan.

Jacksonville adheres strictly to Noah Webster's definition of politics: "Politics is the science of government." Down here we put business into politics and as a result our people are happy and prosperous.

  
Mayor



## PORTLAND, ORE.

**W**ILL DURANT IS BASING his opinion on two false premises: the first, that perfection in governmental affairs is possible or that the public can be completely satisfied; and the second, that everything in our governmental affairs is wrong. As long as a city has several hundred thousand inhabitants with almost as many different ideas about how things should be done, there will be conflicts of opinion and dissatisfaction. There lies the basic obstacle to perfection.

It may be true that we have among the mayors of this country some who are illiterate or incompetent or dishonest. Those elements are human and may be found in every profession, every line of business, every walk of life no matter how technical or cultured. Being a successful mayor involves more than having an education along technical lines such as law, medicine, or the other arts and sciences. Such technical knowledge is, in fact, a disadvantage. A mayor must possess the ability to determine public opinion. He must be honest; and by honesty I do not mean only honesty in financial affairs. He must be conscientiously honest. Most important of all, he must have the ability to surround himself with men able to take care of technical problems of the many sorts arising each day in municipal government.

There are many mayors in the United States who have these qualifications, and they are retained year after year. True, there are those who may be ignorant or blustering or dishonest; but if you will study municipal history, you will find that they do not last long in office. All in all, I cannot agree that the cities are in the deplorable condition pictured by Mr. Durant, nor that the system is a failure. Some of the officials may not measure up to the very high moral and cultural standards of Mr. Durant, but his ideals along this line are not human. The type of official he has pictured would not last long in office because his ideals would not be the ideals of the public. They would lack the human elements the public demands. To be successful, a mayor must be a

clearing house between the public and the technical staffs of the municipality. He must be human and deal in a human way with the problems of the public which come before him.



Mayor



## DES MOINES

**F**ROM SOME FORTY YEARS of observation I am convinced that democracy is not a failure, but is, in fact, a decided success when viewed from the standpoint of results attained. The highest purpose of government is realized in human progress through moral and intellectual development. No form of government known to history has ever spent such vast amounts of treasure and effort in accomplishing this purpose as democracy.

Democracy is our jury system enlarged. The press may occasionally try a case in advance of trial by the court; there may be jury tampering, and the court may erroneously instruct a jury; but these are not sound grounds for abandoning the jury system.

Similarly, there may be a lapse of vigilance through which some unworthy official may get into office, but the facilities for correction of any delinquency are always available to the people. Machine politics, a subsidized press, and many influences may combine to mislead the people temporarily by distorting the facts; but an awakened public consciousness will eventually reap its reward. When all the people are aroused to an appreciation of their own interests, their final conclusion will be just.

I am not dismayed by the occasional reports of imperfections in municipal service. To err is human. We should not despair because every effort for the perfection of government is not immediately successful.



Mayor



## SOMERVILLE, MASS.

**E**XECUTIVES AND CITIZENS alike realize the imperfections of municipal government, which seem to be more pronounced than in any other form of government in the American system, largely because the government is almost pure business with very little need for politics. Yet politics is the basis of a mayor's election; and if he does not himself understand politics, or if he is not backed by wise individuals or a machine, he cannot be elected, except in rare cases when gross mismanagement stirs the people to a complete change.

Somerville is a city of 100,000 people and we are proud of a long series of honest and efficient city governments. Like many other cities, Somerville tries to do just what Mr. Durant recommends. Somerville makes use of the talents of the ablest men and women in the city, who serve on our municipal boards.

A mayor is a chief executive who is responsible to all his citizens, just as a corporation executive is responsible to his stockholders. But there is this difference: the people are continually bringing pressure to bear upon a mayor for expenditures large and small, while the stockholders of a large corporation seldom interfere with the officers and directors. Large expenditures, sometimes unwise, are quite as often advocated by the best people of a community as by the element which is referred to as the political gang. Frequently we hear that a mayor, particularly if he happens to be a prominent business man, should run the city just as he pleases. This is not the American idea. Free citizens expect the privilege of saying what they want, and they expect the government to conform to their wishes.

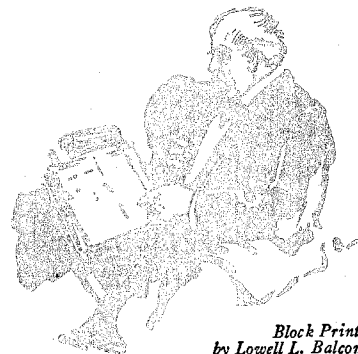
Most of the mayors I have met are men of high purpose and ability. Their success in office depends on how successfully they can withstand popular pressure when that pressure is misdirected.



Mayor

# First Oboe

## *A First Short Story*



Block Prints  
by Lowell L. Balcom

by JAMES WATERMAN GLOVER, JR.

HERR MÜLLER mopped his brow and bumped his empty stein heavily on the table. "Noch ein's!"

Presently the waiter plumped down a fresh dripping one with an obsequious "Also," and was off again. Dark, foaming Löwenbräu, straight from München. Herr Müller was not stinting himself in quality or quantity to-day.

"Yes — the young rascal writes music. Real music." He nodded portentously to himself. Humming a fragment of a tune, he toyed with the big stein, lifting it cautiously until the damp mat dropped off the bottom to the table. His mild, round face was flushed.

"And I know good music — even if an upstart writes it." By way of emphasis he emptied a good two-thirds of the stein in one great swallow. He could not have said whether it was the seventh or seventeenth stein before him.

In truth, the opinions of Herr Müller on musical matters deserved respect. Behind them were forty long years at the first oboe desk of the excellent symphony orchestra of the small city of Freifurt. He was admittedly the ablest musician of the band, and his dependability was almost a superstition. In fact, those players who could think back that far often declared he had never been known to miss a performance, blow a cracked tone, or even indulge in an ordinary fit of oboist nerves.

"These young roosters get one tiny piece played for them and — presto! — they are young Wagners." Herr Müller's placid brow wrinkled into a deep frown. "They must issue commands like kings and order honest players about like oberlieutenants." The watchful waiter replaced another empty stein.

Bitterly the old musician reflected on the ways of that talented young Feldner from Cöln whose new prelude they were to perform that very evening. What a rehearsal! The stripling conductor had rapped sharply for silence to say to him — to Herr Müller: "You take your solo passage better than I had hoped, *here* — but do look out for that concluding hold in the fifth bar. The entire effect depends on it, don't you see?" Yes he *did* see. He was accustomed to unnecessary cautions, from greenhorns — but that lofty tone . . . Ugh! Then something got the better of him and with feigned humility he asked the young composer to explain the passage in his oboe part unaccountably written an octave below the lowest note of the instrument's range. "It is perhaps some modern way of scoring we haven't yet heard of, *here*?"

He remembered the exact words, the look, as young Herr Feldner, very white and very straight, said through his teeth, "I fear you are forgetting, Herr Müller, that you are neither a composer nor a conductor — you are an oboist!"

And without another word the rehearsal went on.

Well, that was discipline. A most necessary thing in an orchestra, he often said himself. But those hard, chilling words had rung in his head all day long. Herr Müller — oboist! . . . Herr Müller — oboist! True enough. Certainly no one whispered, passing him, "That's Müller, the great composer!" He *was* just an oboist — but somehow, in all these years he had never seen it quite that way. So obvious to others. Composer and player — two different worlds! . . . Well, he knew it now.

He thought back, with a troubled look in his

pale blue eyes, to that symphony he had started so blithely when he was sixteen. Yes, in those days he was to be another Beethoven. Did he not jot down themes in a little notebook from morning till night? — walk about, head high, hands behind back, as a young Beethoven would? A reminiscent smile tugged at the corners of his beard. And as for the oboe — why merely a practical solution for an ambitious young composer; a chance to earn an honest living while learning the ins and outs of the orchestra. He tried to whistle that majestic opening theme — in E flat, wasn't it? But it was gone. . . .

The steins which the waiter replaced unbidden disappeared one after another; thoughts went flickering about his head. . . .

Yes, it would be pleasant if to-night he were the straight young man at the conductor's desk, his the new work. And some other old workhorse puffing away on the oboe, mindful of little holds . . . eyes glued to the music . . . counting rests . . . always counting. . . .

"One, two, three, four, five — *ach!*" Herr Müller said aloud, waving his arm. The waiter approached. "It is just so I have counted off the years. Sixty already, and still counting, with now and then a little toot for good luck."

The waiter looked surprised, but merely glanced down at the endless toll on the little slip pinioned by the salt cellar, and slid the stein deftly to one side out of possible danger. He had been a waiter a long time.

Herr Müller felt rather giddy.

No one to blame but himself. . . . Yes, all plain enough, now. . . . The music was in him, but he had let it stay there, imprisoned. . . . Regularity came too easy, the perfect servant he had been. . . . Faithful, dependable — barren, like so many of his kind. . . . The willing slave of everything but the quick fire of inspiration. . . . That was the real difference between composer and oboist.

He brought his fist down on the table with a sudden bang.

No, by God! Still some good years. . . . He would resign, he would move to the country, he would get out his books, he would — but a quiet little voice whispered, even as the resolutions formed, that it could never be. . . . Too late now . . . too late . . . Herr Müller, the oldest member of the band . . . an excellent oboist, to be sure. . . .

He took a deep breath, shaking himself into reality, and shrugged an exaggerated shrug. Ah well, if he hadn't been a Beethoven, neither had he been a Meyerbeer or a Mendelssohn — that was something. Herr Müller smiled with unsmiling eyes and reached with fumbling fingers for his timepiece.

"*Himmel!*" He grabbed the slender black oboe case from the chair beside him and beckoned the waiter who was soon performing a miracle of rapid addition.

"In five minutes I should have been late."

"I was almost going to say something, Herr Müller, but didn't wish to presume. In all these years I have never known you to be late."

"*So?*" Herr Müller looked up slowly. "But you are mistaken. I am just forty years late, to-night."

The waiter had a light touch with customers who chose to be cryptic over their beer. "Then I should hurry, Herr Müller — before you are missed."

Herr Müller shook his head, frowning. "Or perhaps sit right here." He slumped back in his chair.

But at that moment it seemed to the waiter that some exceptionally reviving notion entered Herr Müller's head, for he sat upright suddenly with a pleased chuckle which ripened quickly into a rumbling laugh that set his great stomach shaking.

"You are right, my friend. I must hurry. The new work cannot be given to-night with an empty first oboe desk. No, indeed!" He dropped a generous pile of change beside the empty stein and struggled out of his chair. The waiter bowed and smiled.

"*Ach!* I have had some beer to-day!" Herr Müller was on his feet and found a standing world not altogether like a sitting world.

"*So*, Herr Müller?" The waiter watched the bulky figure shuffle a little unsteadily toward the door. As it swung to after him, the waiter said to himself as he had often said before: "If they were all like old Müller!"

**T**HE FREIFURT Symphony Orchestra presented its large and regular audience, that evening, with its usual solid and slightly indigestible weekly programme. Under the painstaking baton of the venerable Herr Seyfried a feast of music had been offered the

attentive and sedate listeners: a Händel mass, selections from "Orfeo," a Strauss tone poem, a Brahms symphony — and there still remained at the bottom of the programme, "*Prelude Pastorale in E Major* — Kurt Feldner (First presentation)." A little ripple of anticipation ran about the old music hall.

The well-informed audience did not need the worthy Herr Seyfried's scholarly programme note to tell them that a first hearing of this modern new work, conducted by the composer himself, was doing very well for Freifurt. Excited and prolonged applause greeted the unsmiling young man who stepped to the conductor's desk and bowed a stiff military bow to the impressed crowd.

A brisk little *rap-rap* on the stand — and silence.

As the opening notes of the new opus hung suspended between Herr Feldner's upraised stick and the poised bows of the waiting strings, there was great tension in the hall. Down came the baton, bows flashed into motion, and the audience settled back respectfully to hear what miracles of modern harmony might come.

Arm swinging commandingly, a watchful eye on score and orchestra, the anxious composer began to think his new prelude was sounding rather impressive. Now that he was relaxing a bit, he even had time to note that these provincial musicians of his knew their business. A dependable band, particularly the wood-winds. His confidence was rapidly rising and his nodded cues to the horn, the bassoon, the trumpets, as their appointed moments came, grew more perfunctory. A little intoxicated with the sound of his own music, the young conductor abandoned himself to the sheer exhilaration of directing a responsive orchestra, not unconscious of the eyes of an admiring throng upon his every motion.

The prelude was nearing its end. Herr Feldner's eye jumped fifteen bars ahead with anticipation to the specially neat little cadenza for first oboe alone from which his new work derived its picturesque title. Ah, that will make these honest burghers sit up. With satisfaction he took in Herr Müller, plainly counting his rest up to the coming solo passage. Too bad he had had to give the stubborn old devil a calling

down. Certainly a comfort to know you have one of those seasoned old oboists at the end of your baton. Jove, but a cracked oboe tone can be something to dream about!

Sharply he cut off the trombones. One, two — now for the solo cadenza. . . . There was old Müller, instrument poised, alert. Unconsciously the young man found himself noticing the rather noble old head, the thick, clever fingers, the bristling white hair; and quite unexpectedly something inside warmed and said, "Poor old chap."

A dismissing wave at the cellos, a graceful sweep of the baton toward first oboe, and the pastoral cadenza raised its quaint sylvan voice over the hushed orchestra. With a satisfied smile, the young composer followed the arresting and piquant bars, ready to flash a reminder of that important concluding hold. Ah,

but that was well done! Now — hold, and he waved pointedly. . . .

But the little piping notes, instead of droning into the oblivion meted out to them, slid up a dizzy, dancing scale.

Herr Feldner stared, his arm poised motionless. The heads of the players turned in bewilderment. The piping struck off gaily into an unearthly and capricious air.

The young conductor felt himself suddenly drenched with perspiration. He grasped the stand to prevent falling to the floor. Vaguely his baton moved in a simulation of direction as the ghostly tune gathered momentum. The horrified players turned to their conductor the helpless eyes of lost sheep. To Herr Feldner it seemed that a large, malicious elf was sitting at the first oboe stand, carelessly piping his destruction. Despair swept over him. Hadn't he heard that all good oboists go mad at last?

On . . . on, the flying fingers danced. . . .

In the last row of the orchestra hall Herr Gottlieb, head of the town council, sat up, shaking off the drowsiness with which concerts often afflicted him after a well-wined dinner. He leaned forward, listening attentively. "Let's see, that would be oboe, now." He traced the sharp little notes to the familiar, portly figure of Herr Müller. "Beautiful, beautiful," he murmured. "What a brilliant passage. Like a



breath from the woods. That young composer will go far." And he consulted his programme to read his name again.

Beating time hopelessly, in anguish, Herr Feldner slowly realized that this devil's obligato was actually music. He gradually perceived that it was even related to his score in a fanciful way. But when, oh when, would it end? Each passing second was an hour, a year. . . .

The young conductor turned distractedly to the first violin, about to lay down his baton, when the piping tune unexpectedly swung into a cadence with an unmistakably conclusive sound. Herr Müller's instrument began to move up and down in a noticeable and significant beat, and with a commanding nod at the pale conductor, the impromptu interlude slid smoothly back to the original cadenza at exactly the point of departure.

First oboe was now taking that important hold. As though in a dream, Herr Feldner resumed his beat and the well-drilled veterans, shaken but alert, swung on with the prelude.

Herr Müller put down his oboe and unconcernedly mopped his brow. No one dared look at him.

The paralyzing spell lifted, the young conductor's mind was racing ahead, calculating. For the next fifty-four bars the oboe had a rest — praise God! — with plenty going on in the other sections to drown out any terrifying digressions that might burst forth again. To the wretched composer his new prelude was now a mere ingenious noise-making device with the sole function of covering up a possible oboe interlude. But after the long rest, what then? Why the end of the prelude, to be sure, on soft fading strings. But — horrible thought!

— was there not a pastoral reminiscence of two bars for solo oboe to be heard above those dying strings? Was not that the inspired ending some evil spirit had prompted him to conceive for his prelude? Herr Feldner shuddered.

A stolen glance at the placid red face of the first oboe revealed nothing. He was sitting very still, apparently counting his protracted rest and biding his time. And the frantic composer now saw plainly from the anxious glances of his players that they, too, visioned a grotesque bacchanale as the horrid conclusion of the prelude. The fatal end was approaching, inevitably.

Herr Feldner was no longer capable of thought.

The strings entered apprehensively upon the last, long, fading chord. Reluctantly they died to a whisper, vulnerable and helpless before whatever onslaught of acid, pelting tones awaited them. The orchestra held its breath; the conductor shut his eyes. . . .

But no sound came. The strings drifted into silence. The baton ceased moving. Half in a daze, Herr Feldner opened his eyes and dared to look.

The first oboe was fast asleep.

His instrument, limp in his thick fingers, rose and fell regularly with his large stomach. On his flushed face was a benign, peaceful smile.

The young man stared, lips parted in astonishment. Unbidden, the phrase "Sleeping Bacchante" flashed across his brain. And then, suddenly, he realized that the *Prelude Pastorale* was over.

Putting down his baton, the young composer turned limply to face the "Bravo's" of the noisily applauding crowd.



# The GOD of Science

## *A Geologist Faces the Universe*

by **KIRTLEY F. MATHER**

**I**N THIS SCIENTIFIC AGE the answer to any question must be found by an appeal to the facts; it is no longer satisfactory to turn to words, no matter who spoke them, nor within what revered document they are found, nor upon what tablet of stone they were engraved upon which mountain top. Guided by that appeal, modern science has been able to contribute much to the comfort of human beings. The scientific method is abundantly justified by the results. Presumably it should do as much for the moral and spiritual welfare of man as for his material and physical well-being. Certainly it is reasonable to expect that an accurate knowledge of the world and its operations will give some information concerning the nature of its administration.

That there is an Administration of the universe cannot be denied. Something has determined and continues to determine the functioning of natural law, the orderly transformations of matter and energy. It may be the "Curvature of the Cosmos," or "Blind Chance," or "Universal Energy," or "an absentee Jehovah," or "an All-pervading Spirit," but it must be Something. From one point of view the question, "Is there a God?" is promptly and finally answered in the affirmative. But that is not the real question at issue. Man wants to know the character of this Administration of the Universe which he is obliged to accept whether it pleases him or not. He yearns to discover the true nature of the determining Something. The real question is, "What sort of God is it which rules this world?"

Most assuredly, no complete or final answer to that question can be given at the present time, for our knowledge of the world and the forces which are operative within it is still sadly incomplete. Nevertheless, certain fairly

definite conclusions even thus early may be drawn from the facts and experiences which man now understands. The modern Job finds in the great body of scientific lore available to him in the twentieth century a most valuable lamp to light him on the dark and difficult road he must traverse as he goes in search of God. Many of his most cherished illusions disappear in the pitiless blaze from that lamp; but out of the wreck of the creeds and dogmas of the Middle Ages emerges a new consciousness of the dignity of man and the responsibility which rests squarely upon his shoulders.

### A LAW-ABIDING GOD

The administrative Something, revealed by modern science, is thoroughly consistent; there is no resemblance whatsoever to a feudal prince with his whims and caprices, his favorites and fawning courtiers. The universe is operating in accordance with natural laws, no one of which, so far as human experience indicates, has ever failed to function when the conditions which permit it to be effective are at hand. The forces of inanimate nature act with utter disregard for the moral qualities of the local inhabitants. Rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust. Earthquakes demolish brothels and cathedrals with complete impartiality. The biggest distillery on the Pacific Coast stood practically unharmed in the midst of a devastated quarter of San Francisco, while adjacent churches were ruined by the earthquake and fire of 1906. Although in 1926 the citizens of Miami, Florida, were frequently "guilty of holding horse races on Sunday," no rational man believes that such conduct had anything to do with the tropical cyclone which devastated the city that year.

Primitive minds might conclude that a Sodom or a Gomorrah was destroyed in a vol-

canic eruption because not even ten righteous men could be found therein, but the conclusion is obviously a hasty one and based on inadequate data. Such a calamity must have presented a real problem to the patriarchal philosophers who saw in every phenomenon of nature an "act of God," and who at the same time were hoping against hope that God was kindly disposed toward man. The solution of the problem was exactly that which might be expected. If the victims of the catastrophe had lived wickedly, then God was justified in punishing them. They had most obviously been "punished"; therefore they must have been guilty. And as a rule, the victims had no voice in the post-calamity councils of the community.

But with accumulating data and more extended experience, the fallacy of that conclusion became apparent. In the greatest drama of ancient Hebrew literature, Job is represented as refusing to accept the verdict of his friends that his misfortunes are a consequence of his own iniquity. The prophet Elijah proclaimed that God was not in the mighty wind, the earthquake, or the fire. In spite of the fact that our modern legal phraseology preserves the ancient tradition, we no longer see in the lightning flash or the hurricane an "act of God." The laws of nature which produce such effects are quite inflexible and uniform; they are completely impartial and mechanical. They have no moral significance whatever. They indicate merely that God is reasonable and consistent; not that he is good or bad, an enemy or a friend of man.

#### LAW FOR MAN AND LAW FOR THING

There are, however, many expressions of universal energy which do have moral significance. Ethical values appear the moment we scrutinize the organic world. The assumption that animals should be held accountable for their own actions seems to be justified by the entire experience of mankind. Vital energy is presumably just as law-abiding as gravitation, but these two manifestations of the motive power of the universe are in wholly separate categories. The laws which determine the activity of living cells are on a wholly different plane from those which determine the structure of inert crystals. It is only by a study of life and its development that the moral qualities of the universe may be discovered.

From the historical point of view which the geologist necessarily adopts, it is at once apparent that the sum total of the forces of nature have in the immediate past been distinctly in favor of humankind. Man is doubtless a product of the interaction of energy and matter in this particular quarter of the universe. If it is "good" for him to be here, then necessarily God is "good." It cannot be an accident that man, with his particular and peculiar powers — mental, moral, and spiritual, as well as physical — should occupy his present position among living creatures. Among the forces of nature there must be those which have tended toward an enlarging expression of psychical, æsthetic, and spiritual qualities. If such qualities appear in a law-abiding world, they must be attributes of the Administration of that world.

As always, man creates God in his own image. The twentieth century philosopher is as anthropomorphic as was Moses or the other man of the same name who wrote the first chapter of Genesis. We can observe the world only through our own eyes. Every idea which we grasp must be filtered through our own minds. Ideals, high or low, are all related to our own strivings. Judgments of values are necessarily based upon our own interests. But this does not invalidate the results of our endeavors. On the contrary, the assumption that man is competent to interpret aright the physical universe within which he dwells has been gloriously justified by the achievements of modern science, which have been based upon that and other assumptions. Success in the one field is ample ground for the expectation of similar success in the other, provided similar methods are used.

For man does not live by bread alone. He is not satisfied with mere existence, but curiously yearns and strives to build into his being those non-measurable realities which, having no relation to time or space, are necessarily classed as spiritual rather than material. He seeks a rational system of thought; he tries to create beauty; he gropes after moral law; he idealizes love as something which transcends the sexual passion of the animal. If man, the creature, does these strange things, then God, the creative power, must be doing likewise. Even as our reasoning minds have found response in a rational universe, so our yearning souls are finding response in a spiritual universe.

Science has not yet proceeded far in its search for God. The route ahead leads out into an uncharted and pathless region. But there is no reason for discouragement. No great gulf divides the natural from the supernatural. The one is merely that part of the whole which mankind has thus far been able to reduce to comprehension; the other is beyond the expanding horizon of human understanding. Because, in every department of government, the Administration of the universe is law-abiding, man may confidently expect that in time he will be able to see it as it is.

#### THE NEW MEANING OF ETERNAL JUSTICE

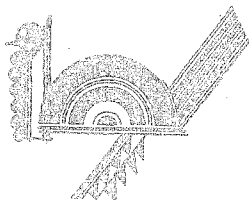
But of what use to man is a God who is bound by the unbreakable chain of cause and effect? If in all respects the motive powers are law-abiding, does it not follow that "God has no choice in this sad maze"? That depends upon what one expects his God to do. If you want him to "temper the wind to the shorn lamb," to rescue you from the natural consequences of your own folly or ignorance, in short, to play the rôle of nursemaid to mankind, then you are very apt to be disappointed and you may conclude that modern science has undermined your faith and led you to believe that there is no God. But if you want God to give you an opportunity to make the most of your own life, to provide you with resources with which to meet your responsibilities, in short, to play the rôle of executive partner in the firm of "God and Man," then you may welcome the contribution which modern science makes to your faith and your knowledge. In that case, it is evident that constructive coöperation between man and the other member of the firm can be realized only if there are definite regulations controlling all operations so that all the resources may be made available for use.

The religiously inclined individual seeks to live the richest, truest, most satisfactory, and

most valuable life which his inheritance and his environment permit him to live. He may expect from the Administration of the universe not merely a certain measure of physical strength, but also a definite store of spiritual energy. Indeed, it is only through right-minded men that the Administration can reveal its true nature in this world of sense-perception. Just how spiritual energy is able to react upon matter or to influence those other forms of energy which are constantly going through measurable transformations, cannot now be told. That it does so is the common experience of the race, the justifiable conclusion of every student of personality. Ideas make a difference. In fact, as Huxley put it, "this world is absolutely governed by ideas." But this is so simply because men are here; it was not true of the ancient geologic world before mankind appeared.

Surveying the long history of geologic life development, it seems safe to conclude that nature is characterized more by opportunity than by determinism. At each stage in the progress of life, the advances were made by a small, risk-taking minority who strove for the accomplishment of something which had never yet been accomplished. To many the opportunity was given, but only a few responded. These had that indescribable and indefinable something which has been called the "divine afflatus," the spirit of God. This, like any other vital ability, may be cultivated and improved, or neglected and stunted.

In the last analysis, it is surely a greater compliment to man to expect him to work out his own salvation than to force perfection upon him. The Administration provides the raw materials, supplies the necessary energy, whispers a suggestion as to possible methods, opens the doors of opportunity, and then leaves it to man to decide whether or not he will venture through them.





Scissor-cuts by Hunt Diederich

# Our Muddling World

## *Bulls — Irish, Spanish, and Italian*

by **SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA**

**T**HERE WAS ONCE an Irish officer in the Spanish army . . . and, by the way, you may want to know what he was doing there. The fact is that the Spanish Army is — and always was — particularly rich in Irish names. The Irish came over at all times, but the migration was particularly heavy in the periods when England's chronic effort to convert Ireland to the English gospel of freedom became more strenuous than usual. They were attracted to Spain not only because the two nations held a similar attitude toward incomprehensible things — which attitude is commonly known as religion — but because Spain had made it her special business to uphold the particular attitude known as Roman Catholic. I doubt, however, whether this religious similiarity is the main link between the two peoples. I am even inclined to take it as a mere symptom of their true affinity, which is one of race and psychology.

This view would have the advantage of explaining not only why there are many Irishmen in Spain, but why they should nearly all be found in the military profession. This fact illustrates the keen taste for civil war which is

one of the most lovable characteristics of both races. The army, both in Ireland and in Spain, is chiefly a weapon for civil war. I have already commented in these columns on the subject of Spain's weakness for civil war. No one, least of all Irishmen, will deny that the observation fits Ireland as perfectly as it does Spain.

There is much to be said for civil war. Without going the whole length with Unamuno, who maintains that it is cleaner and nobler than international war because it can only be fought with moral and disinterested aims, this much may be said in its behalf, that it lets off steam and brutality in a limited home area instead of upsetting the peace of the world at large. Furthermore, while it enriches the national soul with the experience of sorrow, it does not expose it to the two poisons which an international war leaves behind: in the conquered, humiliation; in the conqueror, the callousness of power.

The tendency to indulge in civil war, however, is not the only manifestation of the affinity which all careful observers have noted between Ireland and Spain. There is another which has not attracted as much notice as it

perhaps deserves. I refer to their common interest in bulls. Not the bulls which take a somewhat prominent, if involuntary, part in bull fights; but the bulls which both Spaniards and Irishmen particularly delight in, those elusive, almost legendary beasts known as "Irish bulls."

An Irish bull is one of the most difficult creatures in all creation to define, standing as it does on the fence between psychology and zoölogy. But I have said "standing," and the most authoritative definition of the Irish bull denies me the use of that word. It is attributed to an Archbishop of Dublin. "What is an Irish bull?" he was asked; and he answered: "When you see three cows standing in a meadow, that which is sitting is the Irish bull." Here is a less episcopal, yet a weightier definition: "The difference between an Irish and an ordinary bull is that the Irish bull is always pregnant."

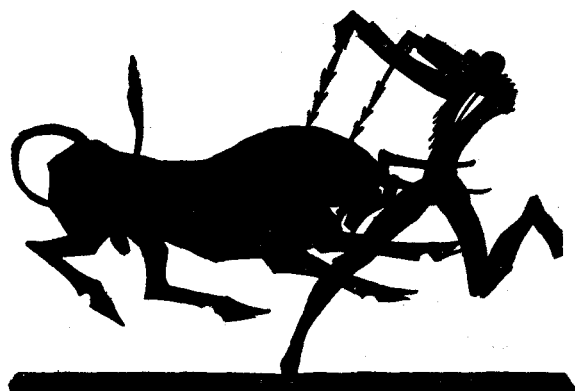
Now that is precisely the quality which gives the Irish bull its Spanish flavor. It is, in a sense, a saying which goes off the way of logic, but when you think it is merely straying, you find it really went off because the things to be found to right or left were more precious than any to be met on the road ahead. The most beautiful specimen of an Irish bull is Sancho Panza's immortal dictum — that which in itself would make *Don Quixote* worth reading: "Every man is as God made him, and sometimes worse."

It applies with wonderful accuracy to the Irish officer whom I have kept patiently waiting all this time in my first line. His grandfather had been a great name in the Spanish Army. He had inherited the titles, both Spanish and Irish, which adorned the family, but was less addicted to Mars than to Apollo, and, I must add, to Bacchus. In the worship of these two deities he had squandered the little money left him by his illustrious ancestor. As the possessions of the poor are always sure to attract the covetous eyes of the rich, a wealthy relation of his, a minister of one of Queen Isabella II's numerous cabinets, bethought himself of purchasing one of the Irishman's titles of nobility which he fancied would add to the already numerous attractions of his son. As a preliminary step, the Cabinet Minister had his Irish cousin made a member of an Order much coveted by people who covet such things. He found a convenient opportunity in the birth of an

heir to the Queen, and one morning Her Majesty was asked to sign a paper in which she informed the Irishman (and informed herself) that in order to celebrate the Royal elation at the birth of the Prince, it was Her Majesty's pleasure to knight him. Captain O'X received this mark of Royal pleasure with feelings as mixed as the drink he happened to be imbibing when the postman brought him the news. He knew a knighthood meant fees and taxes, formal visits, a uniform to get out of pawn and have cleaned, sundry irksome ceremonies. He asked the waiter for pen and ink and wrote to the Cabinet Minister an official letter which earned him a well-deserved immortality: "Sir, I am deeply honored by the mark of Royal distinction with which I have been favored, but am bound to decline it, being absolutely certain of deserving no credit whatsoever for the happy event which it is meant to celebrate."

Sheer devilish pride, of course, for a true, loyal subject should have found in his humble heart abundant reasons for accepting the gift. If the monarch incarnates the nation, there is no doubt that the events of his or her family are national events. Inversely, all national happenings are bound to affect the life of the monarch. The intellectual attainments of a Spanish citizen might, therefore, not unreasonably be considered one of the causes which, by raising the spirits of the Crown, contributed to its creative power and therefore to the continuation of the dynasty. Such deep feelings of national solidarity are, alas, lacking in Ireland

LA BANDERILLA



(the Spain of the North) and in Spain (the Ireland of the South).

Not so in Italy. If I am to believe *The Survey*, the *Messaggero* recently published "The Joy of a Fascist," a letter which deserves to be quoted in full:

I wish to announce that Saturday my wife gave birth to three children. Triplets used to be a rare occurrence, but since the exhortation of our glorious Duce they now commence to be frequent. My case, however, or rather that of my wife, is altogether wonderful. When you think that after eight sons born one at a time, now they begin to come three at a time! My only grief is that the newborn are all girls and will not be able to bear arms for their Great Country. Having six sons living, the triplets have increased the size of our family in one stroke fifty per cent. And continuing in this fashion, my wife, who is only thirty-three, will be able eventually to form an entire company! Long live Italy, long live the Duce, long live the Family!

I should like somebody to go and interview the lady "who is only thirty-three" and ask her *sotto voce* a few straight questions on population. Her opinion would assuredly lack the authority of the eminent Italian specialists who have pored over this most fertile of subjects, but it might be more readable, if perhaps less printable. It is plain that this joyous Fascist is a far more advanced type of citizen than the Irish-Spanish captain. For while Captain O'X refused to acknowledge his respectful coöperation as a dutiful subject in the continuation of the dynasty, the joyous Fascist was spontaneously ready to recognize the inspiring coöperation of the Duce in the multiplication

LA CAPA



of his family. An admirable example of faith in leadership.

Everyone knows — indeed, is he allowed to forget? — that there was a time when Italy was not led. She had not yet discovered Signor Mussolini, which is hardly surprising, since Signor Mussolini had not yet discovered himself. Not being led, Italy was overpopulated, and the overflow of her population went to the United States, to Argentina, and to France. When the United States decided to close its gates to European immigration, or at any rate, to keep them severely ajar, there was consternation in Italy. What was to be done with the surplus? Signor Mussolini came to provide the answer. Surplus? He felt equal to governing that surplus as well as the rest. For a man with his immense capacity for leadership, a limitation of his flock was an insult. "Let them stay," he ordered. "In fact," he snapped, "let no one get out without my permission. We need every man at home."

For Signor Mussolini is not only forcible but logical. His argument is that Italy is not a decrepit nation like . . . others. (All Fascists know what he means.) Italian mothers are not effete women, losing their fertility in selfish pursuits. They can still bear triplets at the slightest exhortation from the Duce, because Italy is a young, vigorous nation, brimful of joyous, energetic sons. So let them stay. The more the merrier.

Now, there is a fine attitude in all this — an open, frank, acceptance of life, a courageous statesmanship which, provided it be free from aggressiveness, is pleasing. But what about those exhortations? Are they administered only for triplets? Or also for "doublets?" And is it possible that they may be found effective even for "singlets?" *Ecco il problema*. The joy of that Fascist at his wonderful case — or, as he charmingly and truthfully corrects himself, at the wonderful case of his wife — appears in contrast to the lack of joy of other Fascists less fortunate. There are statistical rumors afield. Statistics often lie and, in a subject such as this, the tendency to lie would be overwhelming in any self-respecting statistician; but the rumors are too bad to be untrue. It appears that Italy is going the same way which France, Britain, and Germany went before her. Her birth rate is falling. In vain the Duce pronounces eloquent and moving exhortations. In

vain does the government strengthen the admirable virtue thereof with a bonus of two hundred to four hundred lire for families of eighteen children. Subsequently the bounty was offered for twelve children, and then for ten; but with no more success. In vain, among other allurements of a more substantial kind, such as tax-exemption, are fathers of large families tempted with the somewhat dubious advantage of free rides in street cars . . . still the birth rate falls.

There are many explanations of this awkward fact. The rationalist may prefer a scientific theory, such as a fall in the standard of living caused by overcrowding, which in turn is the result of exclusion of Italian immigrants from America. Or he may prefer to attribute it to a rise in the standard of living produced by the Duce's wise administration — for, as long as an explanation is scientific, the rationalist does not care which way it works. The psychologist will point to the effect of official inducements on prospective parents. "When the State offers so many compensations for having children, there must be a catch in it," married couples may argue, with a certain shrewdness which one does not naturally associate with the married condition.

The phantasiist, whose views on life are generally more mature, will probably seek the reason for Italy's plight in the dismal Fascist philosophy which subordinates the individual to the State. "Since we are to be but pawns in Italy's game," the queue of prospective Italians on the threshold of incarnation will say, "we may just as well remain where we are — or rather, are not. For this is not a case of 'to be or not to be,' but a choice between two ways of not being." Yet all these explanations, even the last, are worthless. For the fact is that the birth rate falls in Italy for exactly the same reason that it falls in France, in England, in Germany, and in every other European nation — namely, that the European continent is now undergoing a phase of declining fertility.

You may, of course, argue that such an explanation resembles that of the Doctor in Molière: "Why does opium make people sleep? Because it has a sleep-producing virtue." But I would draw your attention to the fact that, though Molière meant to be comic, his Doctor's explanation is as far as we are ever likely to get in trying to understand why opium does what

cauliflower cannot do, and why Italian women, patriotic, self-denying, and devout as they are, find themselves threatened with sterility just as if, oblivious of the Duce's exhortations, they wasted their lives in frivolous pursuits. That it was not coal, steam, and iron which brought about the impressive increase in European population that transformed the world in the nineteenth century is proved by the fact that despite a multiplication of economic power much greater than that of the nineteenth, the twentieth century sees Europe gradually smitten with sterility, particularly in those lands which are most advanced economically. Europe was prolific in men just when it began to be prolific in inventions, and then it ceased to be prolific in men while its inventive power increased. We are in the presence of a mystery. We know more when we know it *is* a mystery than when we thought we knew it to be a law.

But what becomes of Italy's claims in all this? It so happened that the wave of lower fertility which began in France and Ireland and passed over to England (it began in France *and* Ireland in order to show that the question has nothing to do with religion) took a little time before it reached Germany. That brief respite, granted perhaps by God's Infinite Mischievousness in order to get some fun out of His creatures, gave rise to a considerable amount of solemn nonsense, which, written in German as it was, passed as Gospel truth and contributed not a little to the Great War. But Germany's fertility began to abate also. Conse-

EL MATADOR



quently, nonsense had to migrate to summer quarters. We then began to hear about Italy wanting a share in the world (she could not decently borrow Germany's metaphor — a place in the sun!) because she needed room for her surplus population; and hardly had we begun to weigh this claim when the wind changed and we were told with pride and self-admiration

that Italy needed no help for her surplus men; that she would keep them all; that youthful and vigorous nations need all their men, and that numbers must ultimately tell — with a significant look at empty spaces. . . .

At this stage the Mischievous Deity quietly pulls the strings and the fertility of Italian women begins to decline. Exit nonsense!

# The Philosophy of DICKENS



by **ANDRÉ MAUROIS**

**T**HE PHILOSOPHY OF DICKENS — paradoxical title — for if there is one element which seems, at first reading, to be absent from the work of Dickens, that element is philosophy. Dickens had no intellectual ideas. He composed a history of England for children which sounds as if it had been written by one of them. All the ills of the country, according to him, were caused by the kings or by the Church; in order to be happy the people needed only to be left to themselves. King John is “a miserable brute” and Henry VIII “a blot of blood and grease upon the history of England.” To Dickens, who had all the virtues, all the gayety, and all the luxuriant fancy of the Middle Ages, the Middle Ages wore the guise of a frightful series of tortures and persecutions.

He hated the ancient institutions, and some of the new ones, but he was incapable of pointing out how, and by what, they should be replaced. His political convictions took the form of a sincere but negative philanthropy. The debtors' prison must be abolished; the poor house must be abolished; the bad schools must be abolished. But what should be put in their place? How should the poor be fed? On what lines should good schools be established? Dickens did not know. It was enough that people must be good. At bottom he had a horror of all legislation, and placed his confidence in the private beneficence of good Dickensian heroes. An old gentleman with rosy cheeks who would distribute gold pieces and fill the hovels of the poor with fine fruits and

pretty toys — that was his idea of Utopia, a Utopia typical of 1830.

He never even formulated the concept of equality, for the true passion for equality consists in being just to all men, even to those whose lot it was to be born wealthy or royal. There is one sin against equality which consists in being less polite to a laundress than to a lady, and it is a grave and detestable sin; but there is another which consists in being less polite to a lady than to a laundress. It is this error into which Dickens voluntarily fell, and it is no less detestable.

His religious ideas were simple. They are contained in a letter which he wrote to his son on the latter's departure for Australia. "Never take a mean advantage of anyone in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power. Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Saviour, than that you should. I put a New Testament among your books, for the very same reasons, and with the very same hopes that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child. Because it is the best book that ever was or ever will be known in the world, and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature who tries to be truthful and faithful to his destiny can ever be guided. . . . You will remember that you have never at home been wearied about religious observances or mere formalities. You will therefore understand the better that I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion, as it came from Christ Himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it. Only one thing more on this head. . . . Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it."

As to scientific ideas, as to the controversies which were starting at that time between science and religion (Dickens was a contemporary of Darwin), it would seem that none of these things ever engaged his attention. It is curious to compare him, in this respect, with his contemporaries. When one considers that

he lived during a political era in which men as remarkable as Peel, Disraeli, and Gladstone were expounding their doctrines of English rights, and when one realizes how slight an impression these great battles of ideas left upon Dickens' mind — how he remained, in spite of them, incapable of expressing, through the medium of any of his characters, a coherent political doctrine — when one realizes this, one is astounded that he could have lived through that great epoch and still have retained a spirit as naïve and simple as that of a small child, who, after listening to the disputes of learned men, returns immediately to his play and forgets all that he has just heard.

But it would be absurd to conclude, because Dickens had few or no abstract ideas, that he did not have a definite conception of the world, and that his work does not impose a certain image of the universe upon us, his readers. An artist almost always expresses his conception of the world without the aid of ideas. Do we not know very well, after looking at a number of Corots, what the world of Corot was like? Do we not know very well what the world of Rembrandt was like, and that of Watteau, or, in the realm of music, the dramatic and heroic world of Beethoven, the tender world of Schubert, the mysterious, weary, and disdainful world of Debussy? If, by simple juxtapositions of colors and sounds, a painter and a musician can suggest to us a philosophy, how much easier it should be for a novelist to attain the same end by juxtaposing characters and events. We have, then, the right to demand what the world is like in the *Pickwickian* sense. What motive for living did Dickens have? Let us find out how, through *Pickwick*, through *Copperfield*, through *Oliver Twist*, through so many tragic and comic figures, we can discover a little of the Message of Dickens.

If, after rereading all of Dickens, we were to try to forget the details of this enormous mass of people and scenes, and to isolate the two or three essential impressions which dominate the rest and, so to speak, create atmosphere, I think, for my part, I should keep above all certain scenes from the Christmas Books. For me, the universe of Dickens has in its foreground the streets of a city on a Christmas morning. Turkeys, sausages, pies, puddings, punch, mistletoe, holly; honesty, goodness, poverty (but poverty resigned and quietly happy), childishness (but a

charming and friendly childishness); hearts of polished gold (a little too brilliant to be human hearts, but polished with an infinity of love) — these are the essential elements in the formation of the Dickens atmosphere. A harmonious society of kindly people, desirous only of doing things together and of doing them as fast as possible, in a comfortable atmosphere, and accompanied by jokes and smiles — that is the ideal of Dickens, which he applied to all classes of society.

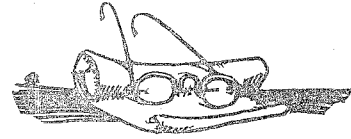
When Mr. Pickwick decides to dance during his visit to old Mr. Wardle in the country, the tone is precisely the same. This illustrious gentleman, even though there was no motive for so much exertion, “kept perpetually dancing in his place, to keep time to the music; smiling on his partner all the while with a blandness of demeanour which baffles all description.” It was this smile which Dickens himself wished to direct upon everything that surrounded him. It was, in fact, the smile of the English people — a gay people, at least on the surface, easy-going, easily amused, and optimistic. A tremendous optimism, both national and personal, is the first element in the Message of Dickens.

But what part does evil play in so rosy a picture of life? This problem is greatly simplified, as we have pointed out before in discussing Dickens’ characters, by the fact that the bad are always wholly bad. For Dickens, life was much more simple than for the majority of novelists. On one side is ranged the section of mankind that is good, gentle, and tender, while on the other are fearful brutes, with visages like those of the old-time executioners, who always have a cane, a raised fist, or a knife in readiness, and who can only be dealt with by cuffing or hanging.

One can readily see that so elemental a conception of life helps still further to strengthen optimism, for one of the reasons why life is difficult, and often sad, is that it poses so many unanswerable questions. What is to be done for an Anna Karenina? She knew that she was sinning against her husband, but she could not stop herself from doing so. All the novels of Tchekhov are concerned with tragic problems which, at the end of the book, are no nearer a solution than they were in the beginning. In Stendhal, Julien Sorel is a monster, in a certain sense, but he is a complex and likable monster.

To us it seems that the world of Tolstoi and Stendhal is the true world, and that in reality life offers few of those simple situations where no hesitation is possible between right and wrong.

But not so with a man like Dickens. One might even say that the presence of wrongdoers



was an added attraction in his joyous and smiling world. To all his active and ardent heroes, it was a pleasure to have something to do, to be obliged to fight against evil. His world is a battlefield on which the good perpetually repulse the bad, with spirits as tranquil as those of the warriors bound for Valhalla. Moreover, Dickens never had any doubt concerning the outcome of this struggle. The triumph of virtue is assured, first, in the life of the individual and, more generally, in the life of all mankind. For Dickens believed in progress. He believed that by preaching goodness to men and abolishing misery, one would arrive at a kind of eternal Christmas, at a state in which all good Englishmen would eat pudding for centuries on end, and drink punch, and exchange amiable pleasantries. There is a Dickensian paradise, just as there is a Mohammedan one.

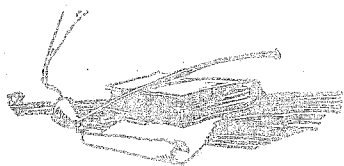
While waiting for the Judgment — and the last chapter — one’s duty is to fight joyously. In *Martin Chuzzlewit*, there is a character who has an episodic, but philosophically important, rôle. That character is Mark Tapley, the servant at the Dragon Inn, whose aim in life is to keep a smiling front in the midst of distressing circumstances. Mark Tapley is so persuaded of the excellence of this virtue that he wants to experience as many hardships as possible so that his good temper may do him the more credit.

There was something of Mark Tapley in Dickens. He had had, during his youth, many opportunities to demonstrate how one can remain sanguine, and almost happy, in the face of adverse circumstances. He was very proud of this ability. He considered the maintenance of gayety during ill fortune to be a primary duty, but an easy duty, because, after all, the world is so fine a place. There were elements of the Stoic in Dickens, but his stoicism was

comfortable and complacent, a mixture of *Pickwick* and Marcus Aurelius — a Christmas Tree philosophy. Why should one want to go on living? Because life is an entrancing spectacle, full of astonishing mirth and variety. No doubt this optimism must be slightly tempered by the remembrance of past sorrows or the actuality of present ills, but even in misfortune one can always salvage a certain amount of happiness. Man, surrounded by a hostile universe, should emulate Mr. Micawber in the midst of his creditors and should look toward the future with confidence. Mr. Micawber is the extreme symbol of Dickensian man and the first sentence in the Message of Dickens reads something like this: "Be hopeful; remain cheerful; the world belongs to those who set forth to its conquest with confidence and good humor."

Dickens and the English people have in common, then, an optimistic philosophy of life. It is impossible to live long among the English without recognizing to what extent the "Dickens spirit" permeates all their actions. That innocent and almost childish gayety, that energetic cheerfulness, that need to get up a game on every occasion — all these Dickensian traits could be recognized during the war among the English officers and soldiers. One is reminded of that profound remark of Nietzsche: "Mankind does not aspire to happiness. It is only the English who venture to do so."

Confronted with this attitude, the French observer is both sympathetic and disturbed. He is amazed. He asks himself: "How do they do it? After all, life is difficult, often hostile. How do they manage to ward off sorrow so gracefully? They used to be called melancholy.



Is it because their temperament is at bottom somber that they have perfected methods of maintaining their good spirits? What are these methods, and what is the mechanism at work — granting, of course, that both mechanism and methods are unconscious?"

Dickens offers us a perfect opportunity to study this mechanism, which is founded on humor. What will happen if a certain number of

writers from every land are brought into the presence of a social evil, a cause of suffering, or a monster? The Russian will brood over the monster sympathetically, will describe him as if he were a dearly beloved friend, and will destroy him out of sheer pity. The German will construct around him an obscure system of metaphysics, and, by a half romantic, half poetic legerdemain, will transform him into a gnome, a sorcerer, or a devil. Then, his spirit at ease, he will invent an extremely accurate machine to cut the devil into small pieces. The American, if he is over thirty years old, will say that there *is* no monster; if he is less than thirty, that there are ten thousand monsters. The Frenchman will make a moral out of the monster, or will be witty at his expense.

The Englishman, however, will describe the beast with astonishing minuteness and precision, concerning himself with the dimensions of his smallest organs and imitating his speech in its every tone and expression. The reader (or the observer) will at first have the impression that the English writer delights in horror or dullness. Then, suddenly, a slightly distorted trait or a patent exaggeration will cause him to recognize that beneath a semblance of gravity, he is really poking fun. All this terrifying anatomy which he has just built up with such care will fall to pieces in a flash, and with it — and it is this which is important — the real monster, of which the former was a copy, will crumble before our eyes.

Take, for example, the trial scenes in *Pickwick Papers*. They contain no open criticism of the processes of English justice. Anyone who has followed an English trial, even in our days, will admit that they are amazingly accurate. But this precise, imperturbable photography is destructive. There is satire in these scenes, though it is indirect satire, achieved without the intervention of the author. It is the kind of satire which depends for its effect on a barely distorted transposition of reality — and all art consists in distorting a little.

To sum up the matter, given a certain form of oppressive seriousness — whether it be hypocrisy or pedantry, cruelty or vanity — the French moralist or comic writer attacks it from without. To use a very old metaphor, he "shoots an arrow" at it. He is the hostile archer who, from the plain, aims at the solemn defenders of false seriousness on the ramparts.

Dickens and all the company of humorists (whether they are English or not) try, rather, to penetrate into the very citadel, to impose upon the movements of their adversaries a ridiculous automatism, and to destroy them from within. In the war between the spirit of comedy and pretentious seriousness, humor is the wooden horse of Troy.

The result of this method is to banish monstrosities into the domain of the unreal. They are magnified, transformed. They no longer conform to our scale, and they frighten us no longer. Herein lies one of the secrets of the optimism of Dickens. He encountered evil, to be sure, on his terrestrial journeyings, but he parodied it and diverted it successfully enough from the regions where it might do harm. He gave evil the semblance of a puppet and those big children, his readers, who did not wish to believe in the existence of evil, were enchanted.

What qualities must a great humorist have? In the first place, he must be able to create that slightly distorted likeness of the monster; consequently, he must not only be a good, but also a minute and precise, observer. In this respect, Dickens was excellently assisted by his natural capacities. He saw everything and he remembered everything. The language of his characters and the variety of their external appearance bear witness to his amazing powers of observation and memory.

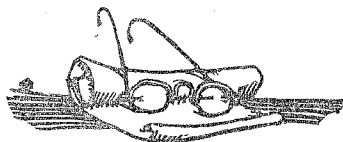
But above all, the humorist must be able to keep a straight, and apparently impassive, face. In order to attain the proper effect, he must remain completely hidden behind his characters. Humor exacts of him a double rôle. His own emotion must not intrude into his work. He must construct a character with the calm dexterity of a mechanician. For this, also, Dickens was well fitted. One is astonished on reading Taine's chapter about him in the former's *History of English Literature*. Taine describes him as a half-mad writer, dependent on revelations, who was carried away by his powerful but immoderate visions. Dickens was certainly a neurotic, but in the best of his work he was a neurotic who controlled himself extremely well. He had strong emotions, as was natural in a man who had suffered greatly, but he easily kept them in hand when he wrote. One should recognize, I think, that humor is a form of philosophy.

Observe, by the way, that this philosophy was admirably suited to the English temperament. The fact is important, for it helps one to understand the immense popularity of Dickens. The English are sentimental, timid, and restrained. Because they know themselves to be too sentimental, they feel the need to hold themselves in check, and they do

not particularly like to have their sentiments aroused unless, at the same time, one can offer them a remedy. Because they are timid, they have little fondness for direct attacks upon an individual or an institution. The humorous attack pleases them because, ostensibly, it leaves the attacked object as it was before. Nothing has really been said against it. The audience is free to understand or not to understand. Doubtless one cannot question the true intentions of the author. In written, as in spoken, satire there is a certain jibing attitude which one cannot misapprehend. One knows that the humorist is mocking, but his mockeries remain discreet, veiled, and the English soul is reassured.

Wit, and also high comedy, are the social forms of the comic spirit. They spring to life among nations whose social existence is highly organized. This was not true of England at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Furthermore, English society at that time was full of self-pride and impatient of all criticism. It would not have tolerated violent pamphlets against its institutions, but it read *Oliver Twist* and *Little Dorrit*. The Englishman, as Chesterton says, needs to believe that everything is for the best in the best of impossible worlds. Evil, therefore, must be denied. Humor admirably fulfills such a function. It relegates evil to a plane of absurdity, where one can look at it without fear, and even with amusement. It softens the bitterness of truth. Dickens could play this game wonderfully well, and it is natural that his countrymen should have given their affection to one who responded so perfectly to their most secret desires.

The danger of this Dickensian philosophy (and, in general, of the English philosophy) is that it runs the risk of repudiating life, or, at least, the essentials of life. To relegate seriousness to the plane of absurdity is all very well when one is dealing with false and pretentious seriousness; but there is a great deal of genuine seriousness in life. The English



novelist, George Moore, regrets that Dickens could not have lived in France among the serious French writers. "His talent," he says, "was more natural, more spontaneous, than that of Flaubert, Zola, or the Goncourts; but he would have learned from them the value of seriousness. . . . A few years would have sufficed to dissipate the vile English tradition that humor is a literary quality."

He would have learned that it is more commercial than literary, and that, if it is to be introduced in large quantities, all life dies out of the narrative. A living and moving story related by a humorist very soon becomes a thing of jeers and laughter, signifying nothing. We must have humor, of course, but the use we must make of our sense of humor is to avoid introducing anything into the narrative that would distract the reader from the beauty, the mystery, and the pathos of the life we live in this world."

There is much truth in this. Certainly, for example, if one compares Tolstoi and Dickens, the picture of life which Tolstoi presents is both far more real and far more moving than that of Dickens. There is emotion in both, but the emotion which Tolstoi calls forth is more broadly human. It is also the product of a more difficult art. Undoubtedly one can laugh at everything. Each of us, even in the most tragic moment of our lives, is ridiculous and, viewed from certain angles, would make a subject for humor. Take any tragic character you please — Hamlet, for instance — and you will easily see from what angle he could be made comic. Conversely, think of Micawber in real life and you will recognize how easy it would be to make of him a tragic character. The truth is that the most universal art sees both sides.

Granting all this, there are two replies that can be made in regard to Dickens. First, although there are certainly elements of real seriousness in life which it is dangerous to dissolve or to mock, there is also a false seriousness which unjustly enjoys the privileges of the genuine product, and which is the very stuff of comedy. Secondly, it is not true that Dickens was never serious. At times he is even too serious. It is when one perceives all the horror of Dickens' pathos that one understands to what extent, for such a temperament, humor is a necessary restraint. English sentimentality, unleashed, is almost intolerable, and perhaps it is for this reason that the greatest of English writers have always been careful, in their works, to balance tragic scenes with comic interludes. To perceive contradictory aspects, however, to understand them, and, by a process of harmonization, to force them to recreate a true and complete picture — all this is a form of philosophy, and I think humor helps greatly in giving a writer the necessary detachment to see both sides. In this sense Dickens was a good philosopher, as Cervantes was, or, at times, Flaubert — and it is by no means a mediocre sense.

But the philosophy of Dickens was above all a poetic philosophy. Dickens was a great poet. I realize that in using this expression, I seem to divorce the

word from its actual meaning. Edmond Jaloux said to me the other day, very wittily, "Nowadays they give the name of poet to all the authors who don't write in verse." I call poets not only those who introduce a rhythm into their speech, but also, and primarily, the writers who know how to catch and reveal the hidden rhythms of life. As soon as a work imparts an impression of the regular recurrence of a theme, an attitude, or a thought, it introduces an intelligible harmony into the disorder of things and, in consequence, becomes poetic. The theme may be a natural one, like the return of the seasons or the movement of the tides. It may also be a theme peculiar to the author, who forever echoes it secretly beneath the surface of his work, as of his life, and from time to time lets it flower in the open. Thus, in Tolstoi, one has the idea of the emptiness of human passions.

In Dickens, also, there was a low-murmuring sea whose waves washed the banks with a touching and musical reality — but with him it was a human sea. It was the "ocean of anonymity" which forms in every country the homes of the poor, their sorrows, and their joys.

He was the first to feel all that occurs, at every true emotional crisis, in each of those little dwellings, externally so similar, which make up a great city. In an old society like that of England, in a society in which, for centuries, customs have gradually penetrated from house to house until they have saturated the whole mass of the people, there is something wonderfully uniform in joys and griefs, in beliefs and actions. And, precisely because it is repeated thousands of times, this uniformity becomes poetic. Its rhythm comes from its monotony; its grandeur from its humility. It is at once terrible and moving to realize that men attach so much value to such common things. "Dickens," as Santayana says, "is the poet of those acres of yellow brick streets which the traveller sees from the railway viaducts as he approaches London; they need a poet, and they deserve one, since a complete human life may very well be lived there."

Doubtless it is to subtler novelists that we more willingly turn to-day. The novel has just discovered regions which seem to us new. Preoccupied with the results of its soundings, we are a bit disdainful of its past forms. To reread all of

Dickens is, for the Frenchman of 1927, a strange and, at times, a difficult enterprise. He finds such a mixture of puerility and genius, of genuine emotion and sentimentality, that he frequently halts, irritated and on edge. But let us recognize that it is not the best side of our nature which thus denies Dickens. It is our pride. It is the delicious and dangerous habit we have acquired from living in a country where, for three centuries, social life has taught us the art of saying things rapidly, with grace and propriety. This is as it should be. Taste is an exquisite quality, provided it does not destroy the very material which it should adorn.

But, when we want to renew contact with the great, simple, human emotions, let us not hesitate to open Dickens. Mr. Pickwick is still young and vigorous. And if Santa Claus is not dead, neither is Dickens. Each, no doubt, will live as long as the other. Dickens, exponent of the Christian civilization of the West in all its gentleness, perfect mirror of those two qualities — kindness and energy — the union of which is responsible for all the originality of the Occident, will long remain the beloved companion of all those who love that civilization.

## The School of WOMEN

*Continued from page 15*

consider I have the right to oppose your marriage, and I dislike exercising authority. But don't ask me to approve a decision I regret. All I can do is to hope you may not soon have cause to repent it."

October 19th

This morning I asked Papa what fault he found with Robert. He looked at me a long time, screwing up his lips without saying a word; then — "I find no fault with him, my dear; I simply don't like him. If I were to tell you why, you would object, because you love him; and when one loves a person, one doesn't see him as he is."

"But it is because Robert is what he is that I love him," I exclaimed.

"Robert has taken you all in — the Abbé and your Mamma and you — himself too, I am afraid, which is more serious."

"You mean he doesn't believe what he says?"

"No, no; I believe he believes it. I am the one who doesn't believe it."

"But Papa, *you* don't believe anything."

"It can't be helped, my dear. I'm what your mother calls a skeptic."

And then we stopped, for conversations like these do nothing but distress us both. Poor Papa! I count on Robert to convert him . . . in time. He is so patient with Papa, so yielding, so clever. He takes care to avoid everything controversial (so does Papa, for that matter). He calls talking to Papa "the egg-dance," because he has to pirouette skillfully among delicate subjects without touching them. But how I wish Papa could hear him sometimes when he talks to me, as he talks when Papa isn't there. In Papa's presence, I feel he is on his guard; but as soon as he lets himself go, his whole person becomes animated and he says such wonderful things that I want to write them down at once. And then he is so witty, too, and funny. As Laure de Berre said the other day, "One never tires of listening to him."

That was last Thursday; we had lunched with Robert at my cousins'. Maurice de Berre and Papa went out directly after lunch; then Robert talked to us for a long time about Perpignan, about the little jealousies of provincial life he is so familiar with, about the society in which he used to live and which he wouldn't go back to for a

kingdom. To hear him talk of all the quaint people who made up his parents' set, makes me quite sorry I never knew them; but of course I understand that a superior mind like Robert's must have found such surroundings stifling. He was so anxious to escape from this atmosphere that at first he thought of taking orders, for he is exceedingly pious by nature; then he realized he might do more good by mixing in active life. Abbé Bredel approves, and I agree with him that such a light ought not to be "hid under a bushel" — to quote Scripture like him. When one hears Robert talk, one can't help longing for other people to hear him too. This is a thing I can't be jealous about, and I feel it would be impious to keep such a treasure to myself. The object of my life must be to help him with all my might to make the most of himself.

Next week we are to pay some visits together. I am looking forward to introducing him to our friends

October 26th

I have been leading such a giddy life for the last few days! Every day I have been hoping to find a little time to write my diary. But it's not only time that is wanting. Even in the moments when I am alone, I can no longer find the necessary quiet of mind for thinking. I am living in a whirl — visits, shopping, din-



ners, theatres — to which Robert fortunately doesn't mind accompanying me, in spite of his mourning, for as he says, true feeling is quite independent of conventions. And besides, I think the joy of feeling himself loved is really stronger than his grief.

He goes shopping with me too, and orders all sorts of things for me which he tries to persuade me will be of the greatest use to us. It amuses him so much, and he so obviously enjoys spoiling me that I don't attempt to stop him as much as I ought. We chose a love of a ring together, which I must confess delights me and which I never tire of admiring. But when he wanted to give me a bracelet too, I refused point blank, in spite of what he said to try and persuade me to accept it — that buying jewels was not so much spending money as making an "investment" (that is the word he

used). I did not understand it at first, but he explained that precious stones and metals are "certain to increase in value." I declared that it was a matter of perfect indifference to me, and then we had a little quarrel. I suppose it was not very nice of me to say that I should have liked my ring as much if I hadn't known it had cost a great deal of money; upon which he exclaimed, "You might just as well say at once that you prefer trash." Then, as always happens with him — and that's what makes him so fascinating — he widened the question and looked at it "from the general point of view," which is the only one he cares about.

"People imitate pearls so well nowadays," he explained, "that anybody may be taken in; but real pearls represent a fortune, and the others have only the appearance of value."

He likes to be there when I try my dresses on, because his taste is marvelous, and a discussion with the dressmakers amuses him. He also went with me to choose my hats. I find it very difficult to get accustomed to the new shapes. Robert thinks they suit me very well, but when I look at myself in the glass, I seem unrecognizable. I think, though, that it is probably a matter of habit and that soon, as he says, it is my young girl's face that will seem strange to me. In general, I think he chooses things that are too fine, but I understand that he wants me to do him honor, and that I have no longer the right to be modest. The Abbé knows that I still am, in my heart of hearts, and he says that is the only thing that matters.

Every day I am astonished afresh at my happiness and never cease thinking myself unworthy of it. I am afraid sometimes that Robert may find out how much he has over-estimated my good qualities. But perhaps, by dint of love, I shall succeed in raising myself to his level. I hope so with all my heart and continually strive to. And he helps me with such patience.

October 30th

Robert is amazing. He knows all sorts of celebrated people and has acquaintances among all classes. This enables him to be of great service when people ask for help; and as every one knows how kind he is, they don't hesitate. He says that it shows great wisdom in life never to ask for anything one isn't certain of getting. But as the people he has obliged refuse him nothing, and as he only asks for things that are right, he easily gets everything he wants. All doors are open to him and I never go with him anywhere without seeing people come up to him from all sides.

I have asked him to introduce me only to his real friends; but, as soon as one knows him a little, it is difficult not to become his friend; and since he is so well informed upon every subject, he is able to talk to anybody about anything as if it were his own special line. To tell the truth, I don't think he has any intimate friends. I asked him the other day. He didn't answer in so many words, but pressing me tenderly to his heart, he said, "Friendship is the antechamber of love." And indeed, I feel now that the great friendship I had so lately with Ariella and Yvonne was only a makeshift, and that my first real friend is Robert.

He wants to surprise Papa by getting him decorated. He knows the Minister of Education's private secretary very well, and he declares there will be no difficulty. Papa will certainly not refuse, and in reality I think he will be very

pleased. It is charming of Robert to think of Papa and not to ask for the decoration for himself; but he doesn't attach any importance to it and knows he can have it whenever he wants. When I hear him talking to the distinguished people he introduces me to, I realize my ignorance. I hardly dare take part in the conversation, I am so afraid of disgracing him. I have asked him to draw up a list of books I ought to read, and as soon as I have a little time. . . . But when will that be? We have decided to get married at the end of January. It seems a terribly long way off, and yet the days flash by with the most alarming rapidity.

Directly after the wedding we are to go to Tunis. It will not be merely a pleasure trip. Robert has an interest in some agricultural concern out there and he wants to look it over. He says there is no greater pleasure than one which can be turned to some advantage. His mind is never idle. He is always learning and manages to find profit in everything.

The great question before us is where we are to live. We have gone over numbers of apartments, but in every one either Mamma, or Robert, or I find some drawback. I think we are going to come to some arrangement with an architect Robert knows very well. He has just finished building a block of apartments which is very well situated in the neighborhood of La Murette, with a view over some big gardens. We are thinking of taking the top floor, and in that case we should be able to arrange our rooms to suit ourselves. We spend hours together discussing plans and it is extremely amusing.

Robert, who during his mother's life was not very well off, has contented himself for the last three years with a little ground-floor flat in the Avenue d'Antin, where he was beginning to feel very cramped. He had to take his meals at a restaurant, which consumed a great deal of time and was very bad for his digestion. I asked him to show me his rooms. He seemed a little bit ashamed of them. But I was surprised to find everything so neat. All his papers are arranged in folders or jackets, and he has invented an extraordinary system of filing which enables him to get at any piece of information he wants about any particular person in the smallest possible time. That is how he is able to be of service so easily. He considers that people as a rule are lacking in method and that society's machinery is, as he says, out of gear. He likes to quote La Fontaine's line, *C'est le fonds qui manque le moins*, and declares that the important thing is to make the most of what one possesses.

I think this is true, especially of anyone who is as greatly gifted as he; but when I say that my "capital" is not

worth much, he protests and says very charmingly that many women who keep salons and shine in society are much less intelligent than I am. He seems to say so in all sincerity, and I am decidedly afraid that he is full of illusions about his future wife. I hope it will be a long time before he loses them. At any rate, as soon as I have a little time, I mean to work hard at cultivating myself as much as possible, and strive day by day to become less unworthy of him.

I was very anxious to know whether he has been able to find time to keep his journal, as we promised each other, and I asked him to show it to me — oh, not to give it me to read, but just to let me see it. To tell the truth, I was afraid he might leave it lying about. But he reassured me; the drawer where he keeps it is always carefully locked. He showed me the drawer, but refused to take out the diary — even after I had promised not to open it.

November 3rd

Yesterday we had the painter Bourgwelsdorf to dine with us. In spite of his frightful name — I really don't know whether I have spelt it properly — he is neither a German nor a Jew, but a very worthy young man to whom Robert has been exceedingly kind. He has chocked up the little Avenue d'Antin flat with a quantity of quite unsalable pictures, which Robert buys out of charity to help him without wounding his pride. I told Robert that I thought it was very imprudent to encourage such a hopeless failure, and that it would be better to urge him to do anything in the world rather than paint; but it appears that the poor young man is incapable of doing anything else, and what is more, thinks he is very gifted. Robert himself, for that matter, persists in saying that he has "a certain talent," and we had a little quarrel over it, for really one has only to glance at any one of Bourgwelsdorf's horrors to see that he doesn't know his business and that he hasn't the remotest notion of what painting ought to be. Then Robert quoted a lot of painters who have become celebrated and who at first were considered mere daubers. He was getting a little cross, because I couldn't sincerely succeed in believing that what he showed me was good.

"You may be sure," he said peremptorily, "that if he were worthless, I should not care for him." (But all the same, Robert doesn't dare hang his frightful things — he keeps them stuffed away in a big cupboard, where I discovered them when I was poking around his rooms, as he gave me leave to do.) Robert's tone was so snubbing (it was

the first time he had ever spoken to me like that) that the tears came into my eyes. He noticed it and at once became very tender again, kissed me and said: "What do you say to making his acquaintance? You could then judge for yourself whether he is really such a fool as you think."

I agreed and that is how we came to invite him to dinner.

Well! I here apologize to Robert. I thought Bourgwelsdorf almost charming. I say *almost*, because all the same there is one thing about him which seems to me rather shocking — and that is his want of gratitude toward Robert. Bourgwelsdorf seems really too forgetful of what he owes him, and sometimes is actually wanting in deference. I know it doesn't mean much, coming from him, and that the cordial way in which he spoke made up for the roughness of what he said; but I heard him interrupt Robert more than once by exclaiming, "That's all rubbish, you know," after Robert had made an extremely sensible remark, to which he had not even listened. On the other hand, he approved of everything Papa said with such courteous, smiling insincerity that it almost took one in, and Papa, as a matter of fact, was enchanted.

I expected to see a Bohemian-looking person, but he is quite a gentleman, well — not to say rather elegantly — dressed, well groomed, and well mannered. He is certainly intelligent. He tells a great many stories very amusingly and his conversation would be delightful if he were not rather too fond of paradoxes. One is never quite certain that he isn't laughing at one, as for instance when he says that Raphael and Poussin are his two favorite painters, which one would really never suppose from his own style of painting. On the whole, however, it was a very pleasant evening and I shall be delighted to see him again.

But it's rather a long step from that to giving him a commission to paint my portrait, as Robert suddenly did. Neither Bourgwelsdorf nor I were expecting it, so that we didn't know what to say and it was extremely awkward. I think Robert might have consulted me first. I should have told him that between now and our wedding it would be very difficult for me to find time to sit and that we should have to put off "that pleasure" until after we came back from our honeymoon. That's what I said to Bourgwelsdorf when, at Robert's suggestion, he tried to fix an appointment for the first sitting. He declared that three or four would be enough; that he could take notes and sketch in the portrait from memory, so as only to have a few finishing touches to put in when we come back. To tell the truth, when I

think of his horrible daubs, I don't at all care for the idea of being painted by him. However, we have settled on a day for visiting his studio.

November 7th

Shopping, parties, visits. I have no time for my diary; no time for reading, for reflection; no time for feeling myself happy. And what distresses me most is that it all tends to make me frightfully selfish. Every day the only object in life seems to be my pleasure, my clothes, my tastes. As if I could ever have any other pleasure or tastes than Robert's!

I am longing for the time when I shall be in my own home and able to recover myself a little. This round of dissipation seems so empty, and I even feel as if I were losing sight of Robert, too, as well as of myself. For though it is true that I am nearly always with him, we are hardly ever alone together; one has to be all the time in public, smiling to one and another, answering stupid questions, exhibiting one's happiness, acting a kind of comedy of happiness; and such constant preoccupation with the desire of *appearing* happy would almost prevent me from *being* so — that is, if all this show could be taken seriously for a single moment.

November 12th

I have been seeing a good deal of Yvonne lately. I feel when I am talking to her how easy it is for happiness to become selfish. What deceives me is that I think of Robert more than of myself. But when I think of him, I am only following the inclination of my heart. It is of course not a matter of thinking of him less, but of not confining my love to him alone. I have had eyes only for him and did not notice how ill Yvonne was looking till last Thursday. Then my eyes were suddenly opened — or rather the daze in which I have been living cleared away. She looked so changed that I felt frightened. Then I questioned her, till at last she confessed the cause of her great trouble. She has just discovered that the young man whom I knew she loved, and to whom she was practically engaged, is deceiving her, and is living with another woman.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" I asked.

"I was afraid of disturbing your happiness."

And then I felt ashamed of this happiness of mine, which was like a kind of private property with a harsh "No Admittance" marked up on it. No, no, I don't want a *pitiless* happiness. Yvonne has missed my friendship sadly and she is in need of help. She is afraid she will

not be able to stop loving this man, though he no longer deserves her love, and she wants to find an occupation that will help her to forget her unhappiness a little. She would like to be employed in a hospital, which seems to me an excellent idea — at any rate for the time being. Of course, as I promised her, I shall not say anything about the reasons for her determination, but I shall try to enlist Robert's help. He is very attentive to Yvonne and he knows the head physician at Laënnec very well. He may recommend Yvonne with confidence, for I have no doubt that with her devotion and intelligence and ability, she can be of the greatest service.

November 14th

How kind Robert is! I had no sooner told him what Yvonne wanted than he telephoned to Dr. Marchant and made an appointment with him for dinner tomorrow evening. He has invited him to the Tour d'Argent, which is famous for its cooking.

"You wouldn't believe how many things are accomplished by a good dinner," he said to me, laughing. He declares that my presence will be very useful, and has persuaded Papa to let me go. I am looking forward to it very much. Robert says that Dr. Marchant is rather surly, but extremely appreciative of good food; so he means to take particular pains with the menu.

I am often afraid of vexing Robert by using certain words or expressions in my conversation which he says are not correct, and which I have fallen into the habit of using because I hear them continually round about me. When we are alone, Robert checks me up and corrects me. But when we are in company, I often keep silent for fear of suddenly seeing a little sign of annoyance on Robert's face, which, though no one else notices it, tells me that I have expressed myself incorrectly. However, I must make up my mind to talk to Dr. Marchant and I am rather terrified at the idea. I know myself. If I think too much about my behavior, I become self-conscious and affected. I have begged Robert not to look too much at me during dinner. I can read his face so well, and if I saw the slightest shadow of disapproval on it, I should be too upset.

For instance, nothing irritates him so much as the use of the word "very" before a past participle, which, as he says quite rightly, is very different from an ordinary adjective. He pointed out what I admit I had never thought of before — that one can say "very angry" but not "very annoyed," and "very glad" but not "very pleased." I think I grasp the shade of difference, but now I hardly

dare use the word "very" for fear of making a mistake. One doesn't always have time to think whether the word that follows is a past participle or an adjective, or a past participle used as an adjective, or an adjective used as . . . And really I think Robert pushes it a little too far. He says I may say "very tired"; and yet "tired" is a past participle. He began to explain that it was *used* as an adjective, but I think he got slightly mixed himself, because he suddenly stopped his little grammar lesson and put it off till another time. But I do want to understand these rules thoroughly and to get into the habit of applying them; for Robert thinks it ought to be women's special business to preserve the purity of the language, because they are in general more conservative than men, and for them to be slovenly in their speech is to fail in one of their duties.

November 16th

"My hat!" cried Papa, when he heard we had dined at the Tour d'Argent (this is his favourite little swear word), "you certainly treat yourselves well!" He told me he had never been there himself but that he knew it was *the* gourmets' restaurant. And I had to go through all the menu in detail for him. It was an excellent dinner and the wine was marvelous, as far as I could judge by Robert's and our guest's expression as they sipped it; for personally, I don't know very much about it. But what an odious man Dr. Marchant is!

"Idle young ladies are the very deuce!" he cried at Robert's first words about Yvonne. It was almost at the end of dinner, and Robert thought our guest had been sufficiently "warmed up." Then he went on in words the rudeness of which was accentuated by the surly way in which he said them:

"Of course she's not the first to pester me. I have always refused such offers of service most unsympathetically. Sisters of Mercy are all very well — they have ceased to be women, it seems. But society young ladies! Æsculapius forbid! Tell your friend for me that she had better get married. It's much the best thing a woman can do, believe me. I don't mind saying so before you, Mademoiselle," he added, turning to me with his ugly smile, "for I see you think so too."

"My friend has good reasons for not doing as I do," I ventured to say, plucking up my courage and feeling that Yvonne's future was at stake. But my courage failed me at the jeering way in which he raised his eyebrows and said, with a sarcastic query: "Oh, indeed . . . ?"

I was on the point of exclaiming that

every woman couldn't hope for the happiness of finding a Robert, but I merely said in a very flat way that all marriages were not happy. To which Dr. Marchant immediately answered that if the married state is *not always* good, the unmarried state is *always* bad. . . . "For women, at any rate," he added quickly, with a disagreeable chuckle, before I had time to ask him why he was still a bachelor if that were so. Then, seeing, no doubt, that he had gone too far, he went on in a more conciliatory tone:

"No, but between ourselves, Mademoiselle, is your friend *really* so anxious to be a nurse under me?"

"I know she has always been very devoted to nursing," I began rashly; and then I felt Robert's glance fixed upon me and realized my grammatical error, so that I didn't dare finish my sentence, and Dr. Marchant continued.

"And accomplishments? What's the use of accomplishments? Why were they invented if not to give idle young women something to do? Advise your friend to do cross-stitching or paint in water-colors, since she refuses to produce children, as her duty is — though I suppose we can't very decently force her to do it."

No doubt I showed how revolting I thought his remarks, for he very soon turned the conversation, after having added peremptorily: "Besides, even if I were willing to employ your friend, I shouldn't be able to find anything for her to do. We are overstaffed as it is, and I can't endure people loafing around."

So Robert has had all his expense and trouble for nothing. It's what he calls being "sold." It was easy to see by his face how much he disliked it. And I was exceedingly touched, because it was only for love of me that he took an interest in Yvonne and made these advances. I did not hide from him my opinion of Dr. Marchant. He may be a great man of science, as Robert declares, but he is an ill-mannered boor and I hope I shall never see him again, in spite of Robert's repeating "I haven't done with him yet," as he did several times when he was seeing me home after dinner.

And it's not as if Yvonne expected any remuneration for her services! She has enough to live on and her offer was entirely disinterested. How shall I have the heart to tell her that it has been rejected and that no one has any need of her devotion?

Useless! To know, to feel that one is useless! To feel that one has the power to help, to succor, to spread joy around one, and to be refused the means!

"You are not wanted, Mademoiselle!"

How dreadful! I pity Yvonne with all my heart and I am all the more grateful to God for having spared me such bitterness, and to Robert for having chosen



me. But to think that so many women, less fortunate than I, are denied their share of life — to think that their right to an existence with some purpose in it, the exercise of their gifts and virtues, should be subject to some man's more or less kind permission — this enrages me. And I here register a vow that if ever I have a daughter, I will teach her none of those "accomplishments" which Dr. Marchant referred to so scornfully, but I will have her seriously educated, so that she may have no need of arbitrary indulgences, concessions, and favors.

I am well aware that what I have written here is absurd, but the feeling that inspired it is not. I consider it perfectly natural that in marrying Robert I should give up my independence. (I have shown my independence in marrying him in spite of Papa.) But every woman ought to be free to choose her own slavery.

November 17th

Robert is busy collecting capital to start a literary paper, of which he is to be the editor. The paper is not to be published until we get back from Tunis — that is to say, not till next spring; but it is best to get everything ready before we leave, which we shall do immediately after our wedding . . . very soon now. The care and attention he lavishes upon me do not interfere with his other activities, I am thankful to say. I should love him less if I were to be the only object of his life. I am here to help him and not to distract him from his career. It is beyond me that he must look.

November 19th

Every day brings me a fresh joy. How surprised I was this morning when Robert showed me a letter he had just

received from Dr. Marchant. He seems to have forgotten—or else to be ashamed of—everything he said the other evening, and asks for Yvonne to come to see him at the hospital. He wishes to talk over what can be done for her, or with her.

November 22nd

This morning I behaved with great weakness. But how is it possible to refuse Robert anything? I was in the little drawing-room, and as I was not expecting him to come so early, I had taken out my diary and was preparing to write an account of our pleasant evening at the theatre yesterday, when he suddenly came in and asked to see what I was writing. I answered laughingly that he would only see it after my death, in accordance with our agreement. To which he answered, laughingly too, that in that case he ran the risk of never seeing it at all, for in the natural course of things I should survive him; that moreover, he had never taken our agreement seriously and that he was quite willing to cancel it; that, on the other hand, we had promised never to hide anything from each other; and that in any case his desire to read my journal was so strong that his whole happiness might be ruined if I did not at once satisfy it. . . . In short, he was so pressing, so

obstinate, so tender, that I yielded; and, after asking him to let me read his journal in return, to which he willingly consented, I left the room to let him read it at his ease.

But now the charm is broken; and that is what I feared. If I am adding these lines, it is only to explain why they are the last. Evidently it was for him that I kept my journal, but I cannot write about him any more as I used to, if only out of reserve and decency. I shall let him read these lines too—I do not wish to hide them from him.

No, it isn't that I love him less; but henceforth he will know it only directly. (This sentence is perhaps nonsense; but it came naturally from my pen.)

November 23rd

Alas! I must add another postscript.

Robert has just made me very unhappy. This is the first grief he has caused me and I am very sorry to write it down here, for I had hoped that this book would contain nothing but expressions of my joy. But I must write it down all the same; and I hope he will read what I am now writing, for when just now I said it to him, he would not take my words seriously.

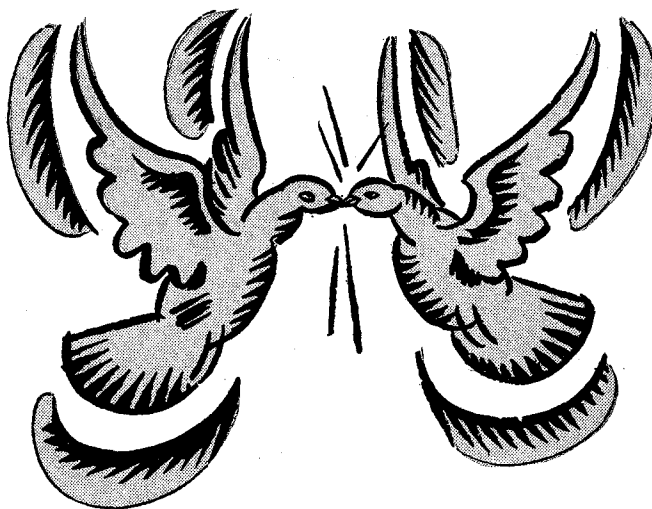
I went to see him this morning, thinking that he in his turn would show me his journal, as he promised me yesterday

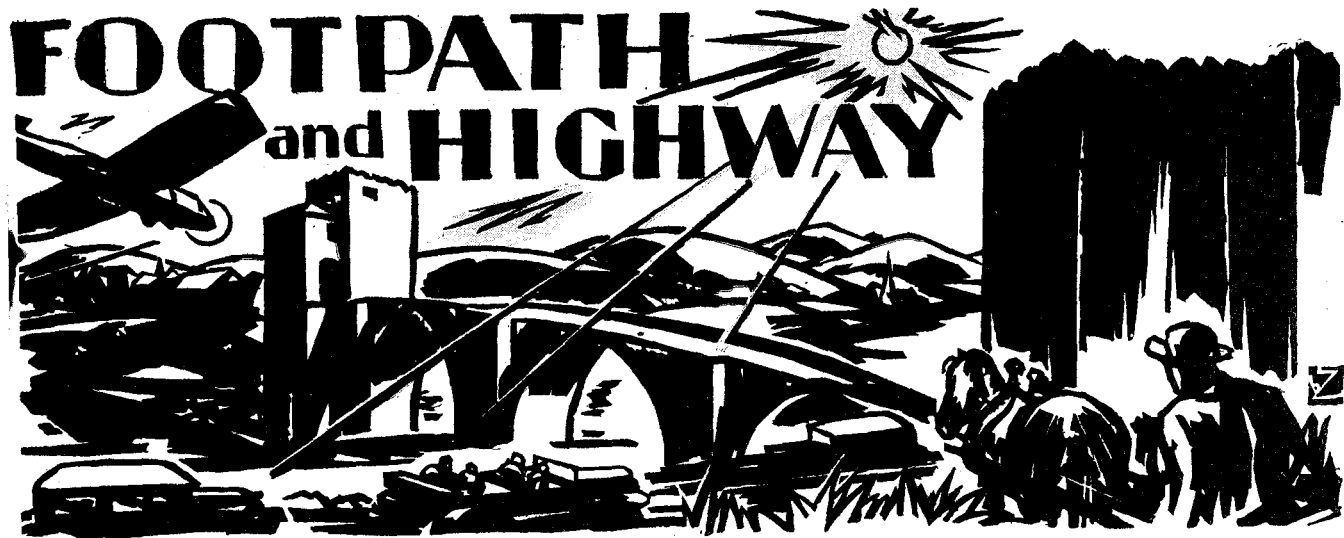
before I gave him mine to read. And now he confesses that his journal does not exist, that he only allowed me to think he was writing it for so long in order to encourage me to go on with mine. He confessed all this laughingly and was astonished and then annoyed because I did not laugh too and was not amused by his trick. On the contrary, when I was unhappy about it and reproached him—not, indeed, because he hadn't kept a journal, for I realize that he had no time to, but for letting me think he was keeping it, for deceiving me—he then began to reproach *me* for taking offense, for exaggerating a thing that is of no importance, without understanding that what makes me unhappy is just that—that a thing which has so much importance for me has so little for him, and that he can treat so lightly what touches me so deeply.

And soon it will not be he who was in the wrong for not keeping his word, but I who am in the wrong for objecting to it. And yet it is no pleasure to me to be in the right rather than he; I would be glad to think that he was in the right. At any rate, I should have wished him to show some regret for having caused me so much pain.

I feel I am ungrateful to complain like this and I beg his pardon. But now, assuredly, I must stop my journal, for there is really no longer any object in it.

## TO BE CONTINUED





# The FIFTEEN Best Funny Stories

by THE PEDESTRIAN

IN GRIMM's *Märchen* there is a dialect story, "Dat Mäken von Brakel," in which a girl, believing that St. Anne will answer her prayer for a husband, goes to the church and sings a crude supplication before the altar. A waggish fellow, who happens to be behind the altar, makes bold to answer her prayer with a shout, "You won't get one!"—whereupon "Dat Mäken," thinking the Mary-child standing by St. Anne has spoken, calls out, "Pepperlepep, stupid bag of wind! Hold your snout and let your mother speak."

Now that story, as I have told it, seems to me one of the worst, and yet, as I read it years ago and as I reread it now in Grimm's original, it seems to me a good one, if not quite one of the "best." I think I haven't missed any essential details; I have even included the point—everything, in fact, but the untranslatable dialect, which is wholly necessary to the humor. The peasant maiden's last remark just isn't funny in English, though it would be almost funny (and really quite pointless in the original) if she had addressed the yokel instead of the virgin babe. In other words, you mustn't try to translate the story; you must translate yourself.

The moral of which appears to be that, if you set out to select the fifteen funniest stories, you must exclude at the outset a host of good stories which cannot be trans-

lated; you must shut off, as it were, a whole wing of the palace of humor. Take, for instance, the reply of the Paris cabby who, because his union had decreed that no one should work during the lunch hour, found himself under the embarrassing necessity of refusing a lady in a pouring rain. Did he tell her that it was against the rules? Impulse of a Saxon mind! Certainly not. After assuring her that he hated to disoblige a lady, that, so far as he himself was concerned, nothing would give him greater pleasure than to accede to her wishes, he added: "Mais mon petit estomac, il ne le veut pas." Try that last sentence in English!

All this, of course, to make clear that the selection of the Fifteen Best Funny Stories has to begin with the exclusion of all which for one reason or another cannot be transmitted. For it is not only the untranslatable stories which must be excluded, but also the majority of translatable foreign stories. Humor in most of its manifestations is a curiously local quality. For example, I know of a German who contends that humor at bottom depends on *Schadenfreude* (the joy of doing an injury), that it is always at someone's expense. An Englishman once answered him with the story of a ruffian who rang the bell of a house in the country and asked if the master was at home. The maid, though frightened, had presence of mind to reply, "Yes, sir; he's in the draw-

ing-room feeding the bloodhounds." Whereupon the Teuton, after a moment's reflection, said, "Well, I don't see any humor in that—unless an Englishman *would* feed his bloodhounds in the drawing-room." The selector, as the teller, of the best funny stories is in perilous need of first selecting his audience.

Even then, after he has excluded the untranslatable and the foreign, after he has bewitched his reader into a willing smile, he has still to remember that by far the greater number of the best stories (the really memorable ones, the stories which will remain a solace even unto death) depend almost wholly on the *oral* telling. Many lose at least fifty per cent if they are written; some lose one hundred per cent; a few lose more than that, actually go over to the minus side.

I think I recall one that ought to lose about ninety-nine per cent as I shall write it. Two medical students "once upon a time" managed to steal a corpse. They put it in an overcoat, propped it up between them in a buggy, and drove hurriedly and apprehensively away. Uncanny thing, driving with a corpse; somehow they couldn't seem to muster much cheery conversation. The night was bitter cold; so, when they thought they were a safe distance on their way, they were only too thankful for an excuse to stop at an inn for a drink or two, maybe three. While

they were inside, an hostler, happening along, discovered the corpse, transferred the overcoat to himself, hid the body in the bushes, and took its place on the seat. When the students came out, there, quite reasonably, was the corpse where they had left it, propped up stiffly on the seat. Somehow, things looked less gloomy. They were warmer now; there was no longer any feeling of apprehension; in fact, the whole affair was a merry lark. As they drove off, one of them slapped the corpse on the knee. "Cold night, old man!" he cried cheerily. "No," replied the corpse in sepulchral tones — "hot as hell!" The student who was driving fell forthwith out of the buggy; the other took to squeaking and gibbering till it was piteous for the hostler to behold, but when the horse started and the corpse leaned forward to seize the abandoned reins, the poor fellow gave one final shriek and disappeared into the night. The moral of which — "ilk man and mother's son tak heed" — is precisely that of *Tam o' Shanter*, another good story which depends not a little on the telling.

OF COURSE there are different kinds of "telling." Some stories, like the above, depend on the narrator's art and, if they are to be written, require a Washington Irving or a Robert Burns. They then frequently pass from the funny story group to the short story group; they take on literary legitimacy. Others, short and largely dependent on an unexpected turn at the end, have an element of dialect which gives them quality; but they can usually be told by anyone with reasonable skill in that particular dialect. Nevertheless, they are so largely *oral*, their added quality depends so much on the tone of voice, that, unless they have a very humorous twist at the end, they lose tremendously when written. Most negro stories, Scotch stories, Irish stories belong in this class. It is not that they are foreign or local; many, in contrast to the "wise crack" story, have a singularly perennial and universal quality; but in proportion as that quality is strong, and for the very reason that they depend on it rather than on the "point," they defy written form. The story of the darkey and the one-legged goose, the tale of the negro who wanted to join St. Thomas Church, the "accident" of the old Scotch caddy who wore "lugs" on his ears, the story of the old lady and her parrot, the political speech of the man with a bad memory who (to recall the most obvious names, such as Washington and Lincoln) referred to a paper which he repeatedly drew from his pocket and who concluded, "And now, gentlemen, on such an auspicious occasion, it is only fitting at the close that we should all join in fervent devotion and gratitude to — to [drawing out paper and looking up name] — to Almighty God" — these and many others, to be among the fifteen best, simply must be told by a master raconteur. Then — and this of course

is not true of the "wise crack" — they are funnier each time you hear them.

Well, so far, in this business of sedulously not selecting the best fifteen, I find I have referred to and excluded, for one reason or another, nine stories — really good stories given the time and the place and the right audience all together. I incline (I don't say I fall for the idea; in fact, I only began to incline toward it in the middle of the last sentence) — I incline to divide funny stories into three groups:

(1) Those which are so local or so untranslatable and those which depend so wholly on the *oral* telling that they cannot be written down. This group includes most of the best stories.

(2) Those which, though they depend largely on the oral telling, nevertheless have sufficient "point" at the end to warrant inclusion if they are short enough. But they lose so much in the writing that they could never be made to appear the best.

(3) Those (wise cracks, puns, slips of the tongue, howlers, quick repartee) which scarcely depend on the telling, but almost solely on the point. These can be told — once!

I have told several of the first group, just to prove my point that they can't be told — except as specimens of the worst — and I have gestured in despair at one or two others in that group. To represent the intermediate group I recommend as a perfect example the story of the Deacon's mare.

Jed Shattuck had long coveted that mare. Why, she could road along at twelve miles an hour just as easy. Well, Jed couldn't stand it any longer, so one day he druv down to the Deacon's in his demmicrat and asked him how much he'd take fer the mare.

"Well," answered the Deacon slowly, "I hain't never set a price on her. Don't know as I've thot of sellin' her."

"Well," said Jed, "s'pose you had set a price on her an' someone come along with the money an' put it down right there on the table, how much do yuh think it 'ud be?"

"Well," replied the Deacon, "I s'pose ef someone come along an' plunked the cash down right there on that table — well, I s'pose two hundred and fifty dollars would buy her."

Jed plunked the money down.

"The mare's yours," said the Deacon.

Well, Jed was so tickled he asked the Deacon if he might unhitch his old hoss and leave it in the Deacon's barn and drive the mare home in the demmicrat — just to show the folks. Well, of course the Deacon didn't raise no objections, so Jed druv the mare home — roadin' right along at twelve miles an hour, or even smarter. But there was a mite of a hill up to Jed's house and the mare was breathin' kinda heavy when she got there. Jed's boy come out of the house just then and saw his father sittin' there in the demmicrat with the new mare an' all.

"Well," he says, "I see you've bot the Deacon's mare."

"Yep," says Jed.

"Yuh got stuck. She's got the heavens."

"She ain't."

"She has."

"She ain't."

"You jest get outa that demmicrat an' listen to her."

Well, Jed got outa the demmicrat an', sure enough, the mare had the heavens all right. Jed was that all-fired mad he druv right down to the Deacon's next mornin'.

"See here," he said, "what sort of a God-fearin' man do yuh take yourself to be, you a Deacon of the church an' all, to go an' sell me a horse with the heavens?"

"So — the mare's got the heavens, has she?" said the Deacon slowly.

"Didn't yuh know she had the heavens when yuh sold her to me last night?"

"Yes — I cal'late I did."

"Well, what do yuh mean by sellin' me a horse with the heavens an' never mentionin' it, and you supposed to be a God-fearin' man?"

"Well," said the Deacon slowly, "the man sold her to me didn't say she had the heavens, an' I kinda thot it might be a secret."

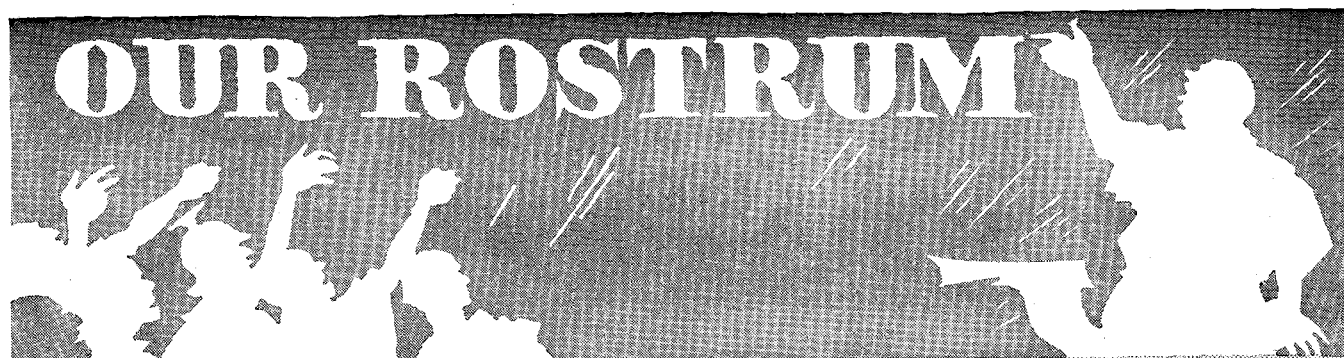
THAT, I SUBMIT, proves that stories in Group Two, though the point almost saves them, depend so much on the oral telling that they, like Group One, must be excluded from any written selection.

Now, excluding Groups One and Two leaves you in a predicament similar to that of a prohibitionist vegetarian trying to select the fifteen best articles of diet. Also, even if you limit yourself to Group Three, you run into another difficulty. The success of a little "wise crack" lies in the unexpected turn; you must never have heard it, or, if you have, it must be introduced under unusual and quite unpredictable circumstances. The dinner guest retailing a string of familiar jests is the great original bore — the chestnut blight.

Take any half dozen jokes of which you are familiar with all but one. That sounds rather a difficult feat, but just be Hibernian for a moment and do it. The five old chestnuts will have a hard time of it competing with the new one. The selection of the best fifteen (that is, of the best you *have not yet heard*) is a sheer impossibility. You are forced to choose from those you *have* heard; and they, just because they are old, are not the best, but, quite suddenly and terribly, the worst.

It ought now to be perfectly clear that I haven't the slightest intention of selecting the fifteen best. That would be absurd after taking such pains to exclude every variety. Indeed, the apparent necessity of deciding what "funny" means vanishes too if you are only patient enough to dispose of the whole field before you face the definition. I commend my method to workers in other lines.

— Walter S. Hinchman



Johan Bull

*The Editor will be glad—space permitting—to publish in these columns brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM.*

## Cleaning the Gutter

*Two critics agree that a little dirt aids the literary digestion.*

To the Editor:

I must take instant exception to the use of the word "indecent" in Mr. Granville Hicks' "The Gutter — and Then What?" in the December FORUM. He states that *Ulysses*, for instance, "is not merely an anthology of indecencies." The "merely" is unnecessary. It is *not* an anthology of indecencies at all. No word in itself is indecent; it is the connotations aroused by the word in its setting that are sometimes indecent. *The Adventures of Fanny Hill* is an indecent book because its intention is indecent; it was concocted manifestly to afford the reader a vicarious wallowing in lubricities for their own sake. But *Ulysses* is a katharsis; there is a terror behind its comedy. Mr. Hicks seems to be concerned with indecency and this generation and to attempt an apology and explanation for it, but, while he has much to say that is pertinent and reveals the happy fact that he senses the change in letters much better than he indicates it in words, he does not, I think, clearly postulate it. The rags and tags of an old tradition are mixed up too much in his method. It is true that we have reached an era of negation of outworn and artificial and compromising and sentimental attitudes, but the progression has been logical. A new philosophy has been evolved which is not based on faith but fact, and which rescues the terrifying functions of the body from the belittling and unfair epithet "indecent." "Indecency" is the feeble accusation that has been hurled at Flaubert, the Goncourts, Zola, Dreiser, and Joyce because of the incapacity of the accusers to rise above their own functions. The hysterical hushers of life have always been with us and will be with us always, for moral cowardice is taught by all established religions. Literature, however, is and will continue to be carried beyond the ostrich farm of the general public.

HERBERT GORMAN

New York City

To the Editor:

Though Mr. Hicks' thesis, in "The Gutter — and Then What?" is plausible and well-argued, it does not convince me that the progress of science or the decay of faith are either the direct or the proximate cause of the "age of indecency" in letters; except that science, by its application to mechanical development, has extended individual liberty and personal responsibility in one important respect. It has partly dissolved the family as an economic unit. It is much easier for me, to use a concrete instance, to earn my own living and hence to make my own decision on what I shall read, than it would have been for any woman a hundred or even fifty years ago. It is measurably easier for a young man.

Hence censorship cannot be so strict. Censorship is something one thinks of as necessary for others, not for oneself. A manifestation of paternalism, it will obviously be exercised in any period of authority, of a temporarily settled social order. Disruption or flux of the social order permits greater freedom of speech, not only in the ideas discussed but in the phrases which are tolerated and the literary forms accepted.

In the ferment preceding the French Revolution, Rousseau created a new style in French prose. Voltaire, clinging to the classic tradition in literature while destroying it in the realm of ideas, was shocked. Chaucer was the first-born child of the Renaissance in England. The Elizabethans, seething with energy and enlarged from the tightness of their little island by the economic opportunities of adventure in the New World, wrote violently and grossly.

The dramatists of the Restoration — a time of social chaos, not red ruin, but the breaking up of laws — were pornographic, brutal, and pessimistic. They were sometimes witty, but hardly gay. Theirs, too, was a literature of negation, cynicism, and disillusion, as Mr. Hicks describes ours. They too were "sure of nothing but the animal passions."

According to Mr. Hicks himself, they

afford a definite test case, as against Chaucer and the Elizabethans, since they preceded by a hundred and fifty years the Victorians whom he considers the rear-guard of the Age of Faith. What, then, is the difference? It is the difference between genius and talent, both manifesting themselves in periods when social — which is to say economic — transition had loosened the bonds of authority. It is the difference between Swift and Aldous Huxley; for Swift had his scientist extracting moonbeams from cucumbers before Mr. Huxley set his scientist pedaling on a stationary bicycle.

In his preface to his translation of the *Arabian Nights*, Sir Richard Burton maintains that a certain amount of pornography is an innate need of human nature. This is inflammable doctrine; and besides, it involves the question whether human nature is not a contradiction in terms, since humanity cannot survive in what is called a state of nature — that is, without artifice. However, it does seem that pornography exists in all known social systems. Savages have their smutty jokes. They have also a sense of decorum. There is, then, a continual effort to preserve some measure in the amount of this raw humor which may be allowed to pass current.

When other restraints are relaxed, pornography increases, or at least emerges to the surface. As genius has the ordinary human relish for pornography, and can utilize everything, when genius occurs, it seizes on pornography as material, with the other traits of human nature, including disillusion and despair and futility. What of King Lear and Rabelais' *Dio- genes*? But the bawdiness of Shakespeare or Rabelais is taken as incidental, and held to be justified, or excused, by the breadth of their creative faculty. Talent, wanting the force of genius, snatches at pornography and pessimism even more eagerly, to supply by shock the lack of dynamic power. If it cannot delight, it will disgust to secure attention.

The Restoration bred no genius. If we have any, it is still in the bud. But we have much talent, considerable freedom, and

consequently a sudden outburst of — call it plain speaking, indecency, or whatever you will.

ISABEL PATERSON

*New York City*

## A Bouquet

To the Editor:

I think the article on Marriage and Divorce in the October issue of THE FORUM is one of the finest pieces of English exposition I have read in years. I have given it to my high school daughter as a study in style. Mere means to an end though it is, the superb English of most of FORUM's text is a light in the wilderness of slovenly and primitive expression which seems to be growing up in America.

THEODORE S. SOLOMONS

*Yosemite, Cal.*

## Ethics in Business?

*Two to one in favor of ballyhoo as described by John T. Flynn in the October Forum.*

To the Editor:

As to Babbitry, Rotarianism, and the luncheon club cult, I am for them. It is, of course, unfortunate that we cannot endow all people with the well-balanced mental acumen of Mr. Mencken, but I am sure that the hours spent together discussing community projects, enjoying good-fellowship, and getting acquainted with the other fellow's job as well as his personality cannot but have a definitely beneficial effect upon the social outlook of merchants and professional men generally. Let us take the most pessimistic point of view and assume that no project is backed by the Rotary Club except for purposes of self-aggrandizement: still we cannot fail to see that in its social effects the results are wholly good.

In fact, it seems to me that much of our progress and much of the problem of continued progress hinges upon our ability to harness self-interests with social amelioration.

HENRY G. BENNETT

*President,  
Oklahoma Agricultural & Mechanical  
College,  
Stillwater, Okla.*

To the Editor:

My opinion of Rotarianism and the luncheon club cult is that of an outsider. Such clubs, probably, were originated by men of few social contacts in an attempt to fulfill a natural craving for sociability. Much of their talk may be "bunk" — as Mr. Flynn says — but their humanitarian efforts in this city, at least, are entitled to respect.

Their service to the poor, crippled children is outstanding in its organized efficiency and splendid results, and gets far less publicity than most of the philanthropic projects promoted by our citizens. In my opinion, such clubs are entitled to

incorporate the service of God in their code if they want to, regardless of the cavil or objections of less generous critics.

Moreover, bunk is not confined to the luncheon club talk of business men. What of the vaporings of some of our self-styled intellectuals, whose code seems to be the disintegration of all established things — the sort who is willing to make any inflammatory statement, unauthenticated, in order to create a glare of publicity in which he may bask. Of this sort is the satirical biographer who uses his inky weapon in heroic fashion to combat the dead, or to damn the down-and-out who cannot get back at him.

ANNE MARQUIS-CLOSSON

*Cincinnati, O.*

To the Editor:

The luncheon club, with its elaborate code of ethics, meets weekly, sings its songs, eats its luncheon, decides that the town should have a new telephone system, and adjourns. The code of ethics hangs on the wall and the larger business man goes serenely on his way, making plans to eliminate his smaller brother from the field of combat. He pastes his club emblem on the windshield of his automobile and in his office window to proclaim to the world that he is living by a higher "Code of Ethics." "The Soul of Business" seems to be sleeping the endless sleep; perhaps in time it may awaken and demand a housecleaning that will equal the occasional political one. Until it does, may "God and the Flag and Service" protect us from the "Octopus" and "The Pit" of former days.

MARY RUTHERFORD WALL

*Sayre, Okla.*

## Muzzling the Lion

*American interpretations of Mr. Joad's "Hymn of Hate" in the November issue.*

To the Editor:

That an Englishman will ever misunderstand us, until he lives with us awhile, is an established fact. What can Mr. Joad expect of a country that has, as yet, not been thoroughly manicured and massaged? True, the English countryside is beautiful — but why not, with, we'll say, thirty million people to make it so and a couple of thousand years to do it in. What will our own countryside look like when we are as densely populated and have had those centuries behind us?

CLARENCE E. MOULETTE

*Camden, N. J.*

To the Editor:

What Mr. Joad would have us believe is that an English civilization is merely an English gentleman's civilization. It is excellent — what there is of it — but there is not, and never was, enough to go around. Our thousands of commonplace people doing the grand tour are suggesting to Europeans that their own civilization is too skimpy; the trouble with us is not

that we will destroy this much-touted civilization, but that we are developing one which will cause Europeans to destroy it themselves. It is this, at base, which alarms and exacerbates the Joads. If Europe had a culture which Europe enjoyed, the gates of America would not prevail against it. But Europe does not have that civilization it boasts; or, to be accurate, the Europeans who can boast of it are too few. Drains are not an ultimate test of culture, but indifference to the stench of a manure heap is not evidence of a high one. Yet the civilization of European masses is the civilization of the dung pile, the tenement, and the public house, and the categories of thought which these engender. To retort that we also have these does not get over the plain truth that we have fewer.

WILLIAM BERGEN CHALFANT

*Pittsburgh, Pa.*

To the Editor:

And so this is what Mr. Joad thinks Englishmen think of America! I should like to know what Professor Graham Wallas of London has to say when and if he reads Mr. Joad's impassioned article in the November FORUM. I should like to hear Sir James Barrie's chuckle over it. I shall read with deep interest, if he prints it, the impression America makes upon the keen mind of Mr. Beverly Nichols.

When Americans attempt to twist the Lion's tail, they at least can see that he is a lion. But Mr. Joad, in spite of his promising first paragraph, seems to have joined the blind men fumbling at the elephant. Does he think we are nothing but great flapping ears? Does he imagine that there is one of the instances of American grossness and self-sufficiency that he cites that is not known and deplored by thousands of better Americans? So many Americans love England and visit it just because of its green lanes and lovely hedges that we would no more desecrate it than we would smear our mother's picture. If Mr. Joad would do us the honor of visiting America and becoming acquainted with our fairly cultured middle class poor, he would know that all Americans do not go to England, nor do they hate it, and he would know that the men who raise another country's dust are never the best representatives of their own land. It is easy, of course, to read between the lines of Mr. Joad's article and see the fear that inspires it. We shall never acquire England for a playground. We wouldn't if we could, and couldn't if we would. England is our tradition and our delight. If we come in too great numbers, limit us or ban us altogether, but do not build for us great hotels, and print post cards, and borrow our dollars, and then write articles on "How I Hate You!"

And who, by the way, is this Mr. C. E. M. Joad?

HELENA STACY FRENCH

*Lowell, Mass.*

## What is Happiness?

### Forum Definitions

In the December FORUM Dora Russell and Corra Harris discussed the question of what constitutes happiness for women. They could not agree. In this number Irving Babbitt finds fault with Charles W. Eliot's formula for happiness—to be active and energetic and avoid introspection.

The opinions of our readers are quite as divergent. The definitions which were submitted ranged all the way from the flowery heights of "an indefinable something" to the depths of "a full stomach." The prevailing notions were that happiness necessitates a proper adjustment to environment, that it is vaguely connected with service to others, and that it is essentially elusive and fleeting in its nature. At least a third of the definitions referred to happiness as a will-o'-the-wisp. No two of them wholly agreed.

From this we may deduce that the definition of happiness must vary for each individual and that no single formula can adequately cover it. Those who must have some gospel to cling to and are willing to accept a ready-made one will find "happiness" neatly put up in the form of a monograph by Professor William Lyon Phelps. But the rest of us will have to struggle along with some such definitions as the following, which have been awarded prizes:

1. Happiness is material satisfaction, emotional fulfillment, and spiritual contentment. (*Alice E. Richeson, St. Louis, Mo.*)
2. Happiness is the emotional by-product of a harmonious working relationship with environment. Its chief contributing factors are abounding health, mental serenity, economic sufficiency, and a sane and tolerant philosophy of life. (*Orville C. Pratt, Spokane, Wash.*)
3. Happiness is a state of mind wherein one is at peace with himself and in harmony with his environment. (*Mrs. C. T. Marshall, Columbus, Ohio.*)
4. Happiness is a feeling of complete satisfaction with the immediate conditions of life together with a lack of any fear or anxiety as to the future. (*T. A. Williams, Los Angeles, Calif.*)
5. Happiness is the attainment of one objective immediately followed by the pursuit of another. (*C. Frederic Marks, Marble Hill, Mo.*)

Next word to be defined:—LOWBROW. Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by January 25. Prizes of \$5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in *The Forum* (value not exceeding \$5.00), for each winning definition.

## Feminine Strategy

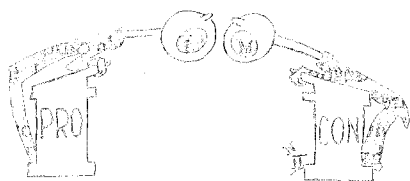
*Mrs. Haines is awarded The Forum's Citation of Honor for bravery on the field of action.*

To the Editor:

When a woman in a family insists that certain reading material is the best ever, the men of that family usually fight shy of it. Why? I don't know, unless it is that they think the feminine mind is completely absorbed in clothes, cooking, and men. Men meaning romance! Now to the point. I have a young son—a lawyer—so in order to persuade him to read *THE FORUM*, I left it by his plate at the table. By the second or third breakfast, he was won. Then for the other masculine member. I placed *THE FORUM* with his cigars, by his chair, under his nose. He is won! Now, don't you think that as a strategist I am to be congratulated? I do.

MRS. L. J. HAINES

Galena, Kans.



## Is the Soul a Myth?

*A variety of answers to Clarence Darrow's statement that there is no immortality.*

There is an old adage which has to do with the everlasting controversial value of politics and religion. That this is true, *THE FORUM* can testify, since nothing in its pages dealing with either of these subjects ever passes unchallenged. The number of replies to Mr. Darrow's article, "The Myth of the Soul," as published in the October issue, has been overwhelming. Let anyone attempt to destroy faith or loosen its foundations and the whole structure of society comes crashing about the head of such an agnostic. Because no single reply has been considered an adequate answer to Mr. Darrow's opinions, excerpts have been taken from many letters in the hope that those who read may find herein some word, some phrase that will briefly state their own convictions.

Since *THE FORUM* is openly and avowedly controversial, it is amazing to find how many readers hope to find nothing in our pages with which to disagree. These same readers, upon discovering that such optimism is unfounded, condemn the magazine more frequently to the flames than elsewhere.

Among the commendations and condemnations, both of Mr. Darrow and *THE FORUM*, the following have seemed sincere and briefly pertinent to the question:

"Men like to think they have proved what they wish were true," writes Mr. A. S. De Jong, Principal of the Roseland

School for Christian Instruction, in Chicago. And he adds, "Reasoning from unproven premises is perilous pastime, in the face of such momentous questions as immortality, the soul, resurrection of the body, and judgment to come."

### PROOF DEMANDED

That Mr. Darrow has reasoned from such unproved premises has been the contention of many who have commented on his article. Because Mr. Darrow said that nothing proves that a part of us lives after death, many demanded proof of this statement, believing that there is as much to substantiate one contention as the other. "It must be clear," writes Richard T. Elliott, Minister of the Rocky Hill Congregational Church in Connecticut, "that facts for Mr. Darrow and facts for another may be different. And equally clear that one accustomed to accept the assumptions of science as facts could scarcely appreciate an answer from a metaphysician (if there is one) who has been compelled to recognize facts in a wider field." "Can Mr. Darrow produce one incontrovertible proof that Christ did not rise from the dead?" asks Mr. L. J. Horsch, of the Chaffey Union High School in Ontario, California. "If he or anyone else can prove this, then indeed is our preaching vain." The same idea is expressed at greater length by A. E. Ormandy, of Albany, New York, who says, "I am unable to see why Mr. Darrow should so gratuitously assume that the discoveries of modern science have made impossible the resurrection of the dead. If Mr. Darrow had himself been able to prove that Christ did not rise from the dead, he might have had cause to boast. As it is, he has not proved anything except what most sensible people would have been quite ready to admit at the very outset of his argument. The scientific facts quoted by him have no bearing on the subject under consideration, and might just as easily have been quoted in defense of the resurrection as argued against it. He says there is no evidence on behalf of the doctrine of immortality, but he must have had his troubles in keeping the lid down when he told that whopper. The truth of the matter is that what evidence there is, is all on behalf of immortality and the resurrection. There is no evidence against it. Science has no evidence to prove that the dead will not be raised some time in the future. No one with any common sense would attempt to argue on the basis of present knowledge what might happen in the future." And Paul Williams, of New York City, adds, "Just as we lived for centuries in ignorance of the possibilities of picking up from the air the radiations from a radio station, so are we still living in our ignorance of the radiating source of all life, since we have not developed receiving apparatus to make it possible to know and understand in our own minds the essence of the meaning of life."

### FAITH SUFFICIENT

There are others to whom proof is totally unnecessary, faith alone being capable of sustaining argument against any denial of the soul's existence. Among such are M. Gibson, of Kalkaska, Michigan, and Clarence Moullette, of Camden, New Jersey. The former states, "It seems inconceivable to me that an intelligent person would try to prove his disbelief in immortality unless something was seriously wrong with his early training, or, like Esau, he had sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage." Like Trader Horn, Clarence Moullette does not need to have God perform a miracle or sew a button on his vest to prove his omnipotence. "The great ball swinging through space is enough for my poor reasoning power," declares Mr. Moullette. "I know not whence it came nor where it goes, but I feel that I go with it." And then he adds another idea which was predominant in other letters: "It would be well, Mr. Darrow, if you were to give us another faith to replace the one you are so willing to tear down. Many have tried it before but have hopelessly failed, and you will fail. Your logic is black logic, and your meandering reasoning power that of a wracked brain."

### PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS

Others felt that the very reasons used by Mr. Darrow to prove the non-existence of the soul did in reality prove its existence, and they found in his reasons much to substantiate the belief that Mr. Darrow himself is the possessor of this intangible thing which he denies. Welton P. Farrow, of the Swavely School in Manassas, Virginia, writes, "Because Mr. Darrow cannot locate the soul, take hold of it, weigh it, see it come, and follow its flight, he calls it a myth and denies its existence. Should the eminent lawyer use the same logic in physics, he must deny the existence of electricity."

Reference to modern science was the keynote of many arguments against Mr. Darrow's contentions. D. E. Norcross, of Los Angeles, found Mr. Darrow wholly physical, and says, "He wants to see, hear, and feel for his reasons of faith or belief. If the soul were physical, it would be finite and of no use. Even in this world the mightiest forces are invisible and only seen by their results — electricity, for example." "All discoveries in science, all modern inventions prove not only the limitations of our senses, but their frequent inaccuracies," writes Sarah Franklin Duane of Philadelphia. "We know that birds sing notes we cannot hear because they are too high for our ear to register. We know that animals can perceive things through their sense of smell of which we are utterly unaware. Confronted with this type of evidence, does it seem so entirely illogical to suppose or even believe that there may be other worlds and other beings surrounding us in

this universe which are just as real and just as concrete as ourselves, but which the limitations of our five senses prevent us from perceiving; that in death the force which has made us living, vital personalities may take another form which is imperceptible to the material senses? Are not those who adopt the immediate evidence of their senses as the only criterion for the possibility of a future life, quite as credulous and bigoted as the believers in immortality appear to Mr. Darrow?"

### CONDEMNATIONS

There are still others who seem to feel that *THE FORUM* itself is attempting to undermine the existing tenets of faith. Brother Anselm, of the Catholic High School for boys, in West Philadelphia, asks us please to discontinue his subscription because "'The Myth of the Soul,' by that agnostic Darrow, is the climax of articles that offend those who believe that there is a God and a hereafter." And E. D. Bigelow, of the Kansas City Board of Trade, demands "How could *THE FORUM* aid Darrow's campaign to unsettle man's faith in a blessed future?" Equally puzzled is F. Greene, of Montesano, Washington. He questions, "Why should such a magazine as *THE FORUM* give space to the ravings of a morbid mind?" Nell C. Dillon, of Louisville, Kentucky, writes, "Being a believer in the Great White Light of Christianity, I cannot, of course, meet Mr. Darrow on his own ground — the fetid swamp of hopelessness which is, he avers, the foundation stone of this magnificent structure called human life. Mr. Darrow may have the usual bag of tricks (commonly supposed to reside up the sleeve of every lawyer), the exercise of which may enable him to win a case on a technical or some other screw of the law, but most certainly he will have to be reborn before he can hope to make even the slightest dent of doubt upon the heart, soul, or intellect of one who possesses the invaluable gift of faith."

Others felt that Mr. Darrow as a lawyer was unquestionable, but as a scientist, his conclusions were assailable. Dr. G. R. Farmer, of Hamilton, Ontario, suggests, "If Clarence Darrow, after a lifetime spent in profitably shielding criminals from punishment, were to devote his later years to restraining Chicago's gunmen, instead of writing brilliant articles on 'The Myth of the Soul' — a subject about which no intelligent person any longer gives a damn — he might do more good." "Mr. Darrow is, I believe, a great lawyer," writes I. S. McCrillis from Des Moines, Iowa, and adds, "To be perfectly frank, I should much rather place dependence upon his opinion of a point in law than on a point of psychic science, judging by his rather vague and weak attack on immortality." The same idea is in a letter from Loyd B. Chappell, of Los Angeles: "While I have the greatest

respect for the master mind and consistent fighting spirit of this famous criminal lawyer, yet I can only find a feeling of dissent for his plea that we consider this short span of life the end of the trail. For so many years the fearless champion of those before that blind goddess called Justice, how can Clarence Darrow reconcile the compensation of life meted out to millions who go through this world without a chance, to that ultimate equality of opportunity which should be theirs — in an existence we vaguely recognize."

### COMMENDATIONS

But not everyone disagrees with Mr. Darrow. Some few entirely agreed, or had explanations which made interesting analogies between Mr. Darrow's claims and biblical allusions. J. A. L. Derby says: "Probably Mr. Darrow is quite unaware that he is entirely in accord with the Bible when he asserts that man has no immortal soul. That much misunderstood book asserts that 'God only hath immortality.'" And David P. Jackson enlarges on the same idea: "It may not please Mr. Clarence Darrow to be told the company he is in, but his view of the soul is much nearer that of the Bible than is the immortal soul theory of the orthodox creeds. Nowhere in the Scriptures of either the Old or the New Testament is the phrase 'immortal soul' used, nor any phrase that means the same. The genuine Bible view of the soul has been set forth time and again by Martin Luther, John Milton, William E. Gladstone, and others, but the pagan theory of immortality appeals so strongly to the imagination that it remains popular, and is the basis of spiritualism. The only hope which the Bible holds out for a future life is a hope in the resurrection."

Definitely agreeing with Mr. Darrow are Laura C. Gothberg, of New Haven, Connecticut and Arthur C. Henderson, of East Williston, Long Island. "Again Mr. Darrow writes views to which I can subscribe," acknowledges Miss Gothberg. "There are but few who dare write their thoughts on immortality, and few magazines who dare to print them. To me immortality is a worn-out creed. There must be many independent thinking clergymen who desire to express their real beliefs concerning this subject, yet dare not because their Victorian audiences desire orthodoxy and their churches demand it. But worn-out creeds do not satisfy the hungry, truth-seeking younger generation. An all-day sucker is not a good substitute for a square meal." Mr. Henderson agreed with Mr. Darrow and particularly liked his concluding paragraphs. "I believe," he says, "that the doctrines of the Bible are destined to become as universally disbelieved as, for instance, Norse mythology now is."

We wish there were space to quote at greater length from all of these letters, as well as from the dozens of others who wrote. That this subject is constantly

challenging is proved by the fact that even as this is written, letters are still arriving. In spite of the fact that lack of space prohibits further quotation, we should like to thank the following for their letters: E. D. Austin, Erie, Pennsylvania; Frederick A. Baker, Maplewood, New Jersey; C. Bannister, East Cleveland, Ohio; C. W. Baxter, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Mark Baskerville, Spokane, Washington; Miss Clara H. Berry, Anoka, Minnesota; Louie Croft Boyd, Denver, Colorado; J. W. Brown, East Wintthrop, Maine; M. I. Browne, Delia, Kansas; F. M. Brunton, Bartow, Florida; Joseph Camino, New York City; George Truman Carol, Boston University School of Theology, Boston, Massachusetts; E. P. Chase, Atlantic, Iowa; George M. Coffin, Putnam, Connecticut; Mrs. Elizabeth E. D. Davis, Hollywood, California; William De Garis, Dayton, Ohio; Fred Diehl, Pasadena, California; C. F. Distelhurst, Omaha, Nebraska; Reverend Samuel M. Donovan, Portland, Maine; James C. Dubois, Ojai, California; David T. Duncan, Front Royal, Virginia; Miss Anne Merrill Foster, Long Beach, California; Samuel Goldman, New York City; Arthur J. D. Gordon, Randolph Center, Vermont; Donald Grey, Ravenna, Ohio; Z. G. Griffin, Keuka Park, New York; Bertram E. Hall, Sheridan, Wyoming; Charles A. Hartley, Pomeroy, Ohio; Milton Herman, Brooklyn, New York; Elbert C. Hoag, Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island; A. J. Jackson, Fort Ogden, Florida; E. Kidd, Seattle, Washington; Henry F. Kirkham, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Mariella Ladd, Spokane, Washington; Battell Loomis, Manhattan Beach, California; Mrs. Helen Fyfe Lowe, Lombard, Illinois; Arthur R. Macdougall, Jr., Bingham, Maine; David W. Madden, Secor, Illinois; J. L. Maull, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; H. D. McGrail, Brooklyn, New York; A. H. Merrill, Portland, Oregon; David Morgan, Bell, California; Miss Eleanor W. Morgan, Nantucket, Massachusetts; Mrs. Emily F. Noyes, Dubuque, Iowa; I. Thornton Osmond, Carlisle, Pennsylvania; Alexander T. Porter, New York City; Edmund Regester, Buffalo, New York; O. W. Rosengren, Woburn, Massachusetts; C. Rowland, Alameda, California; Seymour Seligson, New York City; Howard Singleton, Owens, West Virginia; Theodore S. Solomons, Yosemite, California; B. J. Specking, St. Louis, Missouri; H. S. Stults, La Rose, Illinois; Miss Kathryn K. Surbeck, Rapid City, South Dakota; V. G. Swingle, Columbus, Ohio; W. N. Tashack, Brooklyn, New York; W. A. Taylor, Detroit, Michigan; Henry Clay Turner, Columbia, Pennsylvania; Arthur V. Watts, Minneapolis, Minnesota; J. T. Watts, Oak Park, Illinois; Paul S. Whitcomb, Gladstone, Oregon; M. L. Whitfield, Clearwater, Florida; C. F. Whitman, Norway, Maine; Miss Louise Walker Winchester, Brookline, Massachusetts.

## Animal Crackers

### THE HIPPOPOTAMUS

I never try that word to utter,  
But what I stop — and start to stutter.  
It's sad to be so long and wide,  
And wear an ugly name, beside.  
Sometimes he yawns — the clumsy faker,  
And shows his tonsils — half an acre;  
A ton or so of hay, he'll chew,  
Then stand and look you through and through.  
I can't decide of my volition  
What *is* that creature's disposition.  
He seems to have some dark intent;  
Perhaps he has a psychic bent,  
And thinks while resting in the shade  
How oddly, queerly we are made.  
Then thanks his stars he's not like us,  
That hip-hip-hippopotamus.

### THE ROOSTER

The rooster thro' the barnyard strode  
And flapped his wings and loudly crowed,  
Then on the garden fence he stood,  
And crowed some more — as roosters should,  
With all the scorn of fowls and men.  
He eyed his humble mate — the hen.  
She clucked and scratched for worms and slugs,  
And hunted patiently for bugs,  
While prouder grew her lord and master,  
And louder crowed he then — and faster.  
At last she cried, "Shut up — I beg,  
Don't brag so loud — I laid the egg!"

### THE BEAVER

Behold the husky little beaver!  
In honest toil, a firm believer.  
What loads of sticks and stones he carries  
To make his little dikes and ferries,  
While here and there his tent he pitches  
And starts to build his dams and ditches;  
And oft can't find in all that jam  
A place to build that's worth a dam.  
He doesn't know the word called "shirking,"  
He's always hustling — always working.  
A royal sport and no deceiver,  
This conscientious little beaver.

HARRIET SPAULDING

New York City

## Internationalism

*America — "a noble experiment" or an "immature giant"?*

To the Editor:

Pertinax — in the December FORUM — makes no attempt to answer directly the question: "Does France hate America?" He undertakes, rather, to explain why bitter feelings toward the United States have found expression in France, and urges his countrymen to adopt a more realistic view of the immature giant on this side of the Atlantic. The value of the article lies in the exposition of the moral outlook represented by the distinguished author and in certain criticisms of American civilization which ought to be fairly weighed by the citizens of this country.

One of the great grievances against us seems to be that we did not join the war until a direct American interest was at stake, and then declined to insist on a share of the loot at the end of the struggle. Apparently, if the United States had gone into the conflict early on sentimental grounds and had grabbed a large portion of the spoils during the division at Paris, the French would have repaid us with more affection for "playing the game." This interpretation of the European drama will be interesting to the readers of THE FORUM and will contribute not a little to their understanding.

Without any question, Pertinax is right in warning all parties against the sentimentalists — travelers, ambassadors of good will, and professional lovers and haters — who deceive other nations by raising false hopes and assumptions. But it is difficult to discover from his article whether he thinks that countries should pursue their interests or noble dreams. Neither is it clear whether he is convinced that France acts on principles or for practical reasons; nor does he explain the "European notions" with which American foreign policy will be consonant — when America grows up.

Pertinax is wise in advising his countrymen to be patient with the United States. Patience is always a virtue in international relations. Americans should be patient also when they study his picture of America as a big, immature boy, without a "soul," to be tolerated with Rabelaisian humor as a "young giant . . . still far from being an adult." Although this view of the United States is not novel, it always deserves respectful consideration, especially when offered by so competent an authority as Pertinax.

But perhaps the most practical lines in the article are those advising Frenchmen to be content with having got us into the war and not to be too hasty in asking for more. If, in 1917, Americans had known about the secret diplomacy that preceded the cataclysm, the secret treaties for dividing the booty, and the propaganda prepared for their enlightenment, they might have hesitated more in coming to the aid of France, England, and Italy.

An amendment or two would strengthen the argument advanced by Pertinax. He remarks that the Versailles Treaty resembles American conceptions; he might very well add that it also bears a striking resemblance to the secret treaties of the Entente Allies — except so far as Russia's share is concerned. Then, he overlooks the fact that Americans are reading books by such Frenchmen as Renouvin, Fabre-Luce, and Demartial, and that many of them have, rightly or wrongly, got it into their heads that they were lied to and cheated by Entente agents between 1914 and 1917. Until Frenchmen can fix up a new, water-tight war hypothesis for American consumption, it will scarcely be possible to stir up the kind of affection that will sponge the French debt to the

United States. Pertinax ought to tell his readers at home that very many Americans are sincerely puzzled about Marianne's conduct between 1900 and 1914, and are unkind enough to suspect her of having pursued her interests during those hectic years.

CHARLES A. BEARD

*New Milford, Conn.*

To the Editor:

The people who do most to embitter international relations are the sentimentalists, for they create illusions impossible to live up to. Pertinax has avoided that error. It cannot be said that he understands America very well, but he understands that he does not understand it — which is almost as good. He sees, as so many of his countrymen did not, that we are not yet prepared to play the European game. He flatters us by believing that "something original" is shaping itself on this continent, even though he diagnoses us as a society not yet possessed of its soul. He observes — I believe on good grounds — that, individual for individual, the American is more congenial to the Frenchman than is the Englishman. But mostly he seems to regard us, much as Mr. Hoover regards prohibition, as a noble experiment. One feels behind his words a conviction that he will like us a good deal better a century or two from now when we are more European, and especially when we are more French.

Pertinax, like many others of his countrymen, really thinks of us with a peculiar mixture of distaste and — one hates to use the word, but it is necessary in a frank discussion — envy. He really thinks we have a little more of the world's goods than we at present deserve. He is really afraid that we have found some key which will unlock the door, not to a European standard of civilization, but to something younger, more glowing, and possibly more beautiful. We can afford to smile at such a fear, for we are well aware of our own limitations. But some of us, among them the revered Ambassador Herrick himself, are a little too much aware of our limitations and a little too well aware of other people's virtues. What we need, I suggest, is a different sort of ambassador — H. L. Mencken, for instance. Mr. Mencken, avoiding the sentimental vaporings of Mr. Herrick, might convince Pertinax and his countrymen at once of our pathetic shortcomings, our sublime aspirations, and our determination to be ourselves rather than imitation Frenchmen. Pertinax, with all his tolerance, is a little too ready to assume that progress is a matter of emulation, and that it is France that we should emulate. The answer is that no nation, from ancient Babylon to modern China, ever got anywhere by emulating anything.

ROBERT L. DUFFUS

*New York City*

## "The Return of Christ"

*A poet commends the Forum's Christmas poem.*

To the Editor:

Congratulations to THE FORUM on printing a really long poem. Congratulations not only on your general daring but on the particular daring and discernment with which you chose Ficke's "The Return of Christ." Its general purport may trouble many of your readers. They may have been sitting comfortable in the thought that the so-called Christianization of China is a devout and salutary undertaking.

A decade ago I spent the night before climbing Tai Shan in a missionary's house at the foot of the mountain. He told me of a great pother which had been made all over China, not only by the ignorant but by the educated, against the building of a summer residence on the slope of Tai Shan by a foreign Bishop. I asked if the Bishop had been dissuaded. He said, "Certainly not. The Bishop went ahead in spite of all the protests. He was entirely within the treaty rights which protect missionaries." It is obvious that our Bishop was acting in the name of Christ, but not at all in the spirit, when he wantonly affronted the reverent sensibilities of the Chinese concerning their greatest sage and philosopher, Confucius, to whom Tai Shan has been, as it were, dedicated.

Mr. Ficke in his poem goes further than to deplore the invasion of China by Christian missionaries whose acts are unchristian. Here in Santa Fé, he and I agreed long since that Christ himself, aware of what has been almost irremediably done to his simple doctrine, would beseech the Oriental world, at this day and hour, not to accept him. Mr. Ficke has elaborated the theme into a noble, distinguished, and stirring poem. And once more I compliment you on printing it.

WITTER BYNNER

*Santa Fé, N. M.*

## The Call of the Wild

*One of the best-known American naturalists praises John Hodgdon Bradley's plea for life in the open spaces.*

To the Editor:

I want to shake hands with Brother Bradley, for his "Friends of Mine" in the December FORUM are truly my friends as well. He is the sort of human animal I like to meet in the woods. All birds and beasts welcome his kind, too. When the soul of St. Francis enters into a man, every wild creature comes out to meet him, the little hills skip for joy, and all the trees clap their hands at his approach. That is mixed up with the Bible somewhat, yet it is the truest of scientific and poetic truth.

A man who feeds fishes instead of always feeding on them, who pets toads,

and kills a snake now and again by too much kindness, has gone all the way back to Nature; and Nature has come all the way up to him. There is something so tender, so genuine, in "Friends of Mine" that I could imagine it had been written to the quavering tempo of the toads in the soft twilight of early spring.

We have always had this kind of outdoor lover and philosopher, but always too, too few. They are increasing, however. The mind of America toward the outdoors, having gone through several changes, is coming into a new and simpler friendship with all wild things. At first we were adventurers and discoverers while still the woods were full of unnamed species and stirring with big game. Audubon, in ornithology, and the thousands of hunters were the moving spirits of that early period.

That mind gradually passed into a new one of pleasure in the observation of the unwritten ways of wild life, and in the philosophic contemplation of nature as a background for human experience. It was the day of Burroughs and the nature essayists, of Thoreau and the Walden Ponders. Toward the end of the century, the diminishing wild life and the waste of our forests and natural resources brought on a period of alarm and legislation. It has been a time of organized movements, of Audubon Societies, of Fish and Game Protective Associations, of forest reserves and national parks. John Muir and Frank M. Chapman epitomize the mind of the period.

We are now coming into a new mind and a new outdoor movement — the period of the Open Spaces, not so much for the saving of wild life as for the saving of human life, to take care of the rushing motor tides from the cities which sweep along our country highways, as the Mississippi when in flood. We must have open spaces into which this torrent may eddy and come to rest for a little — town and city playgrounds, town and city parks, town and city forests, sanctuaries for this pursued and panting multitude, driven by the hounds of life to some shelter beneath the trees, upon the grass, beside the singing streams, among the flowers, toads, horned pout, and that company of wild and living things which alone can restore to man his sanity and his soul.

The language of such open spaces and the cry of such hunted creatures, both human and wild, is perfectly expressed by such an account as Mr. Bradley has given us in his delightful "Friends of Mine." It is just such philosophy, just such humble observations and simple joys in wild things, that will interpret to this urban throng the language of the Open Spaces, and make them feel ashamed of that "animal who kills for hate or for fun, who walks erect and speaks a foreign language."

DALLAS LORE SHARP

*Hingham, Mass.*

## The Coddled Child

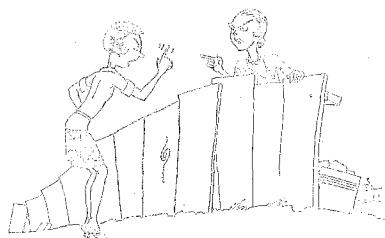
*An American doctor protests against the Spartan methods advocated by Dr. Leonard Hill in the November Forum.*

To the Editor:

No real mother with a weakling will take Dr. Hill at his word and toss her half-clad youngster into a snowdrift, with the expectation of curing it. Sparta was an admirable ant-hill, but who wants to be a Spartan? I should have packed up and gone to Athens. One day with greasy Socrates would have been worth a lifetime in uncoddled Sparta. Naturally some of Dr. Hill's suggestions are useful, though not original or unknown to the laity. A moderate amount of outdoor activity, the body being well clothed, is of advantage where the nasal passages only are involved in a cold; but if a running nose, induced by exposure to zero air, is of benefit, I should prefer to sit by the fire with a good book and a pinch of snuff. Cayenne pepper might be a good substitute. I am not familiar with the details of Rollier's work at Leysin, but no doubt he has a commodious graveyard at hand.

R. D. Book, M.D.

Corning, Ohio



## Are We Happier Than Our Grandmothers?

*A symposium of ideas on this question as debated in the December Forum.*

With the discussion of Charles W. Eliot's formula, the definitions of happiness contributed by FORUM readers, and the comments upon Dora Russell's and Corra Harris' debate, the whole January FORUM is just bubbling over with aids and accessories for the capturing of that elusive and intangible something known as happiness. Those who have compared the relative possibilities for happiness in this generation and an earlier one have taken into consideration a number of qualifications necessarily ignored by both Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Russell. Many have countered the original question by another: What is happiness? Since for each of us its meaning differs, complete agreement is an impossibility. Looking at it from varying angles — psychological, geographical, sentimental — the Rostrum presents the following excerpts culled from commenting letters:

### WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

Frazer Hood, psychologist of Davidson College in North Carolina, gives his ideas of happiness before attempting to answer

the original question. "Happiness, as the root word suggests, is a state of mind that largely, or at least indirectly results from neural function which is outside our ability to modify. No one ever found happiness as a result of a formula. I believe there is some nexus between neural sanity and happiness, and that conditions were more favorable to nervous health with our grandmothers than with us. The life we are compelled to live to-day makes too large a draft on our capital of nerve energy, resulting in brain fag, a condition certainly not conducive to happiness. Mrs. Harris ought not to blame women of to-day for what she calls greed for happiness any more than a doctor ought to blame his patient for being ill. Greed for happiness is a system of defective neural functioning. We are all enmeshed in an inextricable web of circumstances, requiring us to live too fast."

This same psychological point of view is found in a letter from George W. Coleman, of the Babson Institute in Massachusetts, who is thoroughly convinced that Dean Canon Donaldson of Westminster Abbey is correct in listing among the seven deadly sins pleasure without conscience. "The pursuit of happiness without regard to the happiness of others is unjustifiable from any point of view," writes Mr. Coleman. "There is to-day a craze for happiness that knows no bounds and is sure to bring wreck and ruin in its train."

Katharine Lee Bates, Professor Emeritus of Wellesley College, believes Mrs. Harris is in the right. In spite of the fact that our grandmothers' environment was more limited than ours, with less breadth of movement and interest, Miss Bates finds "the lives of those unselfish homemakers had the depth of loving sacrifice and the height of divine faith." She goes on to say: "They formed few leagues, gave few platform addresses, but their children's children recount their thousand brave and tender doings, keen and merry sayings, that were the bread and salt of their households. Their own hearts thrived in the sunny weather they created. Theirs were vital tasks, richly remunerative in affection, honor, and trust. Happiness is a by-product. We are gladdest when we are busiest — too busy to be aware of ourselves and our precious feelings. Our hardest work, if only it makes for beauty, for truth, for the joy of those we love, for the help of those in need, is our best play. Happiness is not the result of things — telephones, automobiles, radios, aeroplanes — but flowers unconsciously from the habit of kindness, the recognition of beauty in nature, art, character, a clear conscience, and the adventure of the spirit. The Holy Grail is not a copper cup."

The greater number of those who have felt that we are happier than our grandmothers have based that reasoning on the fact that we have greater opportunities and are freer to enjoy ourselves. "More

than in any other age women of to-day have been rid of obstructions and impediments; more than ever before have they been freed for every kind of endeavor. If, then, endeavor is alike the means and the end of happiness in all its symbolizations, how can we fail to be happier than our grandmothers?" queries Edith Barnard Delano, of Deerfield, Massachusetts. And, with these enlarged opportunities for exercising our talents and activities, in spite of the fact that we cannot know much about our grandmothers, "the voices that reach us being only those of high pitch," Demetra Vaka revels in the ability to choose whether one shall become a fine animal or a finer human being. "This very choice," says Miss Vaka, "carries with it an exaltation that should make for a happiness our grandmothers did not enjoy." Emory Holloway, Professor of English at Adelphi College in Brooklyn, is not so sure that increased opportunities make for happiness. "Happiness, as Spinoza taught, is not a state," says Mr. Holloway, "but a by-product of our change from one state to another deemed more desirable. Greater freedom from inhibitions and limitations of all sorts increases the opportunity for that growth whose by-product is happiness, but that growth seldom takes place without some of the divine unrest which is constantly disturbing any bovine type of happiness. Greater liberty often means merely greater futility."

### HAPPINESS FROM OPPORTUNITY

"No one who commands his own life and uses it like a tool he is master of will waste any of it hunting for happiness," Fannie E. Eckstrom advises. She believes that happiness follows you, and you must not pursue it. Writing, she says, "I find my own happiness very much like the bees' honey. Happiness may be gathered from the flowers about me, but I have to make my own wall of wax to hold it. . . . It is a creation, giving the same pleasure as anything else we create by our own thought and effort, to work out as a design or an idea."

But after all, the question is not "Are we happy?" but "Are we happier than those who preceded us by a generation or two?" Here are the opinions of a few who discussed the question. Lillian Garis, author of many girls' books, says, "There is this distinction in favor of the grandmothers: they were possessed of a dumb complacency that simulated peace. We of to-day are possessed by a sense of responsibility that begets struggle." Helen Sherman Griffith, of Chestnut Hill, Pennsylvania: "We are happier than our grandmothers, not because of the so-called equality of feminism, but because we have learned the secret of keeping our youthful hearts and minds." Landseer MacKenzie, of New York City: "My grandmother's demand upon life was for the best of everything, which she both got

and gave without either opposition or criticism. Booted and spurred for fresh amusement, she died undaunted, having known no obstacle to living abreast of the times. Our grandmothers were autocrats to whom everybody bowed. Why should they not be happy? They were somebodies — personages — with leisure to be themselves. We of to-day are nobodies fighting for self-preservation in an overwhelming crush of mediocrity." J. A. Hyslop, of Silver Springs, Maryland: "We are happier than our grandmothers only in so far as we have learned to appreciate beauty in everything and have broken down the doors to this appreciation which a Puritan philosophy has locked with a series of inhibitions to every natural joy. We are less happy than our grandmothers only in so far as we have replaced beauty with grossness, love with profligacy, fine color with gaudiness, graceful forms with bizarre shapes, delicate fragrance with cheap perfume, and good music with that blatant noise called jazz."

Margaret Sanger, crusader for birth control, has this to say: "Our grandmothers demanded less of life for themselves than women of to-day. Perhaps they were happier than we because they accepted unquestioningly the rôle assigned to them — content to live as 'good' wives and 'good' mothers. In other words, they aspired to nothing more than willing slavery and obedient drudgery. To-day, women demand nothing less than complete self-realization as human beings, even at the expense of happiness. The greatest danger at present is in the omnipresent temptation to abandon the struggle and to sink back into the cheap happiness of material comforts, of physical luxuries, and conspicuous idleness. Any happiness that removes the needed spur to spiritual development is evil instead of good. . . . The woman who lives, who functions fully, who aspires, who keeps on growing, is not seeking happiness — but it is she who eventually discovers that it comes to her as a by-product."

#### ESKIMO HAPPINESS

Edwin H. Hall, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has an unusual analogy to make between Mrs. Russell's arguments and certain Eskimo habits. He writes: "Mrs. Dora Russell's scheme for human happiness, especially marital happiness, reminds me strongly of the account which I recently heard from the Arctic explorer, Donald MacMillan, concerning the social habits of a certain tribe of Eskimos. These people are much given to marriage; in fact, girls marry at twelve years of age, though not capable of bearing children until they are eighteen. But both husbands and wives are entirely free from any Victorian austerity or Victorian morals. Husbands frequently exchange wives for a longer or shorter time — perhaps for a day, perhaps for a year. The result is that often a woman does not know who is the father of her child, and the men do not

know what children are of their own begetting — nor do they care! Consequently, it may very well happen that a man will take his own sister, or even his own daughter, to wife. These children of nature don't worry about little matters of that kind, and are, in fact, a proverbially happy people so long as their bellies are full and the cold is not too extreme. Mrs. Russell's scheme of marital behavior, or something very like it, would seem, then, to work very well under the conditions of Eskimo life. If any devoted body of her disciples should migrate to some secluded region of the Arctic or Antarctic for the purpose of putting her ideas into practice, I think the rest of the world would watch their experiment with interest and equanimity."

#### VARYING POINTS OF VIEW

Several well-known women writers have been interested in this debate and have discussed it from varying angles. Josephine Daskam Bacon finds herself on the fence, but leaning toward the conservative comfort of older days. She says: "As usual, I find myself midway between the feminist and the reactionary — perhaps a little nearer to the feminist this time, because there can't be any reasonable doubt that the great mass of women are more comfortable and less overburdened with physical drudgery than they ever have been. I suppose even a lonely philosopher on a Georgia mountain must appreciate a washing machine or a fireless cooker — if only for the reason that these beneficent modernities leave her more time to write lucrative articles, which make philosophy much easier! Happiness may not consist in physical comfort, but it certainly requires a great deal of philosophy to be happy without it, and the greater majority of women are not philosophers. Elderly women have a greater chance of happiness, I think, than their grandmothers, even if there were nothing new but the radio to relieve their monotony. But I doubt if young girls, oddly enough, are as happy as they used to be. If they are, their faces are, unfortunately, deceptive. In all this famous Age of Youth, the young seem to be the least successful. And I quite agree with what I think Mrs. Harris means: they don't seem to have anywhere to go in their automobiles, now that they have them! Happy young women, nowadays, are more like their grandmothers than they know."

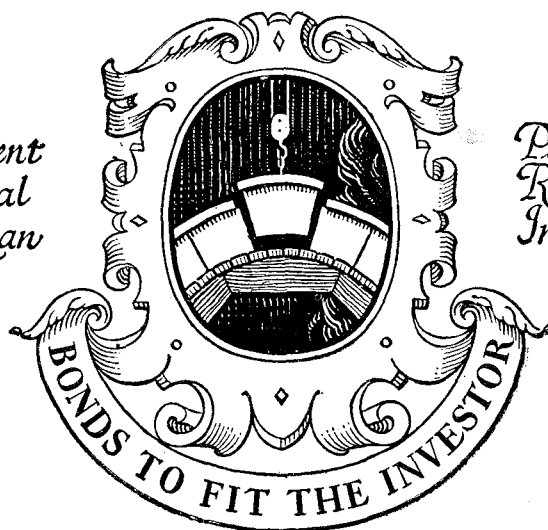
Elisabeth Marbury has her usual pungent comments to make: "Grandmothers, like dinosaurs, are extinct. We shall soon have to search the museums for specimens showing what they once looked like. How many can now remember the old-fashioned caps which women wore after the coming of their first born? Certainly the old order has changed. Beauty parlors have done away with wrinkles, and the daily dozen has robbed age of the fear of growing fat. Whether we are happier than our grandmothers is an open

question. Sluggish mentalities, enforced drudgery, parental preoccupations do not necessarily make happiness. Personally, I think the opportunities of to-day more than discount any sentimental losses which we may have experienced."

And, because of its charm and its rather new light on the changing South, we are happy to include the following letter from Julia Peterkin: "Certainly the women who now live on the old Southern plantations are happier than their grandmothers were. Although two generations ago a fine civilization had been achieved here, living had become an art, and the mistresses of plantations were gracious and cultivated and charming, I believe that nowhere else in America have opportunities for happiness multiplied more abundantly than here. While little has changed as far as outward appearances go, the same old Quarter houses shelter the Negroes; the same roads lead to neighboring plantations, church, and graveyard; the same river runs by with its wide, thick swamp providing cover for game; as well as those stills whose owners take pride in the quality of liquor they manufacture; and no doctor or white minister or lawyer or policeman lives nearer than the old ten miles away to the nearest village; yet times have really changed, and changed for the better. What was best in the old days is left, and what was worst is gone. Labor is plentiful but slavery is gone, and a friendly coöperation takes the place of authority and the right to command. Responsibilities and obligations involved in slave-holding must have been galling to every plantation mistress who was sensitive and humane! Days are still long and quiet and peaceful, but loneliness and all feeling of isolation are gone. With good roads and automobiles, telephones, radios, and aeroplanes, those of us furthest removed from the beaten path are nevertheless in close touch with whatever goes on and can be, in a measure, citizens of the world. The old social order is gone, taking with it all that supreme consciousness of racial superiority which no white peasant or non-slave-holder could forgive or understand. Pride of race has had to give way to individual worth. Now and then I hear sighs accompanying the sorrowful lament that the bottom rail has gone to the top. But, thank heaven, for the good of us all, here, at least, what a woman matters far more than what her grandparents were. And certainly we are happier than they were."

We wish there were space to quote at greater length from all of these letters, as well as from those of others who wrote. Especially do we regret that this same lack of space prevents our acknowledgment of letters from those who are not quoted. However, we urge readers to write us their opinions about FORUM debates, as well as about any other FORUM feature that challenges their thought. Many such letters will be printed in these columns each month.

*Government  
Municipal  
Farm Loan*



*Public Utility  
Real Estate  
Industrial*

## Choose Bonds that *Fit* Your Needs

**A**S THE mason chooses from the many available stones, essentially alike, he is guided by a definite design and plan. The bond buyer, to build a strong investment structure, must use similar care in selection. With his own circumstances in mind, he should consider not merely type of security, but rate of income, maturity, marketability and tax exemption—and choose to fit his needs.

An active business man, desiring to keep his funds liquid, has a special need for marketability. This may narrow his choice to active market issues and short-term bonds. At the same time, he may be in a position to put some part of his funds in higher yielding, less marketable issues. The retired business man, on the other hand, does not have the same need for marketability. He wants maximum return with utmost security. The substantial investor of large income finds it advantageous

to confine his selections to issues wholly or partly exempt from taxes.

The professional man needs bonds he can put aside to make his future secure. He may properly include sound issues of good yield and which promise to increase in value. For the woman investor, especially if dependent upon investment income, the first requirement is safety. She cannot afford any risk of principal for sake of higher return.

In building, one protects his interests by employing an architect. The investor secures comparable protection by relying upon a reputable investment house. Its service is not merely the buying and selling of bonds. In a larger sense, its function is aiding the individual investor in the selection of securities to fit his needs. The result of this service, faithfully performed, is a unified structure of investments in which each integral part contributes to the strength and permanence of the whole.

**A**This subject—along with other basic principles to guide investors—is more fully discussed in our booklet, “Essentials of a Sound Investment Policy.” Write for booklet FO-19.

## HALSEY, STUART & CO.

INCORPORATED

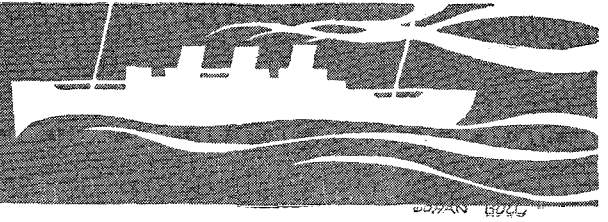
CHICAGO 201 South La Salle Street NEW YORK 35 Wall Street PHILADELPHIA 111 South Fifteenth Street  
DETROIT 601 Griswold Street CLEVELAND 925 Euclid Avenue ST. LOUIS 319 North Fourth Street BOSTON 85 Devonshire Street  
MILWAUKEE 425 East Water Street PITTSBURGH 307 Fifth Avenue MINNEAPOLIS 608 Second Avenue, South

*Every Thursday Evening—Hear the “Old Counsellor” on the Halsey-Stuart Hour*

*A unique radio program featuring helpful advice on how to invest your money . . . music by instrumental ensemble*

*W-E-A-F and 30 stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company*

*10 P. M. Eastern Standard Time 9 P. M. Central Standard Time 8 P. M. Mountain Standard Time*



## The Cape of Good Hope

by **JAMES J. FREDERICK**

**I**N MY LIBRARY at home I have an old cedar chest, four inches square and three inches deep, studded with iron nails, and as brightly polished as the day it was made. Passed down to me through the generations of my ancestors, this box contains an old yellow manuscript bearing the writing of a forebear who sailed with Sir Francis Drake on his first circumnavigation of the globe in 1580. The writings of Sir Francis, therefore, have had a peculiar fascination for me and have given me infinite pleasure. Among them, these lines particularly stand out in my memory:

This Cape is a most stately thing and the fairest Cape we saw in the whole circumference of the earth.

Those words mean more to me now that I have seen with my own eyes that majestic bastion of rock called "Table Mountain" rising out of the sea. It has been my good fortune to visit the Cape of Good Hope and live for a time in Capetown.

The lover of nature will find there a noble setting. In the foreground there is the beautiful sweep of Table Bay, and behind it the imposing mass of Table Mountain, rising in a long line of sheer precipices to a height of nearly four thousand feet. It is flanked on both sides by isolated peaks. There is romance in the colorful shore line of Table Bay, which was known to the mariner of old as "The Tavern of the Seas," and the "Half-way House to India." Over toward Woodstock, where the white breakers ripple over the shining sands, one can discern at low tide the masts and hulks of many weather-worn ships which have found their last resting place there. Vivid memories persist of the days when the "Dromedaris" and the "Reyger" brought to the city of Capetown its first inhabitants under the command of Johann van Riebeeck. In imagination one can picture the furling of the sails after the long, long voyage from Holland, hear the excited twittering of the children, and see the anxious eyes of the matrons peering out of their bonnets, as they survey their future home. The

landing of the Pilgrim fathers was not as romantic as the first landing of these pioneers at the foot of the mountain, with the Hottentot inhabitants gibbering on the shore, awaiting the arrival of the invader, which was to mean for them cruel warfare and finally destruction.

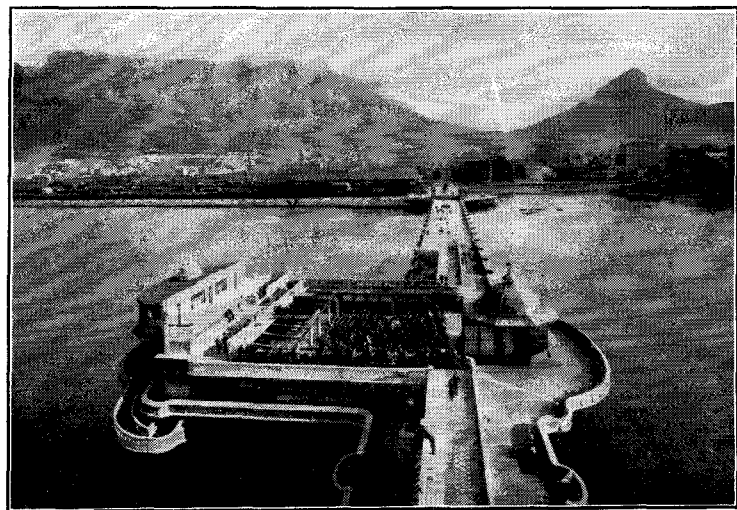
The first place to visit in the city itself is the old Castle, so sturdily built by those early pioneers that it still stands as a monument to their memory. The guide who conducts visitors around knows its history well, and has a fund of apt quotations. He will tell you how "every man, woman, and child" in the colony gave assistance in the construction of the Castle; how "the Governor, John Bax, his lady, his little son, and others set to work

century justice. One leaves the shadows of the old Castle with the feeling of having lived again in a generation of the past.

As for Capetown itself, it is entirely dominated by the background of Table Mountain. One is conscious of its presence everywhere; indoors or out in the streets, its outline is always visible, and there comes to mind Rudyard Kipling's description of it:

Throned, enthroned, the aching berg  
props the speckless sky.

The city itself, with its modern streets, its beautiful buildings and gardens, its Oriental Malay quarters, is one of colorful contrasts. Off the main thoroughfare one encounters a diversity of types: here a veiled woman gives an impression of



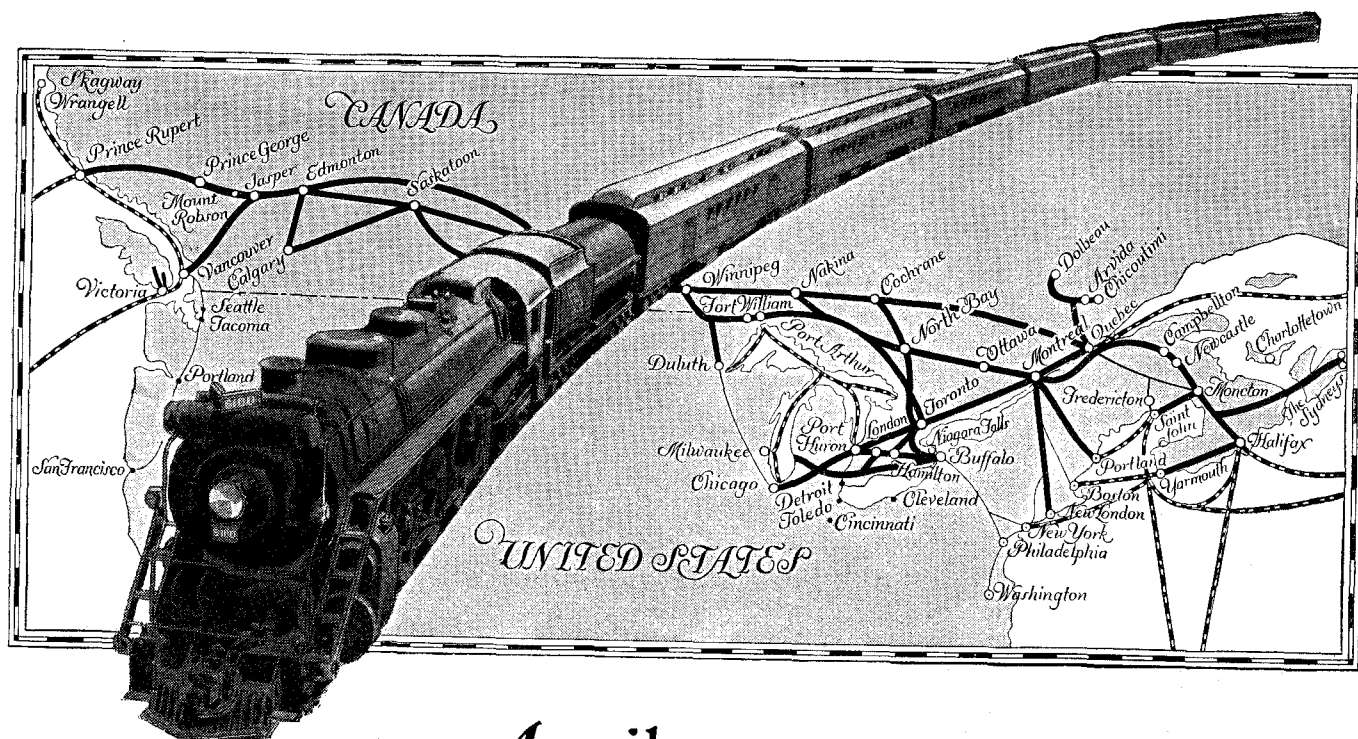
*Courtesy, South African Railways*

**Cape Town and Table Mountain**

to carry out earth from the moat; the Governor carried out twelve baskets full, his wife six." The old walls, the ravelin, the pilasters, are of great interest. The rococo gables, the friezes, the antique tracery are in a wonderful state of preservation. The torture chambers are still there, mute evidence of seventeenth

Century justice. One leaves the shadows of the old Castle with the feeling of having lived again in a generation of the past.

As for Capetown itself, it is entirely dominated by the background of Table Mountain. One is conscious of its presence everywhere; indoors or out in the streets, its outline is always visible, and there comes to mind Rudyard Kipling's description of it:



## *A railway system that spans a continent and links two great nations*

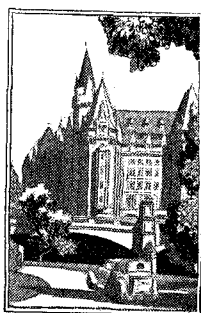
**N**EW YORK and Montreal; Chicago and Toronto; Duluth and Winnipeg lie south and north of the International Line. But they are not foreign ground to the citizens of either the United States or Canada. Language, race and customs and the luxurious trains of Canadian National Railways link them together and make them neighbors.

Canadian National's 22,681 miles of track provide through train service between the great centers of population and industry in both countries and to every part of Canada. Crossing the border gives no more trouble than traveling from one point to another in either country. No passports are required.

Wherever you wish to go in Canada—whether to the playgrounds of the Maritime Provinces, Historic Quebec, the lake and forest regions of Ontario, the great prairie provinces, the mighty Canadian Rockies, to the Pacific Coast and Alaska—Canadian National will take you, speedily, comfortably and over a route replete with magnificent scenery.

But Canadian National is more than a railroad. It operates year 'round hotels and summer resorts throughout Canada. It provides freight, express and telegraph service with connections to all parts of the world. Canadian National Steamships carry Canada's ensign over the seven seas. Eleven Canadian National radio stations broadcast from coast to coast.

For information on Canada's natural resources and business opportunities, for tickets and accommodations, call at, write or telephone the nearest Canadian National office.



*In Ottawa, Ont., the capital of the Dominion, is the Chateau Laurier, one of the distinctive hotels owned and operated by Canadian National Railways.*

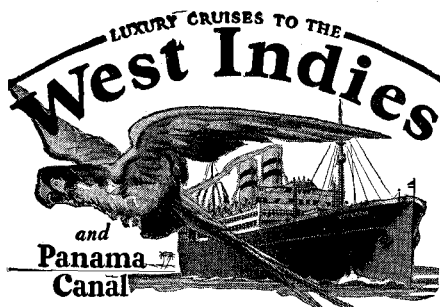
# **CANADIAN NATIONAL**

*The Largest Railway System in America*

### OFFICES

**BOSTON**  
333 Washington St.  
**BUFFALO**  
420 Main St.  
**CHICAGO**  
108 W. Adams St.  
**CINCINNATI**  
49 E. Fourth St.  
**CLEVELAND**  
925 Euclid Ave.  
**DETROIT**  
1259 Griswold St.  
**DULUTH**  
430 W. Superior St.  
**KANSAS CITY**  
705 Walnut St.  
**LOS ANGELES**  
607 So. Grand Ave.  
**MINNEAPOLIS**  
518 Second Ave. So.  
**NEW YORK**  
505 Fifth Ave.  
**PHILADELPHIA**  
1420-22 Chestnut St.  
**PITTSBURGH**  
355 Fifth Ave.  
**PORTLAND, ME.**  
Grand Trunk Ry. Sta.  
**PORTLAND, ORE.**  
302 Yamhill St.  
**ST. LOUIS**  
314 No. Broadway  
**ST. PAUL**  
83 East Fifth Street  
**SAN FRANCISCO**  
689 Market St.  
**SEATTLE**  
1329 Fourth Avenue  
**WASHINGTON, D. C.**  
901—15th St., N. W.

OPERATING RAILWAYS • STEAMSHIPS • HOTELS • TELEGRAPH AND EXPRESS SERVICE • RADIO STATIONS



**C**RUISE away to tropical islands, to scenes of modern wonder, to the great Southern Continent — all made more delightful by the luxurious comforts of your superb cruising ship **VOLENDAM or VEENDAM.**

These magnificent oil-burning turbine sister ships are especially designed for tropical cruising. Accommodations de-luxe; direct ventilation; broad, cool decks.

**16 Day Cruises by S. S. Volendam**  
**From N. Y. Jan. 26 & Feb. 16, 1929**

Visiting Bermuda, Kingston, Port-au-Prince (Haiti), Havana and Nassau — \$230. up.

**From New York March 9, 1929**

Visiting Kingston (Jamaica), Colon (Panama), Havana and Nassau — \$230. up.

**29 Day Cruise by S. S. Veendam**  
**From New York February 12, 1929**

Visiting Nassau, Havana, Santiago, Kingston (Jamaica), Colon (Panama), Curacao, La Guayra, Caracas, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, St. Thomas, San Juan and Bermuda — \$385. up.

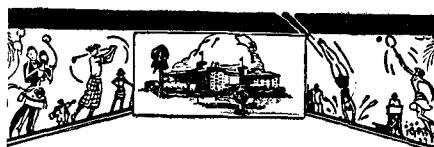
Cruise rates include comprehensive shore excursions, carefully arranged and carried out by the Frank Tourist Company.

For choice selection of accommodations, make reservations now. Illustrated booklet "3" with full details, sent on request.

## HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

21-24 State Street, New York

Branch Offices and Agents in all principal Cities  
and **FRANK TOURIST CO.**, 542 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



**Always Delightful  
Restful  
Different Enchanting**

"The Ambassador is one of the most beautiful places I know of"

### MADAME GALLI CURCI

— declares in one of a large number of **UNSOLICITED COMMENTS** by world-famous celebrities. "Certainly no hotel located in any large city has such extensive and beautiful grounds."

For keenest enjoyment of your visit to California, make reservations at —

**The Ambassador**  
**Los Angeles**

**NO HOTEL IN THE WORLD  
OFFERS MORE VARIED  
ATTRACTIONS**

Superb 27-acre park, with miniature golf course, open-air plunge and tennis courts. Riding, hunting and all sports, including 18-hole Rancho Golf Club. Motion picture theatre and 35 smart shops within the hotel. Famous Coconut Grove for dancing nightly.



WRITE FOR CHEF'S COOK-BOOK OF  
CALIFORNIA RECIPES



**BEN L. FRANK, Manager**

29-88

tain — is a street of rare beauty, wide and neatly paved with wood. It has none of the roar and bustle of the modern city street. On the sidewalks, leisurely crowds accommodate themselves to the leisurely climate. The sunny tea balconies are crowded at an early hour. The brilliant wild flowers and heather of the Cape, which are sold at the curb by the colored folk, convert the street into a blaze of color.

Not far distant is Groot Schuur, bequeathed by Cecil Rhodes as the residence of the Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa. The building is located on the site of the granaries of the old Dutch East India Company, which first settled the Cape. It is a magnificent example of old Dutch architecture, and it contains a wonderful collection of Colonial furniture and china.

The suburbs of Capetown stretch for many miles along the base of Table Mountain and across the Cape flats to the shores of the Indian Ocean on the other side of the peninsula. Prominent among these is the suburb of Rondebosch, where the national memorial to Cecil Rhodes is located. The actual site of the memorial adjoins a point of vantage which Rhodes loved so well that he made a road to it and placed a seat there. It commands a scene of beauty which is said to be unsurpassed anywhere in the world. In the distance, the beetling cliffs of the Devil's Peak tower two thousand feet or more. In the haze, away to the left, lies the silvery strand of Table Bay, where, with never-ending rhythm, the great Atlantic rollers chase each other till their crests curl over and they are lost in the boiling foam. Away on the right as far as the eye can see is False Bay, warmed by the waters of the Indian Ocean, and straight ahead the horizon is broken by the peaks of the Hottentot Holland Mountains. These are the boundaries of the broad expanse of country that lies between.

False Bay is a deep cut in the mainland, protected on one side by the curving isthmus of the Cape Peninsula, and on the other by the range of mountains of which Cape Hangklip is the advance guard. On its beaches are located the summer resorts of South Africa. Muizenberg, with its miles of pearly white sand and its cooling winds, is one of the most delightful of the world's watering places.

The Cape peninsula is a paradise for motorists. There are hundreds of miles of road through lovely woodland and coastal scenery. The Victoria Drive circles the mountain and skirts the cliffs at dizzy heights above the sea, touching dominant points from which the fantastic coastline, with its numerous bays and inlets, may be seen. The opening up of the roadway to the Cape of Good Hope for motor traffic has brought a most romantic spot within easy reach. At the summit of these cliffs one stands at the very end of the world. Beyond it lie the waters which all experienced mariners know to be haunted by the Flying Dutchman.

## Fifteen Finest Novels and Short Stories A FORUM Reprint

PROFESSOR WILLIAM LYON PHELPS and ARTHUR SYMONS, Dean of English critics, have each selected a list of the *fifteen finest novels* of all time. Thus two keen critical minds on both sides of the Atlantic have concentrated on a common purpose. The result is enlightening to the student of world literature.

Edward J. O'Brien is well known for his annual publication of Best Short Stories. Inspired by Professor Phelps and Mr. Symons, he laid aside all barriers of time and language to choose the *fifteen finest short stories*. His selection contains several tales that are little known.

*These three articles, at popular request, have been reprinted in pamphlet form and may be obtained for 50c a copy*

**THE FORUM • 441 Lexington Avenue • New York, N. Y.**

# Back

*in your old  
Home town*

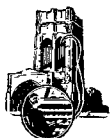
As a memorial to a departed loved one, a reminder of precious childhood memories and a sincerely appreciated gift to the congregation to which you once belonged, why not install

## Golden-Voiced Deagan Tower Chimes

in the serenely sedate little church "back home"? Every fifteen minutes they will sound the Westminster peal; at sundown each day they will play your favorite melody; and on Sunday mornings they will fill the countryside with the inspiration of age-mellowed hymns.

With a tablet of bronze to set forth the hallowed purpose of the Chimes you, like many other successful men, will have provided —a living tribute to a departed one;—a priceless church and community asset;—an eloquent symbol of your progress; a lasting token of your philanthropy.

Deagan Tower Chimes [played direct from organ console] are priced at \$4375 and up.



Full and interesting information regarding them will be furnished without obligation.

**J. C. Deagan Inc.**

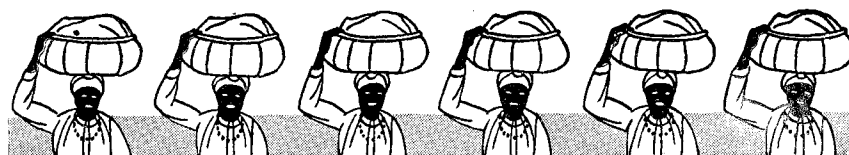
Established 1880

252 Deagan Building ... Chicago, Ill.

## ON SALE EVERYWHERE The FORUM

is so widely distributed that you should have no trouble securing it at any good news stand at home or abroad. You will also find it at the principal hotels, on the observation cars of the limited trains, and in the reading rooms of transatlantic liners.

**40c a single copy**



## Cunard West Indies Cruises ... A Sun-drenched Winter Interlude ...

Two days out of wintry New York on a Cunarder and you are introduced to summer ... Lounging in your stateroom you anticipate Nassau in a tangle of palms and bananas ... Ordering from your diplomatic steward at dinner you visualize the joys of a daiquiri at the Sevilla Biltmore Café in Havana ... An hour in the gymnasium and you glimpse yourself diving through the jade surf at Crane Beach, Barbados ... And it is all true ... Because you are on a Cunarder which is just as glamorous, marvelous and adventurous as the tropical ports you will visit.

A 17 day cruise . . . . . \$200 up  
Visiting Nassau, Havana, Colon, Kingston,  
Port-au-Prince.

S. S. SCYTHIA—From N. Y. . . . Jan. 7, 1929

Two 31 day cruises . . . . . \$300 up  
Visiting Nassau, Havana, Port-au-Prince,  
Kingston, Cristobal, Curacao, La Guayra,  
Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, San Juan,  
Bermuda.

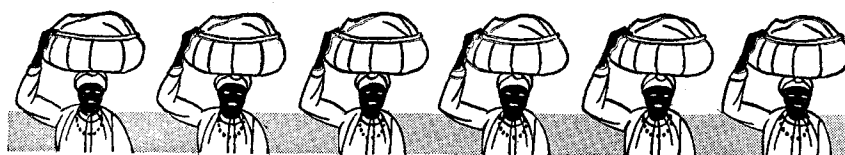
S. S. CALIFORNIA—

From N. Y. . . . Jan. 19 and Feb. 23, 1929

Every Saturday to Havana by the Transatlantic Liner Caronia . . . Every luxury of a great Cunarder . . . from New York . . . Jan. 5 to March 16, 1929.

*For further information apply to  
your local agent*

## CUNARD-ANCHOR West Indies Cruises





"The Ship  
of Splendor"

## HOMERIC

One of the world's foremost ships . . . superlative in equipment and appointments . . . *the largest steamer* cruising to the

## MEDITERRANEAN

*Sails again for her*

## CRUISE SUPREME

*on January 26, 1929*

The outstanding success of our five previous Homeric Cruises and the attractive list of passengers to date are a tribute of which we are justly proud. A few choice accommodations are still available, for which immediate application is advisable.

The comprehensive itinerary covers 14,000 miles in 67 days . . . Madeira, Cadiz, Gibraltar . . . Algiers, Tunis . . . Naples, Athens, Constantinople . . . The Holy Land . . . Egypt . . . The Nile . . . Palermo . . . Naples . . . The French Riviera . . . Gibraltar . . . Stop-over privileges in Europe . . . returning via Southampton by Homeric, Majestic or Olympic.

*Full particulars upon request*

## Thos. Cook & Son

585 Fifth Avenue, New York

Philadelphia Boston Baltimore Washington  
Chicago St. Louis San Francisco Los Angeles  
Toronto Montreal Vancouver

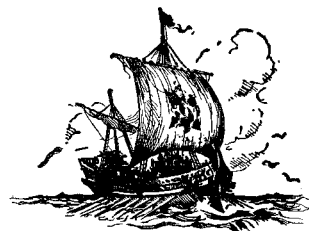
*in co-operation with*

## Wagons-Lits Co.

# Travel News

## A Digest of Travel Announcements

RAILROADS • STEAMSHIPS • RESORTS • TOURS



### WINTER WANDERERS' TRAILS

OUR CLIMATES are as different as chalk and cheese. From sizzling heat in July and August, the Weather Man goes into reverse and blows a breath that chills and freezes — zero nights in New York, polar blasts in Chicago, ice-caked mornings elsewhere in the North make son and stranger alike wonder where the American actually does go in winter.

Like the Englishman and the Continental, the American traveler has his own Riviera and Egypt — and if not at his elbow — at least in his own country. A night or two out from the cities of the North, he enters a lovely natural garden rivaling the best that the Mediterranean can produce.

### SOUTH TO NEW ORLEANS

THE GULF OF MEXICO resembles more than anything a huge horn on the map. At the highest part of this, the Father of Waters opens his maw and empties the contributions of half the United States. One hundred and three miles up the river from the Eads Jetties stands the Rouen of the Western World — New Orleans. New Orleans means Mardi Gras, a French dash and flavor, noisy markets, bustling streets, busy thoroughfares, and stately homes. New Orleans is lots of fun and there's a big crowd going this winter.

### YELLOWSTONE'S YOUNGSTER

OLD FAITHFUL has a new companion and his name is the New Giant Geyser. He came quite unexpectedly, but his activities indicate that he is here to stay. The Fairy Creek Section of the Yellowstone National Park was the birthplace of the sizzler. He has a crater of 100 feet in diameter and precipitates boiling water 75 to 100 feet in the air twice a day. This additional fountain jet of nature has already caused much comment, for the eruptions are from 3½ to 4 hours in duration.

### FOR LUSTY ADVENTURERS

STARE INTO the crystal which tells the world cruisers of the treats in store. It seems misty, then it clears: there are the china-like herons on Lake Biwa, the Battle of the Fireflies at Uji, the sacred sake, incense rising to the stars. Then, following the sun around the world, there is Agra, the grief-stricken Jehan's monument to his lost beloved — a temple to

make the heart of every lover glow. Charmers serenading the dreaded cobra — see how she spreads her hood in anger! — mighty Everest, the monarch of all mountains. The crystal darkens and brightens again . . . and we see . . .

### ORIENTAL ART

THERE'S something new. On *this* trip to the Orient we are going to see the Torii Gate, and Yokohama, and Peking, and Korea — Manchuria, as well as the Philippines and Hawaii, are not forgotten. While the wonders of the Oriental world will receive their due respects, the real object behind the voyage is to study the fascinating art of the eastern races. The home of Hokusai, the master colorman, the porcelain works at Nagoya, the Sanjusangen-do, temple of 33,333 images. In China, the mighty Ming tombs, the home of the T'ang vases, the temple of horrors, the city of the Dead — and more.

### FAMOUS HOSTELRIES

RAFFLES HOTEL, Singapore. Famous now to the politically minded as the Gibraltar of the Orient, Singapore is significant to the tourist in another respect. The Raffles Hotel is located at the fork of the roads on the great highway of travel — the roads which lead to Mandalay, Siam, Ceylon, New Guinea, the Philippines, and Australia. Known as a landmark to world travelers, it is the hotel which made Curry Griffin famous — and is the home of the Millionaire Cocktail.

### ENGLAND, THE GATEWAY TO EUROPE

AWAY IN THE east where the sun rises — a little more than five days from New York — lies England, America's gateway to Europe. By virtue of her eventful history, because of common ties of history and language dating from the days when the two were one, England is being recommended as the best vacation land in Europe for Americans. Tourist England reminds us of the Sulgrave of Washington, the homes of Franklin and Penn — of Sir Walter Raleigh, Frobisher, Oglethorpe. And King Arthur and his knights in council. Think of Devon, Somerset, Kent — and London with her Westminster Abbey, the hallowed of a glorious company, the flower of men. Follow the dawn to England, we are being urged, and we will feel as if we were stepping into a landscape of Turner.



## EGYPT / PALESTINE TURKEY / GREECE

Wonderful tours sailing in January, February, March, April and June. Camp in the Desert. Motor-ing in Syria.

### EUROPE

Tours sailing in March, April, May, June, July featuring motor trips to the Italian Hill Towns, the Riviera, Swiss mountain passes, the Thames Valley and Shakespeare Country.

Send for booklet



447-F Park Sq. Building, Boston

New York Chicago Washington  
San Francisco Atlanta  
Lexington, Ky.

## Sail

"a million miles"  
in only 2 days—to  
**BERMUDA**

on the Luxurious 19,000-ton  
Ocean Cruising Liner

"AVON"

Sailing Every Thursday

A visit there is a complete change—a "different" vacation. The S. S. "AVON" affords transatlantic comfort and pleasures for the delightful 2-day voyage.

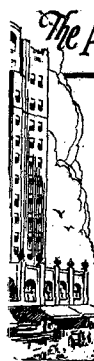
### WEST INDIES

14-Day Cruises as low as \$140

For reservations or illustrated booklet apply to

**THE ROYAL MAIL  
STEAM PACKET CO.**

26 Broadway, New York  
Or Local Agents

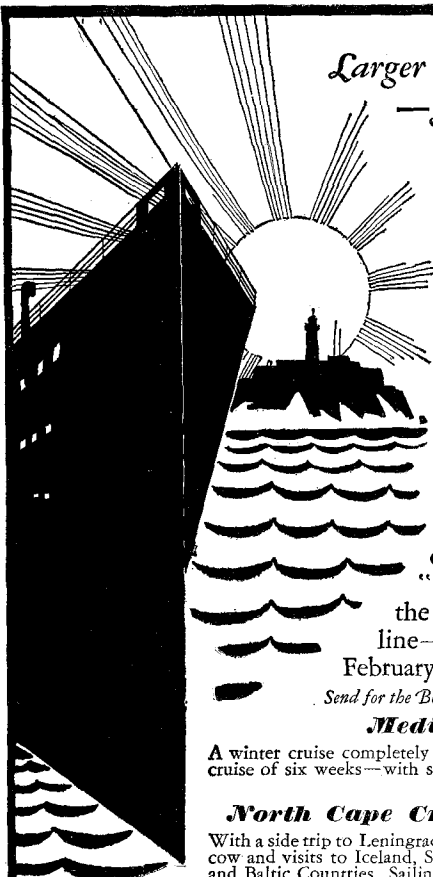


### The Ambassador

ATLANTIC CITY

**Start the Year with a Smile**  
Come down to the Boardwalk where Winter knows how to behave . . . where The AMBASSADOR will show you how well a hotel can care for its guests. Golf, Horseback Riding, Indoor Sea Water Pool.

800 Rooms      800 Baths  
European Plan — Daily Rate  
\$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00 Single  
\$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00 Double  
Write or wire for reservations



*Larger staterooms — more deck room  
—greater steadiness—renowned  
cuisine and service—*

**RAYMOND-WHITCOMB**

## West Indies Cruises

On the largest and most luxurious steamship that has ever sailed on a cruise

Two winter cruises—25 days each—to Havana, Panama, Jamaica, Nassau and a dozen other cities and islands of the Caribbean. Both will sail on the "Columbus" (of 32,000 tons register), the flagship of the North German Lloyd line—one on January 30, 1929; the other on February 26, 1929. The rates range from \$400.

Send for the Booklet—"WEST INDIES CRUISES"

### Mediterranean Cruises

A winter cruise completely through the Mediterranean—January 22. A spring cruise of six weeks—with special visits to Carcassonne and Morocco—April 8.

### North Cape Cruise

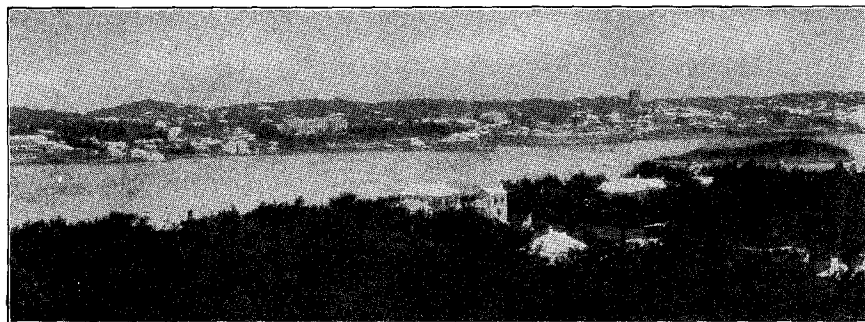
With a side trip to Leningrad and Moscow and visits to Iceland, Scandinavia and Baltic Countries. Sailing June 26.

### Northern Mediterranean and Switzerland

A summer cruise with trips to Switzerland, the Italian Lakes and Budapest. Sailing June 29, on the "Franconia."

## RAYMOND & WHITCOMB COMPANY

Executive Offices: 126 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS  
NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO DETROIT LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO



Hamilton . . . View from Huntly Towers showing SS. "Bermuda" at dock

## HUNTLY TOWERS

Paget West

## —BERMUDA—

Magnificent views from every room; luxuriously furnished; twin-beds and every conceivable convenience; every sleeping-room has in connection with it an elaborately equipped, full-size, modern, tiled, private bathroom with hot and cold fresh water. Billiard room for the free and exclusive use of our guests. Sun-parlor and 12 acres of private grounds and gardens. Vegetables, milk and new-laid eggs from our own farm.

For further information, rates and reservations, address

**E. MERSON / 171 West 71st Street / New York City**

# Cocksure WOMEN and Hensure MEN

## Forum Table Talk

by D. H. LAWRENCE

IT SEEMS to me there are two aspects to women. There are the demure and the dauntless. Men have loved to dwell, in fiction at least, on the demure maiden whose inevitable reply is: "Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir!" The demure maiden, the demure spouse, the demure mother — this is still the ideal. A few maidens, mistresses, and mothers are demure. A few pretend to be. But the vast majority are not. We don't expect a girl skillfully driving her car to be demure; we expect her to be dauntless. What good would demure and maidenly Members of Parliament be, inevitably responding: "Oh, yes, if you please, kind sir!" — though of course there are masculine members of that kidney. And a demure telephone-girl? Or even a demure stenographer? Demureness, to be sure, is outwardly becoming; it is an outward mark of femininity, like bobbed hair. But it goes with inward dauntlessness. The girl who has to make her way in life must be dauntless, and if she has a pretty, demure manner with it, then lucky girl. She kills two birds with two stones.

With the two kinds of femininity go two kinds of confidence: there are the women who are cocksure and the women who are hensure. A really up-to-date woman is a cocksure woman. She doesn't have a doubt or a qualm. She is the modern type. Whereas the old-fashioned demure woman was sure as a hen is sure — that is, without knowing anything about it. She went quietly and busily clucking around, laying the eggs and mothering the chickens in a kind of anxious dream that still was full of sureness. But not mental sureness. Her sureness was a physical condition, very soothing, but a condition out of which she could easily be startled or frightened.

It is quite amusing to see the two kinds of sureness in chickens. The cockerel is, naturally, cocksure. He crows because he is *certain* it is day. Then the hen peeps out from under her wing. He marches to the door of the hen house and pokes out his head assertively: "Aha! Daylight of course, just as I said!" — and he majestically steps down the chicken ladder toward *terra firma*, knowing that the hens will step cautiously after him, drawn by his confidence. So after him, cautiously, step the hens. He crows again: "Ha-ha! Here we are!" It is indisputable, and the hens accept it entirely. He marches toward the house. From the house a person

ought to appear, scattering corn. Why does the person not appear? The cock will see to it. He is cocksure. He gives a loud crow in the doorway and the person appears. The hens are suitably impressed, but immediately devote all their henny consciousness to the scattered corn, pecking absorbedly, while the cock runs and fusses, cocksure that he is responsible for it all.

So the day goes on. The cock finds a titbit and loudly calls the hens. They scuffle up in henny surety and gobble the titbit. But when they find a juicy morsel for themselves, they devour it in silence, hensure. Unless, of course, there are little chicks, when they most anxiously call the brood. But in her own dim surety, the hen is really much surer than the cock, in a different way. She marches off to lay her



Scissor-cut by Hunt Diederich

egg, she secures obstinately the nest she wants, she lays her egg at last, then steps forth again with prancing confidence and gives that most assured of all sounds, the hensure cackle of a bird who has laid her egg. The cock, who is never so sure about anything as the hen is about the egg she has laid, immediately starts to cackle like the female of his species. He is pining to be hensure, for hensure is so much surer than cocksure.

Nevertheless, cocksure is boss. When the chicken hawk appears in the sky, loud are the cockerel's calls of alarm. Then the hens scuffle under the veranda, the cock ruffles his feathers on guard. The hens are numb with fear; they say, "Alas, there is no health in us! How wonderful to be a cock so bold!" And they huddle numbed. But their very numbness is hensurety.

Just as the cock can cackle, however, as

if he had laid the egg, so can the hen-bird crow. She can more or less assume his cocksureness. And yet, she is never so easy, cocksure, as she used to be when she was hensure. She is cocksure but uneasy. Hensure, she trembles but is easy.

It seems to me just the same in the vast human farmyard. Only nowadays all the cocks are cackling and pretending to lay eggs, and all the hens are crowing and pretending to call the sun out of bed. If women to-day are cocksure, men are hensure. Men are timid, tremulous, rather soft and submissive, easy in their very henlike tremulousness. They only want to be spoken to gently. So the women step forth with a good loud *cock-a-doodle-do!*

The tragedy about cocksure women is that they are more cocky, in their assurance, than the cock himself. They never realize that when the cock gives his loud crow in the morning, he listens acutely afterward, to hear if some other wretch of a cock dares crow defiance, challenge. To the cock, there is always defiance, challenge, danger, and death on the clear air — or the possibility thereof. But alas, when the hen crows, she listens for no defiance or challenge. When she says *cock-a-doodle-do*, it is unanswerable. The cock listens for an answer, alert. But the hen knows she is unanswerable. *Cock-a-doodle-do!* And there it is, take it or leave it!

And it is this that makes the cocksureness of women so dangerous, so devastating. It is really out of scheme, it is not in relation to the rest of things. So we have the tragedy of cocksure women. They find, so often, that instead of having laid an egg, they have laid a vote, or an empty ink bottle, or some other absolutely unhatchable object which means nothing to them.

It is the tragedy of the modern woman. She becomes cocksure, she puts all her passion and energy and years of her life into some effort or assertion without ever listening for the denial which she ought to take into account. She is cocksure, but she is a hen all the time. Afraid of her own henny self, she rushes to mad lengths about votes, or welfare, or sports, or business. She is marvelous, out-manning the man. But alas, it is all fundamentally disconnected. It is all an attitude, and one day the attitude will become a weird cramp, a pain, and then it will collapse. And when it has collapsed, and she looks at the eggs she has laid — votes, or miles of typewriting, years of business efficiency — suddenly, because she is a hen and not a cock, all she has done will turn into pure nothingness to her. Suddenly it all falls out of relation to her basic henny self, and she realizes she has lost her life. The lovely henny surety, the hensureness which is the real bliss of every female, has been denied her; she has never had it. Having lived her life with such utmost strenuousness and cocksureness, she has missed her life altogether. Nothingness!

"I know an easy way to keep from getting fat . . . . . Light a Lucky instead of eating sweets."

*Nazimova*  
Nazimova  
Famous Stage  
Star

The modern way to diet! Light a Lucky when fattening sweets tempt you. That's what thousands of lovely women are doing—successfully. The delicately toasted flavor of Luckies is more than a substitute for fattening sweets—it satisfies the appetite without harming the digestion. Toasting does it. Toasting removes the impurities and improves the flavor of the finest tobacco.

Men who pride themselves on keeping fit discovered this long ago. They know that Luckies do not affect the wind nor impair their physical condition—many prominent athletes have testified to this fact. They discovered, too, that Luckies don't irritate the throat—a fact subscribed to by 20,679 physicians.

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful and that too many such are eaten by the American people. So, for moderation's sake we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY  
INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

Nazimova  
Brilliant  
Dramatic Star  
Now with Civic  
Repertory  
Theatre



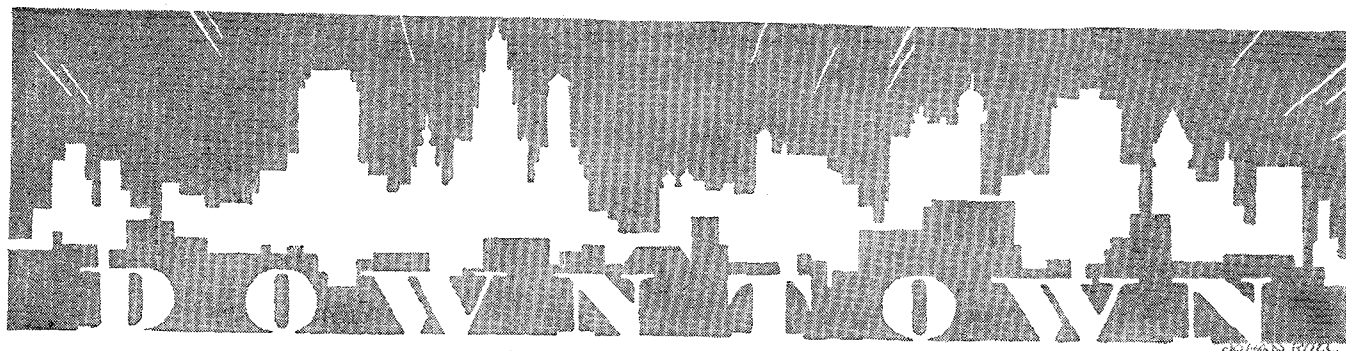
Coast to coast radio hook-up every Saturday night through the National Broadcasting Company's network. The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra in "The Tunes that made Broadway, Broadway."

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Reach for a Lucky  
instead of a sweet.

© 1929, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers



# The Outlook for 1929

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

**F**OUR YEARS of unprecedented prosperity have passed into history, and seven years have rolled by without a general depression in business in this country. We face the new year with a high degree of assurance that industry and commerce will continue active at least well into 1929. The credit situation is basically sound and, despite the prolonged rise in stock prices in recent years, Wall Street looks to the future with confidence. Under the new administration at Washington, the nation is assured of a continuation of the same policies which so measurably facilitated the constructive developments in the security markets of the last four years and which have unquestionably aided our industrial and commercial progress. Employment conditions are good. Our standard of living has been raised, under the beneficent protection of our restrictive immigration laws, to a level never before attained. It promises an active demand for the products of our industries, and many of our industrial leaders predict that high wages will assure the continuance of our prosperity. The theory that prosperity is the normal condition of this country is gaining adherents, despite the misgivings of those of the older school who were brought up to believe in the business cycle. In short, the new year begins most auspiciously.

A glance back over the four years that have just drawn to a close will suggest that one of the outstanding features of so-called "Coolidge Prosperity" has been the disappointment of the pessimists. Many of the dire prophecies which they made from time to time have failed to materialize. The stock market is an excellent index of both business conditions and business sentiment, and during the four years of the Coolidge administration the trend of the market has been definitely

upward. During that period only one serious drop in prices occurred — that in March 1926. This was chiefly caused by a temporarily top-heavy condition in Wall Street, which became unsettled when both the Federal Reserve Board and the New York Stock Exchange initiated the policy of publishing frequent reports as to the exact amount of money that brokers were borrowing from the banks. There was a minor reaction in October 1926, following a collapse in the cotton market, and another in June 1927 when the Ford Motor plants closed down preparatory to bringing out a new model, which caused a general recession in business that summer and autumn. In February 1928 there was a pause in the upward movement of prices pending the determination of the Federal Reserve policy with respect to credit, after some \$500,000,000 of gold had been exported from this country. Last June there was a brief reaction when the collapse of Bancitaly stock undermined the speculative structure temporarily. But these minor disturbances comprise the only reactions in the greatest bull market in Wall Street's history. The recovery of prices has been immediate in each instance and prophecies of a long, steady decline have simply failed to materialize.

## WHY PRICES ROSE

**S**OME OF THE reasons why this has been so are now readily ascertainable. The most important factor is the price of capital. The war brought a heavy drain on the capital markets, with a consequent marking up of interest rates until, at one time, even Liberty Bonds yielded nearly 6 per cent on the investment. Under such circumstances it was not surprising that less attractive, but nevertheless sound,

bonds yielded more, and that sound dividend-paying stocks were obtainable at prices which yielded 7 to 10 per cent. In the past decade this country has been releasing capital as the national debt was reduced. Funds released by the redemption of Liberty bonds have been driven into other investments, competition for which has sent prices upward. This has made it possible for strong industries to borrow for long terms by issuing 4½ or 5 per cent bonds, and it has also contributed to driving stock prices so high that yields of only 3 or 4 per cent on the best securities are common.

One of the causes which is believed to have contributed to the steady rise in prices in the last four years is the theory of common stock investment. This theory was first publicly propounded by Edgar Lawrence Smith in 1923. The substance of it is that a diversified list of common stocks will show a better return over a period of years than an investment in bonds, with safety for the principal of the investment and opportunities for capital appreciation which bonds do not afford. The growth of the investment trust movement has also been instrumental in causing the rise of prices. The investment trusts have gathered in the shares of leading corporations, on the one hand, and retailed their own securities, on the other hand, thereby indirectly distributing the shares of the corporations among a great number of people.

We know that the wealth of corporations has facilitated speculation by providing funds for it in various ways. At the present time this supply of funds appears to be augmented by the very condition which it has nourished. How this has occurred is suggested by the tremendous flood of new stocks issued by corporations in recent years. For example, International

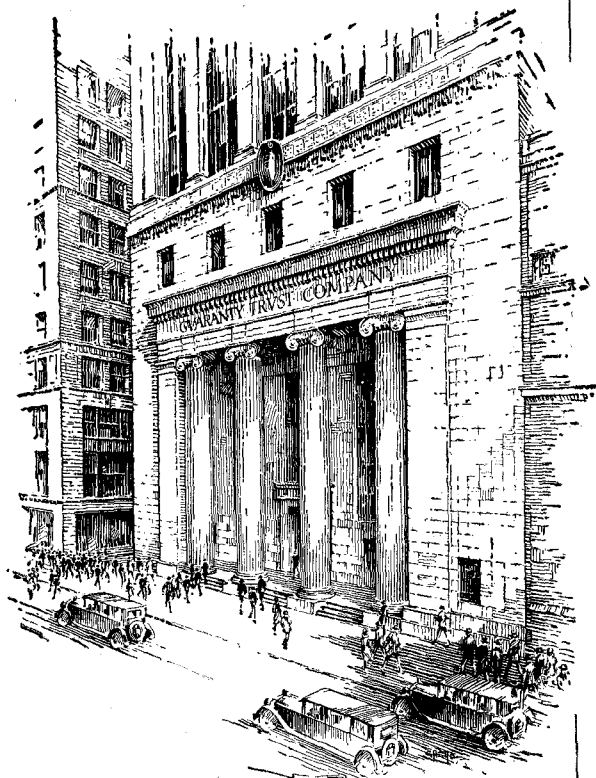
# Facilitating the Handling of 6-Million-Share Days

A VITAL part of the machinery of the New York securities markets is that which safeguards and expedites the transfer of ownership of the millions of shares dealt in daily.

More than 28% of the total number of companies whose shares were traded in during a recent typical day on the New York Stock Exchange are served by this Company as registrar or transfer agent. The number of shares transferred or registered by us was more than 31% of the total.

The corresponding figures on the same day for the New York Curb Market were: 17% of the companies and 20% of the total shares traded in.

The handling of such a large volume of transactions has been entrusted to this Company because of its long experience and exceptional facilities.



Through our Trust Department we act in every fiduciary capacity—as transfer agent, registrar, trustee, fiscal agent, etc., for corporations and governments; and as executor and trustee, etc., for individuals.

## Guaranty Trust Company of New York

MAIN OFFICE  
140 Broadway

FIFTH AVENUE OFFICE  
Fifth Ave. and 44th St.

MADISON AVENUE OFFICE  
Madison Ave. and 60th St.

# BROWN BROTHERS & CO.

Established 1818

59 Wall St., NEW YORK

1531 Walnut St.  
Philadelphia

60 State St.  
Boston

## January Investments

Having in mind particularly the reinvestment of January income, we shall welcome inquiry as to investments suitable for corporations, firms, individuals or fiduciaries.

*Travelers Credits*

*Commercial Credits*

*Foreign Exchange*

*Foreign and Domestic Investment Securities*

## BROWN, SHIPLEY & COMPANY

Founders Court, Lothbury, LONDON, E. C.

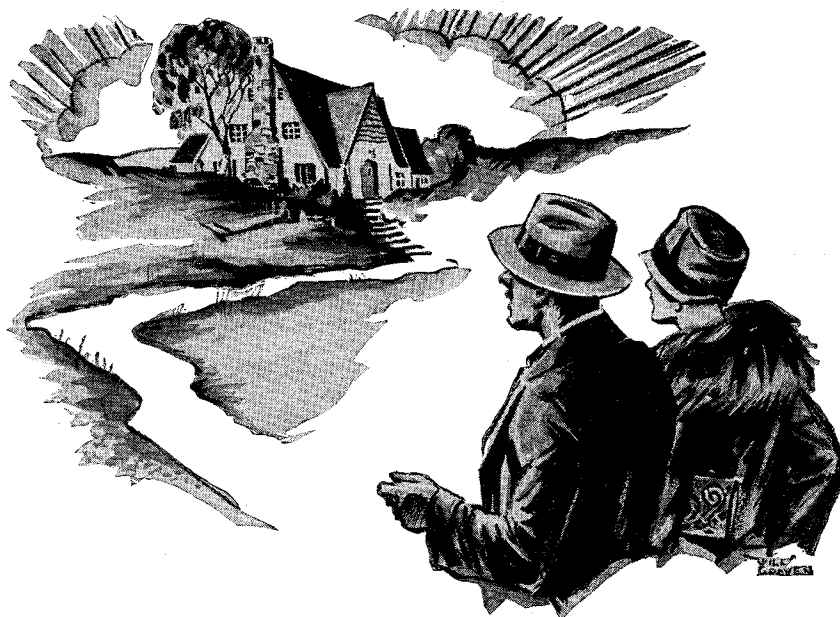
Office for Travelers, 123 Pall Mall, LONDON, S. W.

Nickel common stock has advanced to around \$200 a share this year, although the earning power per share appears likely to be not much more than \$6 a share. New capital being desired, holders of common stock were given the privilege of purchasing one new share for every ten then held, at \$10 a share. Preferred stockholders were also given the right to subscribe. Altogether some \$12,000,000 were raised by this operation, and pending the utilization of the funds for the development of its mines and plants, they were loaned in the call money market. Many other corporations which have not financed their requirements in this manner, but whose treasuries are overflowing with cash, have been heavy lenders of money.

### CORPORATION LOANS

IT IS BELIEVED that loans of corporations represent by far the major source of the more than \$2,200,000,000 of non-banking loans in the New York call-money market. Economists have pointed out that these funds are subject to withdrawal on short notice and that the withdrawal might cause considerable liquidation in the stock market—a serious matter if it ever came to pass. But the fact remains that so far there has never been a concerted movement to withdraw these funds. Moreover, the conditions which might lead to their withdrawal would not necessarily be conditions that would undermine the confidence of the stock market. If business were to expand enormously, necessitating more working capital for industries, such loans might be called, but the rapid expansion of business is not a condition which induces many speculators to sell their stocks. If, on the other hand, business were to decline in volume, the probability is that a large proportion of these funds would be left at interest in the call-loan market, and liquidation for the reason that funds were unavailable would not be likely to occur. This was approximately what happened in 1927. Were interest rates to advance materially, the tendency would be to encourage more corporations to lend their funds in Wall Street—a situation which has actually occurred in the past year, with an effect on prices that is now apparent in the bull market. If interest rates should decline, corporations might withdraw their funds for more profitable employment in either stock or bond investments, or in their own business; but declining interest rates alone do not usually cause stock market liquidation.

All in all, this factor of corporation loans in the call-money market has evolved a most amazing method of perpetual motion to sustain a high level of stock prices. Barring the possibility that these prices are inflated entirely out of reason, which might bring a collapse of its own accord as the bubble burst, it now seems probable that corporation loans will long be a factor in sustaining stock



# Your House on the Hill

**B**UILDING financial independence is not unlike building a home.

First there must be a solid foundation—the determination that you will build for independence; secondly, there are plans and specifications which must be faithfully followed.

In the attractiveness of their yield, securities of the Cities Service organization offer an unusual incentive for such a program. The ease with which they may be purchased provides for you an ideal plan for a sound financial structure.

Placing a nominal amount monthly in these securities on a systematic plan of investment will set you and yours above future lowlands of uncertainty.



Over 100 Cities Service subsidiaries are engaged in the production and sale of necessities of modern life in 33 states and in Canada, Mexico and Europe. The security of your money does not depend on conditions in any one industry or any one locality.

**HENRY L. DOHERTY & CO.**  
60 Wall Street New York  
Branch Offices in Principal Cities

HENRY L. DOHERTY & CO.  
60 Wall St., New York

Send me booklet "TPO-176" describing the investment possibilities of Cities Service Securities.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

# Meeting All January Investment Needs

**W**IDELY diversified and carefully selected, the January offerings of S. W. STRAUS & CO. include bonds to meet the individual requirements of every investor. Maturing principal and interest, dividend payments and funds from other sources make this the principal investment month of the year. To meet this heavy demand we offer an exceptionally attractive assortment of securities.

Public utility bonds, rails, municipals, industrials and foreign bonds, yielding from 4½% to more than 7% are included in our offerings. Then, too, there are first mortgage bonds originated and safeguarded by us—securities which our customers have preferred for many years—netting 5½ to 6%.

Write for our January investment suggestions. Tell us something of your requirements, specify, if you please, the type of securities you prefer, and ask for

BOOKLET A-1003

## S.W. STRAUS & CO.

INVESTMENT BONDS

INCORPORATED

STRAUS BUILDING  
565 Fifth Avenue at 46th Street  
NEW YORK

STRAUS BUILDING  
Michigan Ave. at Jackson Blvd.  
CHICAGO

STRAUS BUILDING  
79 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO

ESTABLISHED IN 1882

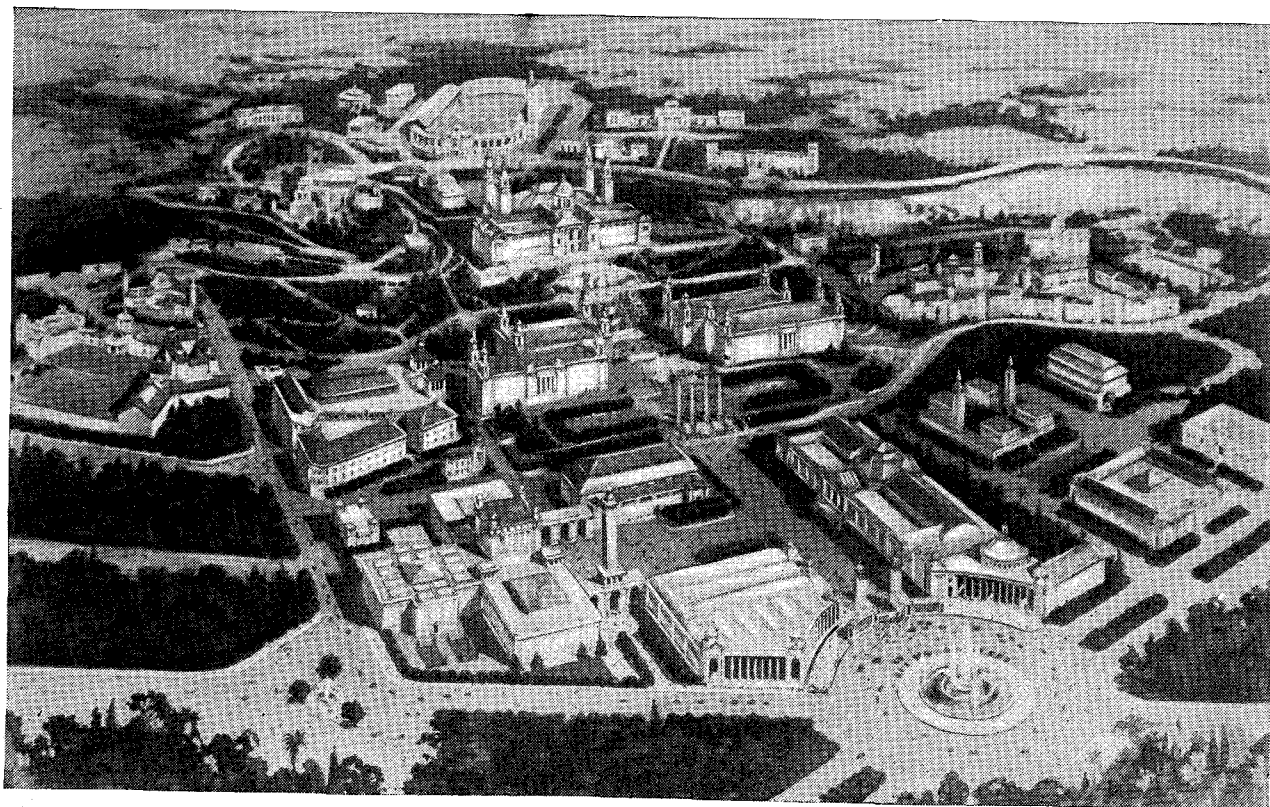
prices at high levels. Only the test of time, however, can give the final judgment on the constructive value of this new phase of American finance.

In the light of past economic experience—as it has been empirically demonstrated from the time of the South Sea bubble, two centuries ago, down to the post-war period of depression in 1921—few experienced observers of recent years have been prepared to endorse with much enthusiasm the theory that stocks have reached a permanently higher plane of values. Inflationary periods have invariably been followed sooner or later by periods of deflation, though no two major cycles have shown any superficial similarity in either the rise or the fall. Experience does show, however, that public enthusiasm is at its peak when security prices are at their highest, and that usually confidence is at its lowest ebb when security prices are at the most attractive levels for purchasing. After such a phenomenal advance as the stock market has shown in the past four years, he would be a hardy prophet indeed who would unequivocally endorse the view that stocks are not likely to fall from their present level. Nevertheless, some do hold that opinion and have expressed it publicly.

Others have endorsed the same view indirectly. As long as a year ago one of the largest national banks in the country gave as its reason for issuing new capital stock, that the new capital would be utilized for participating in the stock ownership of certain companies in which it was interested financially. The inevitable implication was that some very shrewd bankers were highly confident that the present level of security prices was not only sound, but offered considerable room for profit where their influence was used in the management, where good value was given for their services, and where hard, constructive work was applied. Viewing this bank's progress after a year of demonstration of the practicability of the plan, the detached observer must admit that it has been a conspicuous success.

### WHAT ECONOMISTS SAY

**E**CONOMISTS GENERALLY have been conservative in their views as to the permanence of the present level of stock prices. Most of them have been frankly skeptical. Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, who is better known as an economist than as a banker, declared at the annual meeting of the American Bankers' Association in Philadelphia last October that "stocks are selling on expectation rather than realization." He compared the boom this year with the Florida land boom—with an obvious inference—and said that "probably it can be mathematically demonstrated on a yield basis that representative groups of industrial stocks



*A Panorama View of the Barcelona Exhibition*

## An Opportunity for Export

The Exposition of Barcelona, 1929, is the American manufacturer's gateway to to win, not only the rich fertile Spanish market (Spain is third wealthiest of world powers), but also to attract and interest the buyers of the 23 other countries of the world, who are being urged to attend through a world-wide advertising campaign.

All of the world that matters... industrially... commercially... scientifically... artistically... will see and appreciate the exhibits of American commerce, industry, art, science, literature, invention, efficient methods of merchandising, advertising and transportation, at the International Exposition, Barcelona, Spain, 1929.

Here leading manufacturers from all parts of the world will display their products in magnificent palaces on the heights of famous Montjuich. 12,734,810 square feet of space is covered by the Exposition. \$21,372,000 is appropriated by the Government of Spain and the city of Barcelona—to apprise other nations of the tremendous industrial activity and economic progress of new modern Spain—and Spain's importance as a world gateway.

Special low freight rates... arrangements for no tariff on materials for exhibit... exhibition space without charge for American manufacturers seeking the Spanish market.

*For full information and vital statistics on the existing market for your product in Spain and Europe, address United States Delegate, Exhibition of Barcelona, Dept. 134, Steinway Hall, New York City*

# International Exhibition Barcelona

May—1929—December

# Bank of New York & Trust Co.



CONSOLIDATION OF  
**THE BANK OF NEW YORK**  
*Organized in 1784 by Alexander Hamilton*  
✠  
**NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE  
AND TRUST COMPANY**  
*Chartered in 1830*

**O**UR facilities, created and administered in accordance with long and honorable traditions and experience, provide every banking and trust service which may be required by commerce and industry or by the individual.

In foreign as in domestic banking, the Bank of New York and Trust Company offers an exceptionally complete equipment and personnel.

Temporary Main Office . . . . 76 William Street  
Madison Avenue Branch . . . . At 63rd Street

**MEMBER  
FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM**

are selling twice as high as similar stocks have ever sold at the tops of the most excited of previous bull markets." This skepticism is typical of economists generally, and will bear heeding by the average investor.

In the meantime, the stock market community is contemplating the markets of 1929 and it will be interesting to see what light the new year will shed on this problem. It is already evident that America is doing business on a greater scale than ever before, that new industries are creating new wants, that the standard of living is rising, that an age of science is bringing forth keen minds to grapple with the problems of reducing costs, developing new products, and enlarging profit margins. It is possible, then, that stock market speculation is simply expanding in proportion to the expansion of industry.

As the late Speaker of the House, Thomas B. Reed, once informed the Senate, "this is a billion dollar country." Instead of being appalled by financial statistics involving billions of dollars — as against the millions which have been the traditional unit in Wall Street — this country has cause for gratification that such conditions have been attained. A decade ago there wasn't a corporation in the country whose common stock equity was valued in the market at a billion dollars. At this writing General Motors' equity is worth about \$4,000,000,000; American Telephone's stock equity is over \$2,200,000,000; General Electric's common stock is valued in the market at more than \$1,400,000,000; United States Steel is around \$1,150,000,000. The 1100 members of the New York Stock Exchange value their seats at over a half billion dollars in the aggregate. Daily transactions on the Stock Exchange are sometimes five times what they were five years ago. Before the war we owed hundreds of millions of dollars abroad; to-day we are lending tens of billions of dollars to foreign governments, municipalities, and corporations. Billion dollar industries have developed in the past decade or two in the automobile, motion picture, chemical, and other industries; and if we may believe optimists, new billion dollar industries are being developed in radio and aircraft.

Under the circumstances, the fact that Wall Street borrowings are approaching \$6,000,000,000 need not alarm us, for it may mean merely that they are keeping step with the trend of the times. Moreover, \$6,000,000,000 does not appear large when set beside the \$60,000,000,000 worth of securities listed in the stock department of the New York Stock Exchange, not to mention many more billions in the bond department. Those who have had "faith in America" and her business institutions have been richly rewarded in the past, and there is no reason to believe, at the beginning of the new year, that they will not be similarly rewarded in the future.

# What Part of My Income Can I Lay Aside for Life Insurance?

**H**ERE is the actual program of a young man, 28, married, with two children.

His income is \$5,000 a year. How much of this should he lay aside for Life Insurance?

The annual premiums amount to about \$600, leaving a balance of \$4,400 for the support of his family, an easy proposition for ambitious young parents looking to the future.

What does he get for his \$600?

An estate of \$30,000, \$5,000 to be paid in cash at his death, the rest held in a trust to pay \$100 a month to his widow during her lifetime.

If you are interested in arranging an estate for yourself, let us help you make your plan.

INQUIRY BUREAU

*John Hancock*  
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

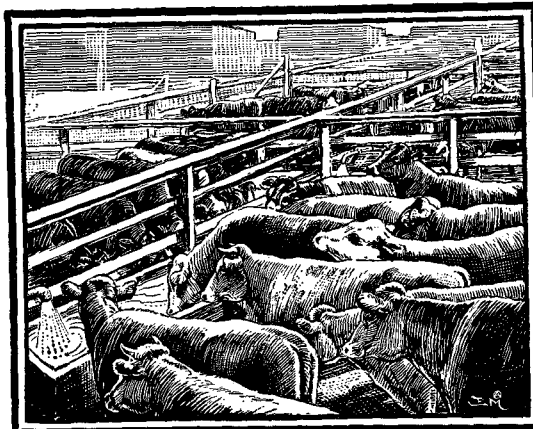
197 CLARENDON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

I am interested in building an estate along the lines described in your advertisement. Please send me further information.

Name.....

F Address.....

*No. 1 of a series of Advertisements of American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated*



*Steers Drink . . .*



**ONE** subsidiary of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., furnishes the water for washing and watering six and one-half million head of live-stock every year.

A steady demand by a stable industry for an essential service. . .

Water for industrial and domestic uses supplied in 16 states, and electricity for a population of hundreds of thousands, create the revenues for interest and dividends paid to American Water Works and Electric Company and its subsidiary security holders.

*An Industry that Never Shuts Down*

**AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY**  
INCORPORATED

50 Broad Street, New York

Information about the securities of this Company, or any of its subsidiaries, will be furnished upon request.

# National Union Mortgage Bonds

## For Investment

**PURCHASERS** of securities for investment find in National Union Mortgage Bonds features that make this offering a most desirable outlet for sums of any size. Safety is assured by the rigid requirements which must be met in creating these bonds and by the protection of one of the four following Surety Companies which irrevocably guarantee both the principal and interest of the underlying mortgages or bonds:

*U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Co.*  
*Maryland Casualty Co.*  
*Fidelity & Deposit Co.*  
*Baltimore*  
*National Surety Co.*  
*New York*

*Booklets on Request*

**NATIONAL UNION MORTGAGE CO.**  
Baltimore - - Maryland

**MACKUBIN, GOODRICH & Co.**  
Fiscal Agents  
111 E. Redwood Street  
Established 1899  
Baltimore, Maryland

## By Special Arrangement

with the publishers the following magazines are offered to FORUM readers at rates that will insure a considerable saving:

|                               |        |
|-------------------------------|--------|
| FORUM and American Mercury..  | \$6.80 |
| FORUM and Harper's.....       | 6.00   |
| FORUM and Review of Reviews . | 6.00   |
| FORUM and Survey Graphic .... | 5.50   |
| FORUM and Scribner's.....     | 6.00   |

Orders, accompanied by cheque, should be addressed to:

**CIRCULATION MANAGER**  
**THE FORUM • 441 Lexington Avenue • New York, N. Y.**

## BOUND VOLUMES

Now is the best time to have your file of July-December 1928 FORUMs bound for a permanent record. The index which has just been issued will be included free of charge in all volumes bound for subscribers.

Prices especially quoted to  
FORUM readers are:

|                                      |        |
|--------------------------------------|--------|
| Cloth, per volume of six issues..... | \$3.00 |
| Half Leather*.....                   | 5.00   |
| Full Leather*.....                   | 10.00  |

\* Morocco

Unless another color is stipulated, all binding will be done in *dark red*.

Please send issues postpaid to the Circulation Manager, at 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., with a cheque to cover style of binding desired. Please include 20c per volume for return postage.

## THE FORUM

*Office of Publication:*  
10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H.  
441 LEXINGTON AVENUE  
NEW YORK CITY

THE  
**WARDMAN PARK  
HOTEL**

---

CONNECTICUT AVE. & WOODLEY RD.  
WASHINGTON, D.C.

1200 ROOMS WITH BATH  
ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS

RATES - \$5.00 SINGLE  
AND - \$8.00 DOUBLE

UNDER WARDMAN MANAGEMENT

---



## Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

**AN INDUSTRY THAT NEVER SHUTS DOWN.** A review of recently published institutional advertisements of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated, 59 Broad Street, New York City. Copies will be sent upon request.

**CLASS "A" STOCK.** In addition to a description of the priority features of this stock, this booklet gives an outline of the Associated Gas & Electric System, its established territories, diversity of industries served and consistent gain in revenue. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

**WISE PUBLIC BENEFACTIONS.** A booklet prepared for public-spirited persons planning such benefactions and making clear the advantages of a standardized form for charitable trusts. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 52 Wall Street, New York.

**WHY CHAIN STORE SECURITIES ARE EXCEPTIONAL INVESTMENTS.** A booklet, containing a thorough discussion of chain store systems, explaining why these securities possess such unusually attractive investment features. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

**MONTHLY MARKET LETTER.** A diversified list of recommended securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

**SERVICE ON FOREIGN SECURITIES.** A circular describing a special service on foreign securities: daily cable quotations on 157 European stocks; weekly market letters; orders executed by cable; Europe to New York in 1½ minutes. Copy upon request. de Saint Phalle & Co., 11 Wall Street, New York City.

**THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES.** A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

**BONDS—QUESTIONS ANSWERED—TERMS DEFINED.** A reference book for bond buyers, covering questions which experience indicates are most frequently asked; non-technical definitions of bond terms are included. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

**THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET.** A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

**REASONS WHY.** A booklet explaining why first mortgage real estate bonds secured by insured and guaranteed first mortgages should comprise a large proportion of any investment list. National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin Goodrich & Co., Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Md.

**HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE.** This booklet presents a graphic answer to this question and offers two interesting plans for systematic savings, including charts and tables, showing accumulated interest on principal by years. Old Colony Corporation, 17 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

*These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or*

*Financial Department*

**FORUM MAGAZINE**

441 Lexington Avenue

NEW YORK

# Associated System

Founded in 1852



## 192 Banks and Institutions Have Invested

**I**NSURANCE companies, banks, investment trusts, schools and colleges, fraternal and charitable organizations have large holdings in the Associated Gas and Electric Company.

The problem of bankers and professional investors is to select those securities offering the most attractive combination of safety and yield.

### Stability of Earning Power

Dividends have been paid continuously since 1852, with the exception of six years, by the oldest group of properties of the Associated System—now the New York State Electric Corporation and its constituent companies.

Serving a 2,300,000 population in cities, towns and agricultural areas in 16 states, the earnings of the company are not dependent on any one industry or territory. 60% of the electric revenue is from domestic customers and from street lighting.

## Associated Gas and Electric Company

Incorporated in 1906



Write for our new illustrated Year Book "P"

61 Broadway

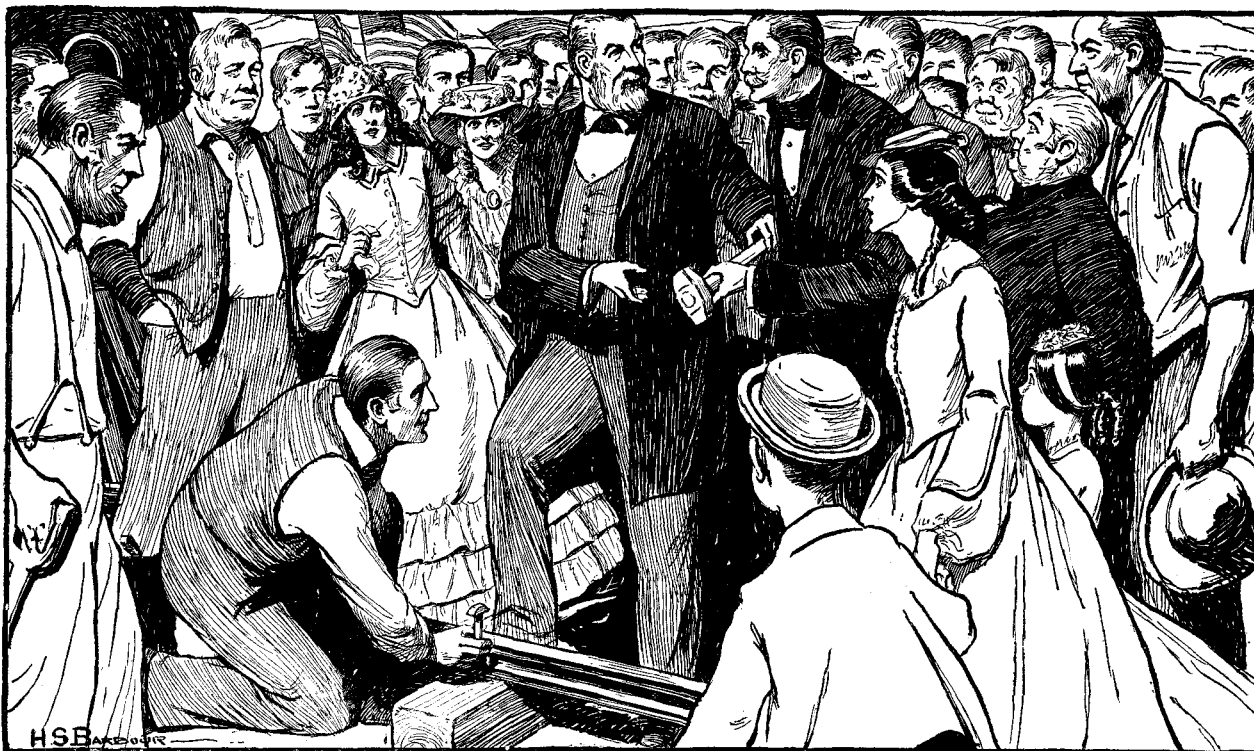
New York

## Forum Financial Service

Mr. Donald Rea Hanson, Editor of "Downtown," will be glad to give Forum readers his opinion regarding matters of investment. No advice regarding speculative operations will be given. Postage for reply should be enclosed.

Address EDITOR "DOWNTOWN"

**THE FORUM, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.**



## Driving the Golden Spike

For three years, six months, ten days the Central Pacific Railroad, working east from Sacramento, and the Union Pacific Railroad, building west from Omaha, raced to reach the construction limits granted by their charters. In western Utah the grades met, passed. After disputes, the roads agreed on Promontory Summit\* as the meeting place. As *TIME* would have reported the epochal joining ceremonies, had *TIME* been published May 17, 1869:

... To east and west stretched single lines of newly laid track, a 56-foot gap between. At 8:15 a.m. the first Central Pacific train arrived, passenger-packed. From the east two trains lumbered over Union Pacific's track, loaded with U. P. officials, U. S. dignitaries. Chinamen were leveling the road-bed, placing ties. At 11:15, ex-Governor Leland Stanford, president of Central Pacific, arrived with a distinguished party from California, his special train's engine gaily decorated with small flags and ribbons.

Soon Chiefs of Construction Read of Union Pacific, Strawbridge of Central Pacific placed the last tie — of California laurel, finely polished, incised: "The last tie laid on the completion of the Pacific Railroad, May 10, 1869." Engine

119 of Union Pacific and engine Jupiter of Central Pacific moved closer. The crowd, a small knot of humanity against a vast semi-desert background, stood back. Prayer was offered by the venerable Rev. Todd of Massachusetts. Then General Grenville M. Dodge, U. P.'s valiant Chief Engineer, and ex-Governor Leland Stanford spoke briefly. Three cheers rent the air for the U. S., for the Railroads, for President Grant, for the laborers, for the capitalists.

Dr. Harkness of Sacramento presented Governor Stanford a spike of pure gold. Hon. S. A. Tuttle handed him a silver spike saying: "To the iron of the East, and the gold of the West, Nevada adds her link of silver to span the continent and weld the oceans." Arizona's Governor Spofford contributed another gold spike; Montana's representative, another silver.

Vice President Thomas C. Durant of Union Pacific stood on the north side of the laurel tie, President Stanford of Central Pacific on the south. Reverently they placed the four spikes, then with silver hammers struck them in place as an electric spark was sent through wires east and west, making magnetized clappers of small bells ring in every telegraph office in the land. So cheering crowds knew the Pacific Railroad was built.

Cultivated Americans, impatient with cheap sensationalism and windy bias, turn increasingly to publications edited in the historical spirit. These publications, fair-dealing, vigorously impartial, devote themselves to the public weal in the sense that they report what they see, serve no masters, fear no groups.

\*1085.8 miles west of Omaha, 690 miles east of Sacramento

# TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine  
NEW YORK CHICAGO  
205 East 42nd Street, New York City

**On the Air**

## THE FORUM

broadcasts every Sunday evening over Station WOR at five P.M. — immediately following the Philharmonic concert hour.



If you listen in you will hear some vigorous debates and occasional symposiums on important issues.



Recently R. L. Calder of Canada and Clarence Darrow of the United States debated the question of Capital Punishment. Armament versus Disarmament attracted great attention when Kirby Page was opposed by Admiral Fiske.



A program of great metropolitan interest was What Is Wrong with the Theatre? Charles Coburn, producer; Hamilton MacFaddan, producer; Grant Mitchell and Paul Turner of Actors' Equity; George Reed Andrews, former director of Church and Drama, were among the contributors.



At this date a Christmas Program has been scheduled for December 22, which will feature some unusual Christmas Poetry. We hope you will listen in and enjoy it with us.

**A**N Investment Banking House specializing in the underwriting and distribution of industrial issues, particularly the securities of

**CHAIN STORE COMPANIES**



## George H. Burr & Co.

NEW YORK  
KANSAS CITY

CHICAGO  
PHILADELPHIA

BOSTON  
ST. LOUIS

Affiliated with

**GEO. H. BURR, CONRAD & BROOM, INC.**

SAN FRANCISCO

LOS ANGELES

SEATTLE

PORTLAND

SPOKANE

## *Do you buy advertised goods?*

**OF COURSE** you do; everybody does. Just run over in your mind the various articles that you have purchased in the last week or the last month. Probably you first came to know of them through advertising.

You buy advertised products because you have confidence in them. You know that a manufacturer cannot afford to advertise shoddy or unworthy merchandise.

The more you read advertising the more you will know about human progress. You will become well posted in almost every line of human endeavor and a canny judge of values. Reading advertisements is a fine habit. Cultivate it.



*Read the advertisements and  
buy advertised goods. They  
are the safest investment*

# TOASTS

**N**O FORUM article during the past year has received as much international praise as IRVING BABBITT's "The Critic and American Life" (February, 1928). A contemporary and an associate of Paul Elmer More and the late W. C. Brownell, Mr. Babbitt is the acknowledged leader of the humanistic group of critics. Returned to Harvard after six months travel in



IRVING BABBITT

Italy, Greece, France, and England, Mr. Babbitt finds, in retrospect, that he was especially impressed by Delphi. He reports, however, that he found donkeys braying on the slopes of Parnassus and a film of green scum over the Castalian Pool—all of which he trusts is not symbolical!

**T**HE POST-WAR German writer, Bruno Frank, has said that any young writer in the Old World sends his first book to John Galsworthy in London, to Thomas Mann in Munich, and to ANDRÉ GIDE in Paris. With the American publication of *The Counterfeiters* a year ago, M. Gide was accorded the same recognition in this country that had long since been his in Europe, where he is rated among the most original, and is undoubtedly the most influential of writers in the present generation of French letters.

**I**N A RECENT letter from JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY, he speaks of himself as a humdrum sort of person with nothing dashing about him. Anyone with such a creditable list of essays, verse, and biography to his name as this particular author can never be humdrum. The husband of Katherine Mansfield—whose death the world still mourns—Mr. Murry is at present "submerged and overwhelmed by an enormous book on Shakespeare." He writes, "I have never been in the United States, but I feel as though I shall remain half-educated until I have been there." DR. JAMES CARRUTHERS YOUNG is a specialist in medical psychology and the author of a most formidable array of medical books, of which one title alone will be more than the ordinary reader can remember: *Case of Paralytic Ileus Treated with Peristaltic Hormonal*.

**I**T IS THE proud boast of FRANK H. SIMONDS that for fifteen years he hasn't missed having a Sunday article for some newspaper syndicate or a monthly article

in *The Review of Reviews*, of which he has been foreign editor since 1914. Last year Mr. Simonds wrote *How Europe Made Peace Without America*, and he is now at work on *Can Europe Keep the Peace?* "Between chores," he says "I enjoy the best view in the White Mountains over stone walls which I am still building."

**T**HE FORUM presents a member of its own editorial staff—JOHN OGDEN WHEDON—the most modest of humorists and the most recent of Harvard graduates. Even though it is well nigh impossible to make him admit authorship, we do know that he wrote last year's Hasty Pudding play, *Not Now—Later*, and that he has frequently slipped into *The New Yorker*. Mr. Whedon has also appeared in THE FORUM's book browsing columns as reviewer of the New York Telephone book, a recent cook book, and other collectors' items.

**A**LL OF THOMAS HANDFORTH's recent work shows the influence of his life in Africa. He has just returned from months of studying, sketching, and painting North African life, which he finds vastly more entertaining than New York, as well as more conducive to creative work.



J. M. MURRY

**I**N THE LAST few years WILL DURANT's name has become a household word. With *The Story of Philosophy* published, literally, in hundreds of thousands, it is no wonder that one may see his monumental tome ensconced on—it used to be the parlor, but now, we suppose it is the solarium table in "every Middlesex village and farm." The discussion of Democracy in this issue is Dr. Durant's first introduction to FORUM pages, but it is not his last, since there are, in the office, several manuscripts from his facile pen which are awaiting the typesetter's labor. Of the Mayors who comment on Dr. Durant's ideas of democracy, it is rather unusual to note that three are without any municipal party affiliation. WILLIAM T. JACKSON, Mayor of Toledo since January, 1928, is a Republican in national but not in city politics. There are no party insignia appearing upon the municipal ballots and parties are not recognized in the city charter. Nor was JOHN F. BOWMAN of Salt Lake City elected by a party. This city has the direct primary, non-party system of municipal election.



WILL DURANT

DANIEL W. HOAN, a Socialist, after serving as city attorney of Milwaukee for a number of years, became Mayor in 1916, and was last elected in April for another four years. CHARLES G. HANNA of Syracuse is serving his second term of office—and his politics are definitely Republican. The same party is represented by GEORGE L. BAKER, Mayor of Portland, Oregon, for twelve years, and by LEON CONWELL, who is in his second term for Somerville, Massachusetts. It is with regret that we learned of the recent death of JOHN MACVICAR, whose work for Des Moines has included, with several terms as Mayor, other public offices both in city and state. The only Democrat to be represented in this group is JOHN T. ALSOP, JR., who has been Mayor of Jacksonville for eight years.

**A**FTER BEING graduated from the University of Michigan, JAMES W. GLOVER, JR., tried the life of an expatriate, but decided against it and returned to New York, where he is now on the staff of *The Theatre Arts Monthly*. This is, of course, no indication of a mysterious inner life, for Mr. Glover says he bit on the *Motor Boys*, early Mencken, and late Hemingway—and is still biting.

**I**T IS KIRTLEY F. MATHER's idea that the life of a college professor might be almost ideal if all students could be banished from the college. However, Professor Mather has managed to enjoy some of the non-scholastic life beyond the confines of Harvard. His experiences in Dayton, Tennessee, where he was associated with the defense of John Scopes, intensified his interest in the relations between science and religion. When he is not lecturing on this and kindred subjects, he explores and investigates geological conditions for the United States government.

**S**ALVADOR DE MADARIAGA, whose comments on international affairs have been appearing in recent issues of THE FORUM, is lecturing on the literature of his own country—Spain—at Oxford University, when he is not sitting in international conferences at Geneva or making flying visits to this country to fill lecture engagements.

**A**S A BIOGRAPHER, ANDRÉ MAUROIS has, in our opinion, few, if any, equals. Having completely and satisfactorily presented Shelley, Disraeli, and Dickens, M. Maurois is about to add to this gallery Byron—whose immortal fame is made even greater by his keen and sympathetic insight.

**P**RIMARILY INTERESTED in the novel and short story, it is seldom that D. H. LAWRENCE steps into the realm of the light, humorous essay. It is safe to say that in this present mood he will not stir up as much wrath as he did with "The Escaped Cock," which THE FORUM published in February, 1928.